THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
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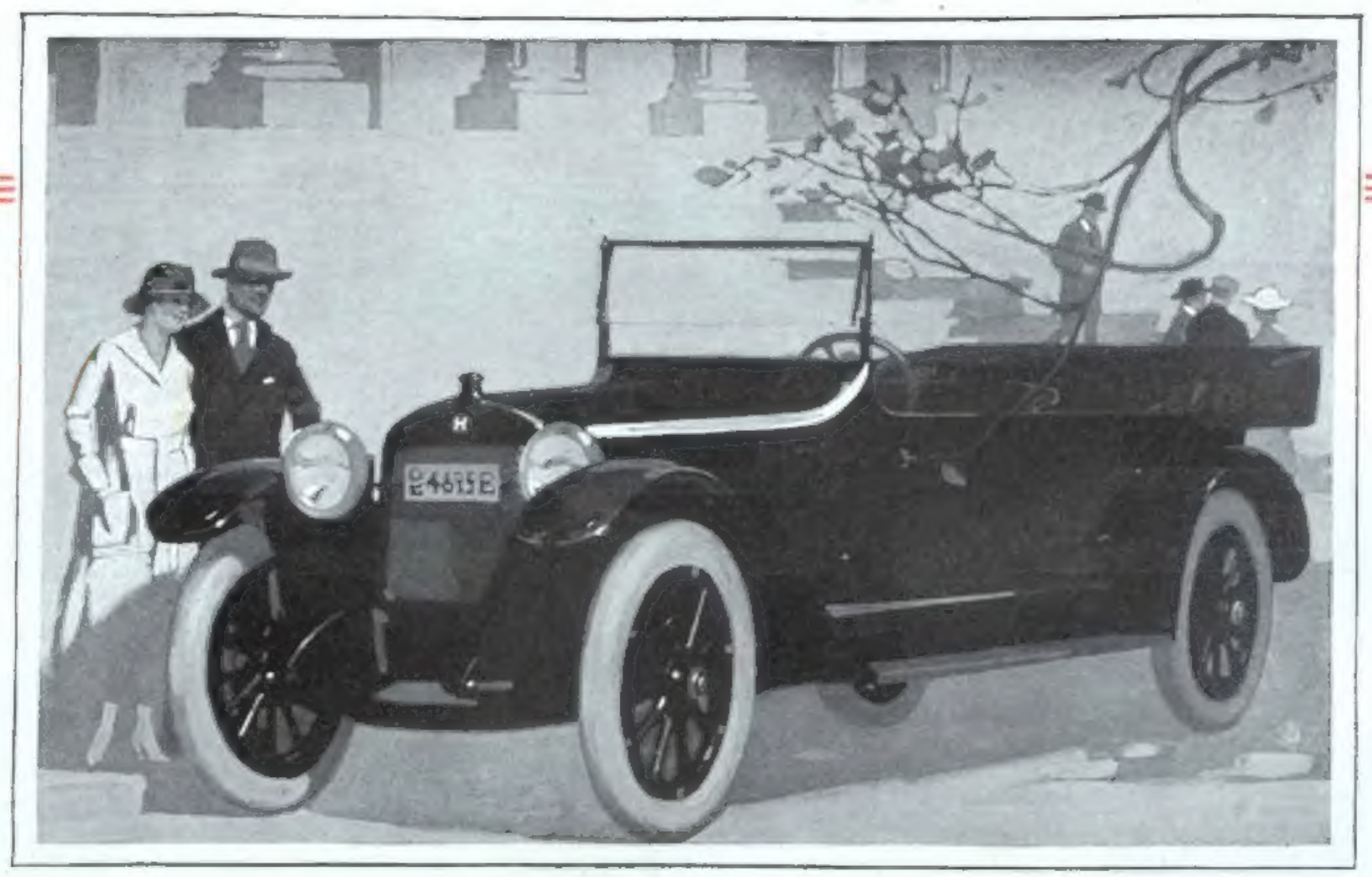
MAY 12, 1917 — 5c. THE COPY

WHAT OF THE EAST — By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

THE SUB-DEB — By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART



Dominant Dollar-Value In This Beauty-Car

The new Hupmobile has shown itself supreme in beauty-value, in performance-value. From this supremacy comes dominance in dollar-value also.

You sense this fact with your first glimpse of the car. Closer study is wholly convincing. The Hupmobile does dominate in dollar-value. No room is left for doubt.

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Beauty-value, performance-value, dollar-value. Some cars give you one or another in some degree. The Hupmobile gives all, in heaping measure.

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Detroit, Michigan

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The New Hupmobile

By The House of KUPPENHEIMER

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HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

Chicago

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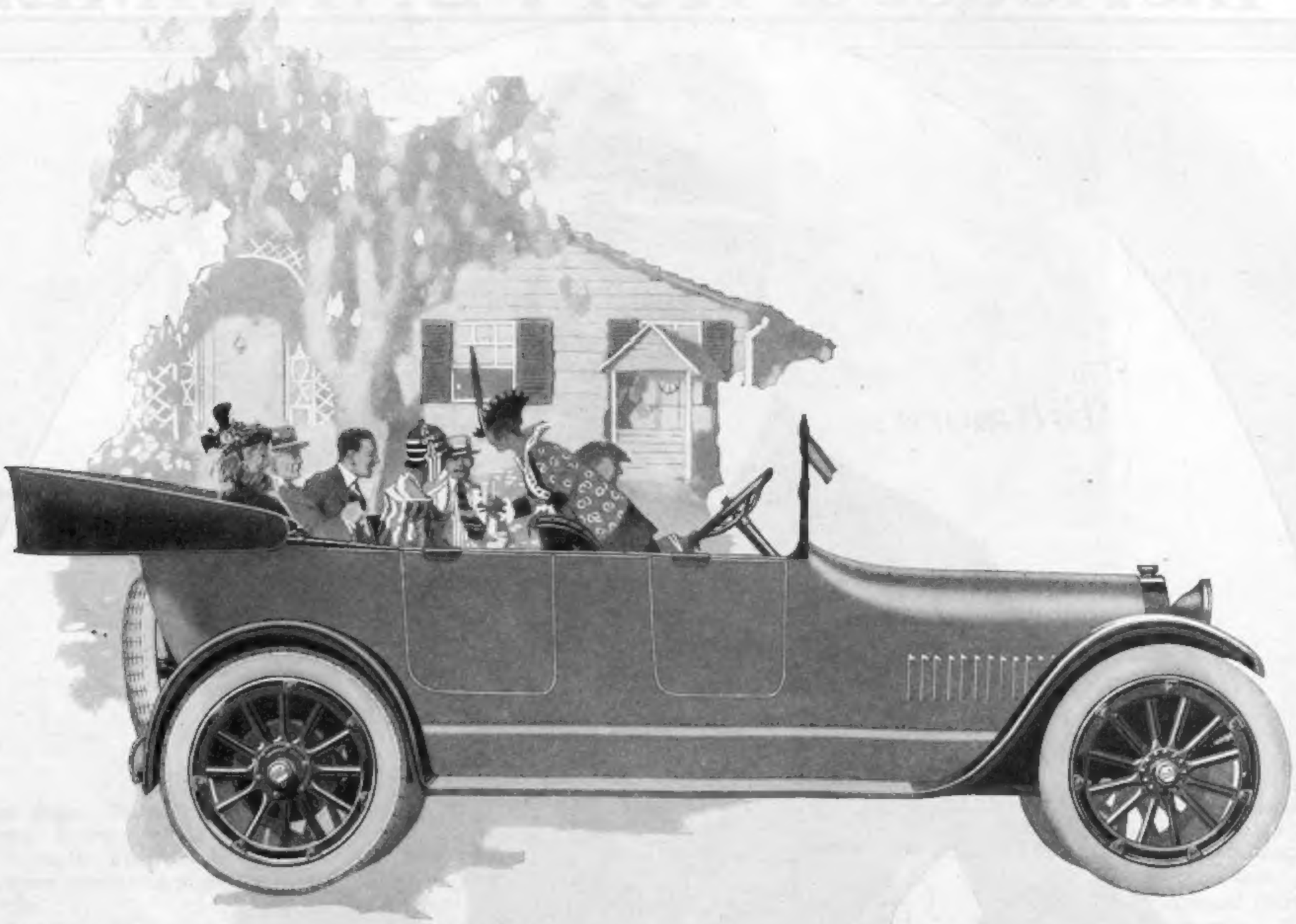

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They embody ninety distinct improvements and refinements of mechanical construction, convenience and comfort over the Series 17—which was the car that made such a remarkable record for Studebaker in 1916.

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WHAT OF THE EAST

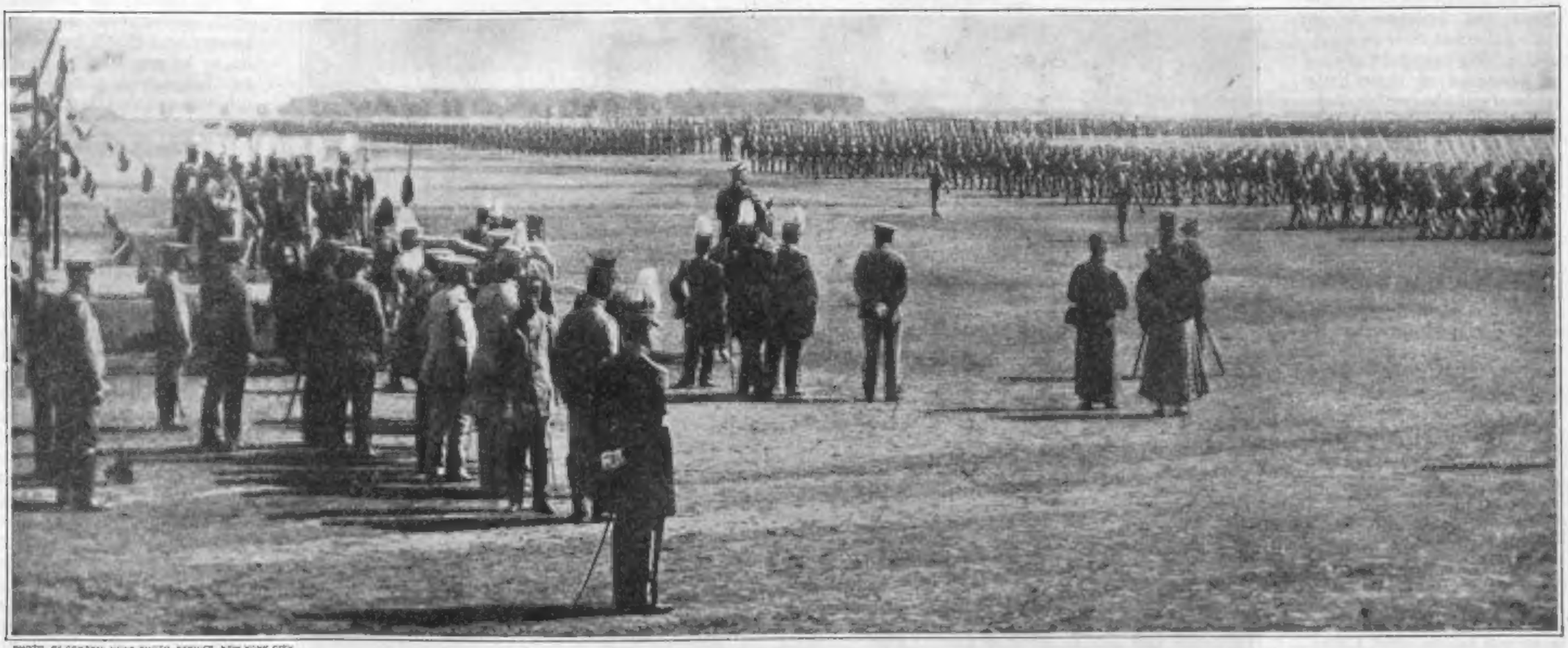


PHOTO. BY CENTRAL NEWS PHOTO. SERVICE, NEW YORK CITY

The Chinese President, Li Yuan-hung, Reviewing His Troops in Commemoration of the Inauguration of the Republican Revolution

By Samuel G. Blythe

FOR centuries one of the greatest problems perplexing Western mankind has been: What of the East? To-day, notwithstanding the gigantic questions pressed for answer by the war and to arise after the war, the peaceful future of the white man—and especially the American white man—hinges on arriving at the correct solution of that problem.

Of all nations, no nation is so vitally, so materially, so completely interested as the United States in getting and giving the proper answer, in terms compatible with the requirements of the future; for the stern reason that the potentialities of trouble are greater for us than for any other nation in case we come to the wrong or temporizing decision, and neglect the safeguards for our own peace and well-being that must be the outcome of a correct understanding of the portents, possibilities and menaces of the tremendous triangle—the United States, China, Japan—of which the primary fact of geography and the secondary facts of self-preservation, self-interest and civilization have made us a third.

Our national attitude and idea have been perfunctory, unintelligent, careless and intermittent concerning our vast problem in the Far East and the two countries—Japan and China—which have so direct a bearing on our future. The great bulk of our information about China is based on what the missionaries have told us and on the superficial observations of travelers—interesting, but specialized; and the greater bulk of our information concerning Japan is based on what the Japanese themselves have told us. In neither case have the witnesses been judicial or detached.

The result is that what little thinking we have done about China has been sympathetic thinking, and has created an interest, such as it may be, which is entirely sympathetic; and what thinking we have done about Japan has been predicated on the cleverest sort of methods to induce us to consider the Japanese from the Japanese viewpoint, instead of considering them impartially.

The Fallacious Idea That the Oriental is Inscrutable

WHEREFORE we do not, have not and apparently will not consider either the Chinese or the Japanese in real, practical terms, based on the existing actualities, doings, plans and potentialities. We have never used much logic or much common sense on either people, but have mostly founded our opinions of them and our beliefs about them on the "inscrutable Oriental" line of consideration.

The fact is, neither the Japanese nor the Chinese are inscrutable, albeit the Japanese would dearly love to have us think them so.

The Chinese are an industrious but inoperative people. They toil incessantly with details, but fail to grasp essentials. They are bound hand and foot with tradition, convention, custom; and the insincerity and corruption of a large number of their controlling political class are beyond belief.

At the top in China is this official class, the present rulers of China, and at the bottom the vast hordes of Chinese who have but two prime concerns in life: first, to secure enough to eat; and second, the begetting of male children, so that the begetter may become an ancestor and be worshiped as such. Between there is a middle class of business men, who, combined with some of the younger men who are interested in politics—not all, but enough for a nucleus for political salvation—are the hope of China, albeit their ingrained doctrine of passivity, of nonresistance, makes the problem of quickening the middle-class business man one of great difficulty. Still, the material is there, and such trials as have been made with it give promise of results if proper methods are used.

The Racial Characteristics of Chinese and Japanese

THE Chinese are shrewd traders; excellent merchants; rigid in the observance of the terms of any bargain they make, whether for or against themselves; artistic in their own way, and artists too; fearless sailors; able speculators; keen for money, but generous and overwhelmingly hospitable; quickly humorous and philosophically humorous, also; friendly, helpful to one another; and, in the bulk, facing and fighting great poverty with calm resignation. They are sentimental and poetical in their real nature; fond of bright colors, birds and flowers; childishly vain; but extraordinarily able in many directions. Their theory of business is that it is a contest of wits; that the buyer must beware; and a business man who carries a lark with him, in order that he may enjoy its sweet song, will listen ecstatically to the lark and trim you to the quivering raw in a deal at one and the same time—a likable, laughable, cordial people, with extreme reverence for the past and not much practicality in their outlook on the future.

Our prevailing conception of the Japanese is that they are highly intelligent, highly aspiring, highly chivalrous, highly martial, highly honorable and extraordinarily effective folk. We believe all the legends about the Japanese and mostly disbelieve the truth about them, which is exactly the state of mind the Japanese have labored long to create among us. We swallow the Bushido and Samurai nonsense, and listen to the tales of what they could and would do to us, in case of war, with tremulous apprehensions and eager credulity. Since the Russo-Japanese War, which most of us think the Japanese won hands down, we have shuddered over the stories of those frightful fighting machines—the little yellow men—and all the stuff concerning this wonderful, implacable and resistless race.

Now what are the Japanese? They are a bright, imitative, ambitious, pushing people, restricted in territory and incredible in desire to expand. They copy excellently, but they create feebly. They are pretentious, egoistic, united nationally, patriotic to a degree of sacrificial self-service to the Mikado, clever in propaganda, bound to their ruling power by the ties of religion and by an enforced belief in divine descent, veneered with Western

civilization. And by their persistent assertion of their great prowess they have bluffed the world into thinking they are what they want the world to think they are. Especially have they bluffed the United States into thinking this way of them.

The best exemplification of Japan, laying aside all the fetish and legend, and atmospheric and cherry-blossom gush, is to liken that country to a store that has most of its goods in the show window—looking fine and prosperous and sizable from without, but having many empty shelves within. Japan has—and has had since the Russo-Japanese War—most of her goods in her show window. Her entire idea has been to impress the rest of the world with the idea that Japan is what Japan hopes to be, not what she really is.

There is no intention to withhold from the Japanese any recognition of any ability, prerogative, talent or capability that belongs to the Japanese. Their industry, their imitativeness, their intense nationalism, their determination to overcome obstacles and become a paramount nation, their commercial acumen and the progress they have made since they came out from under the feudal system of government, stamp them as a remarkable people; but not as superremarkable. The mistake we Americans have made about the Japanese is in taking them at their own valuation. We have held as gospel—because of their little tricks of self-abnegation, deprecation and politeness—all that has been handed to us concerning this race by amateur altruists, by travelers caught in the net of the unexampled publicity machine, blinded by flattering hospitalities, or cajoled by Japanese publicity agents.

However, it is one phase of a situation to consider a nation in its relations to another nation merely in terms of that nation itself. What Japan is, alone, so far as the United States is concerned, and what China is, are two separate propositions, and suitable for discussion, perhaps as interesting sociologically, archæologically, ethnologically or psychologically. The question that is of vital concern to the United States, and to the entire world, is not what Japan is or will be, or what China is or has been, but what Japan and China will be together! The future peace of the world, the continued domination of the white man are bound up in the correct consideration of that problem.

The United States has two sets of paramount responsibilities in the Far East aside from the Philippine responsibilities. The first set was imposed by the enunciation of the Open-Door policy for China; and the second set, far more important, is being imposed by the trend of events.

The Great Game in the Far East

IT IS my purpose to discuss these responsibilities, and to demonstrate their possibilities, on the basis of the facts as they exist and not on the basis of any theories whatsoever, or on the basis of official Japanese pronouncements or official Japanese assurances of her intentions. At the present hour the one place about which in all this world—from the viewpoint of American interests, American future safety and American obligations, assumed or to come—fine words mean nothing, is the Far East; and the one place in all this world about which there should be a wiser American understanding of what is happening and what is projected, and about which there is only vague conjecture, is that same Far East.

Therefore, after two periods of investigation, two years apart, which allowed for a verification of first conclusions by contrast, comparison with present conclusions, and by the placing of present conditions against the conditions of two years ago, in terms of what has happened in the time elapsed, it is patent to me that there are four phases of the relations, both present and future, of the United States with the Far East about which our people should be informed, on the basis of the facts as they exist and not altruistically, sentimentally or atmospherically. There is no sentiment, no altruism, about what is going on in the Far East. A great game is in progress; and if the United States does not play her part in that game, or plays a weak part, in the long run the tremendous loser will be the United States.

These four phases may be summarized thus:

FIRST: The present situation in China; exactly what China is and exactly what China may be—China the last remaining El Dorado of the world, with great natural resources to be exploited and limitless man-power to be secured for use in war or peace.

SECOND: The real attitude of Japan toward China, and the real basic policy Japan has in China, frankly told, regardless of what officials or diplomatists or pro-Japanese propagandists say.

THIRD: The position of the United States as regards China, both theoretically and practically; as regards Japan; and, as a part of the triangle—the United States, China, Japan—of which the United States is and must remain a third; the possibilities of a combined China and Japan; or, rather, a China dominated by Japan.

FOURTH: What is happening in Japan, and the future of the United States in terms of the combination and consolidation of the Asiatic races—that is, the ultimate stake of the forward-looking intrigue, diplomacy, plan and applied national endeavor of Japan—the hope and the vision of Japan.

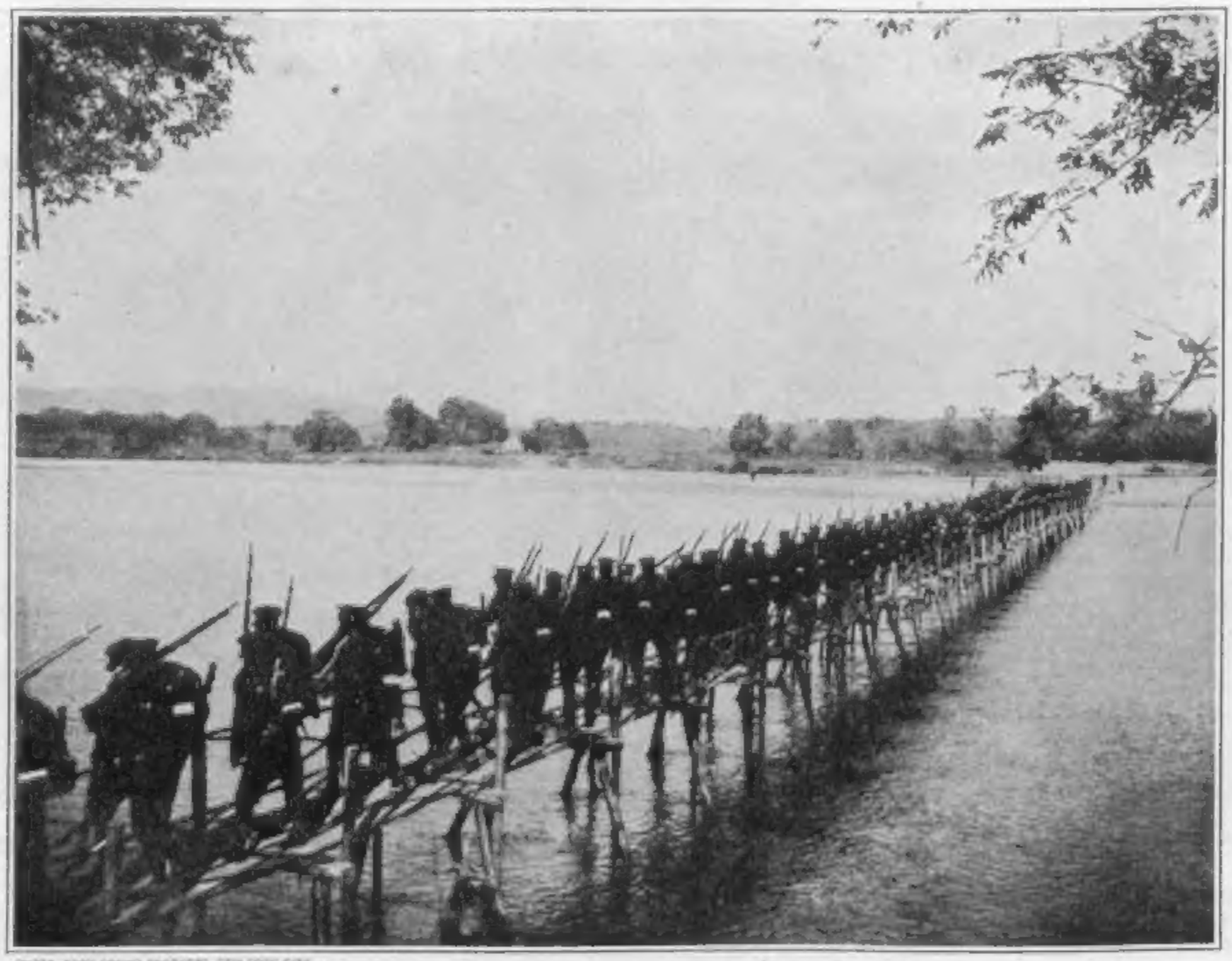


PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

A Chinese Military Bridge

Inasmuch as China will be the arena and the prize of the struggle that will inevitably follow the conclusion of the present war, unless China can be forced to do something for herself instead of seeking continually for outside help and support, and utilizing that help and support for the political and financial advantages of the Chinese officially in power at the time, the present situation in China is of vast interest and importance.

China, as at present constituted, is a republic; but it is not a democracy. With very few exceptions, the men who are in power in China, and who probably will be in power for some time to come, are men of the older mandarinate or imperial official class, with no conception of what republicanism really is. The first impression one gets in China, when looking at it governmentally, is that the country is impossible; that it is slowly disintegrating; that it will eventually fall apart, like a piece of rotten cheese. The next impression is that the Chinese are temperamentally, constitutionally, organically and politically incapable of governing themselves; and that the solution of the difficulties, if China is to remain an entity, is the formation of a holding company for China, to administer, govern and manage the financial and governmental affairs of the invertebrate.

Both these impressions are well founded; for no person who has come into contact, at first hand, with the present governmental system in China, who has even a rudimentary understanding of the intrigue, dishonesty, futility and ineptitude of much of its politics and many of its politicians, can see any other outcome. However, if one looks at the inchoate mass long enough, and comes to a maturer understanding of what conditions are and what circumstances control, it is observed that now and then there is a flash that encourages the hope that the Chinese may do something for themselves if the men who can and will do it get the opportunity.

The groundwork difficulty with China, of course, is the lack of nationalism, of patriotism, of a sense of country. China, to the bulk of the Chinese, is merely an abiding place, where they must do what they can to feed themselves, and get silver, and be constantly struggling for personal, individual opportunity to live. This comes from many centuries of despotism. There is no reason why the average Chinese should have any idea of government, because for five thousand years he has had no say in government, and his only relation to it has been to tremble at and obey the mandates of the ruling class, or have his head cut off. So he has trembled and obeyed for fifty centuries; and that sort of thing has produced a citizenry the bulk of which knows nothing of country, and does not care for anything save the hope that they shall be let alone to fill their bellies and beget male children.

And, to make the present situation more understandable, the formation of a republic meant nothing to the average Chinese. He got nothing out of it; and he was deprived of his queue and of his opium, neither of which he wanted to lose. He had a vague sense, before the republic of China was formed, that there was a supreme power in Peking, represented in his locality by a person with delegated supreme power; and that if he did not do as he was told he would be beheaded, tortured or otherwise maltreated.

The Republic

THEN came the republic. At behest, either of his loyalist general, of whom he was afraid, because that loyalist general represented that delegated supreme authority from Peking—or at behest of his revolutionary general, who apparently had some other sort of delegated supreme authority—the Chinese did not stop to ask whence or from whom; he fought on one side or the other in the first revolution, or paid his money to one side or the other; and the fact that a republic was the outcome of that fighting brought him nothing in return.

So far as the average Chinese could observe, the same sort of men ruled at Peking as had ruled before the revolution; and they did about the same things. An emperor issued mandates that required him to tremble and obey. So did a president. His share of it was the trembling.

Presently there came another revolution; and he fought on one side or the other in that, or paid his money to one side or the other, because the authoritative general in his district told him or forced him to do so. Nor did he have any part, as a citizen, in saying whether or not he wanted Yuan Shi Kai to be emperor; in fact, he didn't care. There was no difference, so far as he could see, between what Yuan Shi Kai did as president and what he might do as emperor. However, certain of the generals told the citizens of certain localities that they must fight and supply money against this imperial plan, and certain of the other generals told them they must fight for and pay for it; and they did. Then Yuan Shi Kai died. And Li Yuang-hung came to be president. And to the average Chinese it all meant nothing, and means nothing.

There is no person in the world so amenable as the Chinese. Tell him to fight—if you are in authority—and he will fight; and sturdily. Tell him to stop, and he will stop; and willingly. Show force and he will give up his money. He will be a farmer or a bandit, just as it happens. Take him in the raw, and you can make a mighty effective soldier of him. Let him alone and he is the most industrious of landtillers or artisans or business men. You may rouse him into a boycott, say; but not for long. He doesn't stick. Presently he sees a chance to make a dollar, and necessities of the country fade before the necessities, the acquisitiveness and the love for money of the individual.

Wherefore China is the sport and the dupe of the politicians. There are many patriots in China—high-minded men who want something to come of China—but they are in the main crushed down and held under by the crust of the old mandarinate officialdom that still rules China—the politicians. Now and then they get a chance. These men did help to drive the Manchus off the throne; but that was a political enterprise largely, and they got Yuan Shi Kai, himself of imperial tendencies.

They made their greatest demonstration when they insisted that China should follow the lead of the United States and protest to Germany against the submarine policy. Their difficulties, both within and from without, are enormous. Once these men can get the support of the great middle class of China, the business and artisan class—who are men of sobriety, acumen, honesty and ability—China may be saved; but the task is of gigantic proportions, for the great middle class, after their long centuries of trembling and obeying, have lost the initiative.

This makes China what it is to-day—a vast country, rich in every resource, inhabited by between three hundred and four hundred million people, and governed by civil politicians and military politicians who have no other idea of government, with some notable exceptions, than that government means and is instituted for personal profit; governed by civil politicians and military politicians who have progressed little in their ideas of China and of China's position beyond the idea of the building of the Great Wall, behind which China hid herself and over which China has been paying tribute for two thousand years to any country that came and demanded tribute.

The Chinese Parliamentary Buildings at Peking

Empire Disguised as Republic

THERE is no race which considers itself so smart—that is the word, smart—as the Chinese. Half the advantage Japan has in China now comes from the attitude of the ruling Chinese—that they were smarter than the Japanese, and, when they got ready, no matter what the Japanese had done or were trying to do, the Chinese would outwit the Japanese, being, as the Chinese thought, entirely too clever for the Japanese whenever it occurred to the Chinese to exert that inborn cleverness. That is the China-man's attitude of mind. He has a way to do everything and in good time he will demonstrate the superiority of that way. The fact that his demonstrations have resulted in a China which is so cut up into "spheres of influence" that there is very little China left doesn't make a dent on him. He is the clever one; and in good time he will show it.

"This map," said the suave Russian Minister to William F. Carey, of the Seims-Carey Company, an American, "shows the various foreign 'spheres of influence' which prevail in China." And he held before Carey a map with the various English, Russian, French, German, Japanese, Belgian and other spheres, indicated in reds and yellows and greens and blues, and so on, against the gray of China.

"Indeed!" said Carey, looking interestedly at the map. "And where the deuce is China?"

Well, where is China? In terms of to-day, China, with its present government, its present dangers pressing from without, its present inept, inchoate, invertebrate policy, its present control, is in grave danger of obliteration. In terms of to-morrow, if the right methods are applied, China may be the nation bulwarking the Western World against the aggressions, the ambitions and the aspirations of the forceful Japanese.

The only way to find what is to be done is to discover what has been done and what may be done. To that end, the detail of the present situation in China seems valuable, and the detail of the Japanese aspirations in China doubly valuable. What China has to offer, in trade, in commerce, in development, in resource, is well enough known and understood. The world has assayed China long since. It is quite true that there is extravagance in reductions from some of those assays; but the primary fact is that what may be done with and for China depends entirely on what China does with and for herself. The machinery which is at present in control of that doing, the Government of China—its stability and character and prospects—is the essential point for discussion; and that requires the throwing of a few high lights on the past six years.

China became a republic in 1912, when the Hsuan Tung Dynasty abdicated after the first revolution. China had been under dynastic control since the twenty-first century before Christ—longer, by a thousand years, Chinese historians claim; but for practical purposes the China of to-day may be regarded as existing since that time. There had been many wars, many revolutions; but China had retained the imperial form of government, dynasty succeeding dynasty by force of arms. Naturally a people who had been under despotic rule for all those centuries were maladroit in creating and maintaining a republic. However, the man who became president, Yuan Shi Kai, was no republican. He was an inbred imperialist, and he had no other idea than to remake China into another empire, with himself on the throne. He failed, and he died. And following his death, on June 6, 1916, the government that is in power as I write came in.

There exists in Peking all the mechanism of a republican form of government. There is a president instead of an emperor. There is a Cabinet. There is a Parliament. It looks like a republican government; but it doesn't act like one or talk like one. It is, in fact, a government that has no coördinated responsibilities or related functions. The president is president, and does what he can as he can and with no responsibility to Cabinet or to Parliament. The Cabinet is, in name, a representative Cabinet; but it really is merely a Cabinet operating on its own initiative and with no responsibility to either the president or Parliament. The Parliament has two houses, one smaller than the other and called a Senate for that reason; but the two have almost identical functions. Nor has Parliament any responsibility to president or Cabinet that it will admit or allow. The Parliament is, as I write, engaged in making a Constitution, in reforming a provisional constitution into a permanent organic law.

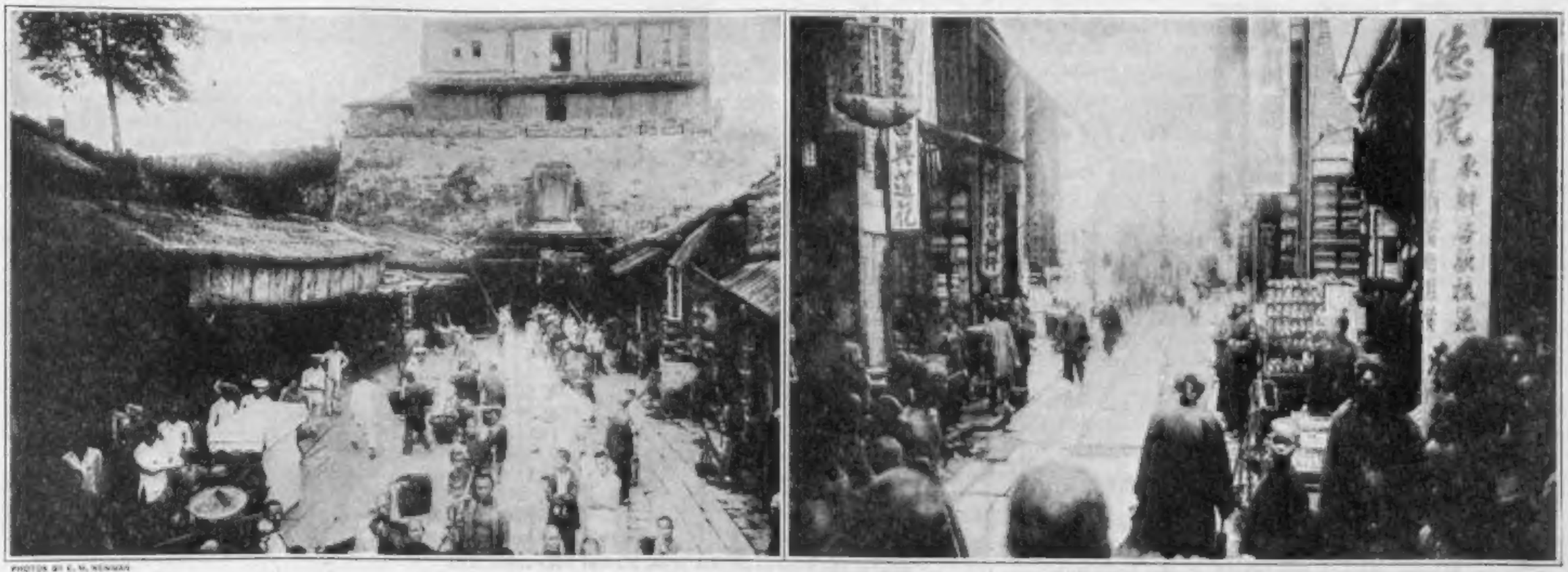
That is the machinery. Operating behind and with these sets of governmental machinery there is a vast congeries of intriguers, soldiers, politicians, self-seekers, imperialists, pro-Japanese, old-time officials, young Chinese, revolutionists, local dictators, military despots, plotters who seek to separate the country into two—even three—parts, and some patriots who have China at heart. Operating on and with some of these elements there are shrewd diplomatists from other countries, all keen to secure for their allegiances the upper hand in the exploitation, all protecting spheres of influence that have been jimmied out of passive China in the past and seeking to enlarge them.

The Ultimate Destiny of China

LOADED down thus, the Chinese Republic is staggering along to a fate that is as yet unguessable, but which will in all probability resolve itself into some one of these five ultimates: China will become a real republican nation, *per se*—a Power; China will become a dependency of Japan; China will be separated into two—possibly three—republics or kingdoms; China will go back to the monarchical form of government; or China will disintegrate and be absorbed by those nations that have, at the proper time, the greater absorbent power.

The most sinister and malign domestic influence operating in China against a real republican form of government is the military influence, the political-military party, the tyrannous generals and their individual armies. China has an army of—roundly—seven hundred and fifty thousand soldiers. That army is paid by Chinese national revenues; but, in the aggregate, it is no more a national army than the National Guard of the United States, operating under the former state-control plan, was a national army—or as much. The Chinese Army is a collection of individual armies—or, rather, a collection of Chinese armies owned, operated, used by and paying allegiance to certain old generals, but financed and supported by the Chinese National Treasury.

(Continued on Page 109)



PHOTOS BY E. M. NEWMAN

The East Gate of Canton and a Scene in Benevolence Street

BAB'S BURGLAR

A SUB-DEB STORY

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"What is Money, or Even Hair?" I Asked, "When One's Heart Aches?"

MONEY is the root of all Evil."

I do not know who said the above famous words, but they are true. I know it but to well. For had I never gone on an Allowence, and been in debt and always worried about the way silk stockings wear out, and et cetera, I would be having a much better time. For who can realy enjoy a dress when it is not paid for or only partialy so?

I have decided to write out this story, which is true in every particuler, except here and there the exact words of conversation, and then sell it to a Magazine. I intend to do this for to reasons. First, because I am in Debt, especialy for to tires, and second, because parents will then read it, and learn that it is not possable to make a good appearence, including furs, theater tickets and underwear, for a Thousand Dollars a year, even if one wears plain uncouth things beneath. I think this, to. My mother does not know how much clothes and other things, such as manacuring, cost these days. She mearly charges things and my father gets the bills. Nor do I consider it fair to expect me to atend Social Functions and present a good appearence on a small Allowence, when I would often prefer a simple game of tennis or to lie in a hammick, or to converce with some one I am interested in, of the Other Sex.

It was mother who said a thousand dollars a year and no extras. But I must confess that to me, after ten dollars a month at school, it seemed a large sum.

I had but just returned for the summer holadays, and the familey was having a counsel about me. They always have a counsel when I come home, and mother makes a list, begining with the Dentist.

"I should make it a thousand," she said to father. "The child is in shameful condition. She is never still, and she fidgits right through her clothes."

"Very well," said father, and got his Check Book. "That is $83.33⅓ cents a month. Make it thirty four cents. But no bills, Barbara."

"And no extras," my mother observed, in a stern tone.

"Candy, tennis balls and matinee tickets?" I asked.

"All included," said father. "And Church collection also, and ice cream and taxicabs and Xmas gifts."

Although pretending to consider it small, I realy felt that it was a large amount, and I was filled with joy when father ordered a Check Book for me with my name on each Check. Ah, me! How happy I was!

I was two months younger then and possably childish in some ways. For I remember that in my exhiliration I called up Jane Raleigh the moment she got home. She came over, and I showed her the book.

"Bab!" she said. "A thousand dollars! Why, it is wealth."

"It's not princly," I observed. "But it will do, Jane."

We then went out and took a walk, and I treated her to a Facial Masage, having one myself at the same time, having never been able to aford it before.

"It's Heavenley, Bab," Jane observed to me, through a hot towle. "If I were you I should have one daily. Because after all, what are features if the skin is poor?"

We also had manacures, and as the young person was very nice, I gave her a dollar.

As I remarked to Jane, it had taken all the lines out of my face, due to the Spring Term and examinations. And as I put on my hat, I could see that it had done somthing else. For the first time my face showed Character. I looked mature, if not, indeed, even more.

I paid by a Check, although they did not care about taking it, prefering cash. But on calling up the Bank accepted it, and also another check for cold cream, and a fansy comb.

I had, as I have stated, just returned from my Institution of Learning, and now, as Jane and I proceded to a tea place I had often viewed with hungry eyes but no money to spend, it being expencive, I suddenly said:

"Jane, do you ever think how ungrateful we are to those who cherish us through the school year and who, although stern at times, are realy our Best Friends?"

"Cherish us!" said Jane. "I haven't noticed any cherishing. They tolarate me, and hardly that."

"I fear you are pessamistic," I said, reproveing her but mildly, for Jane's school is well known to be harsh and uncompromizing. "However, my own feelings to my Instructers are diferent and quite friendly, especialy at a distance. I shall send them flowers."

It was rather awfull, however, after I had got inside the shop, to find that violets, which I had set my heart on as being the school flour, were five dollars a hundred. Also there were more teachers than I had considered, some of them making but small impression on account of their mildness.

There were eight.

"Jane!" I said, in desparation. "Eight without the housekeeper! And she must be remembered because if not she will be most unpleasant next fall, and swipe my chaffing dish. Forty five dollars is a lot of Money."

"You only have to do it once," said Jane, who could aford to be calm, as it was costing her nothing.

However, I sent the violets and paid with a check. I felt better by subtracting the amount from one thousand. I had still $955.00, less the facials and so on, which had been ten.

This is not a financial story, although turning on Money. I do not wish to be considered as thinking only of Wealth. Indeed, I have always considered that where my heart was in question I would always decide for Love and penury rather than a Castle and greed. In this I differ from my sister Leila, who says that under no circumstanses would she ever inspect a refrigerater to see if the cook was wasteing anything.

I was not worried about the violets, as I consider Money spent as but water over a damn, and no use worrying about. But I was no longer hungry, and I observed this to Jane.

"Oh, come on," she said, in an impatient maner. "I'll pay for it."

I can read Jane's inmost thoughts, and I read them then. She considered that I had cold feet financially, although with almost $945.00 in the bank. Therefore I said at once:

"Don't be silly. It is my party. And we'll take some candy home."

However, I need not have worried, for we met Tommy Gray in the tea shop, and he paid for everything.

I pause here to reflect. How strange to look back, and think of all that has since hapened, and that I then considered that Tommy Gray was interested in Jane and never gave me a thought. Also that I considered that the look he gave me now and then was but a friendly glanse! Is it not strange that romanse comes thus into our lives, through the medium of a tea-cup, or an eclair, unheralded and unsung, yet leaving us never the same again?

Even when Tommy bought us candy and carried mine under his arm while leaving Jane to get her own from the counter, I suspected nothing. But when he said to me, "Gee, Bab, you're geting to be a regular Person," and made no such remark to Jane, I felt that it was rather pointed.

Also, on walking up the Avenue, he certainly walked nearer me than Jane. I beleive she felt it, to, for she made a sharp speach or to about his Youth, and what he meant to do when he got big. And he replied by saying that she was big enough allready, which hurt because Jane is plump and will eat starches anyhow.

Tommy Gray had improved a great deal since Christmas. He had at that time apeared to long for his head. I said this to Jane, *soto voce*, while he was looking at some neckties in a window.

"Well, his head is big enough now," she said in a snapish maner. "It isn't very long, Bab, since you said you considered Tommy Gray a mear Child."

"You're the Tipe to Attract Men, Except Your Nose, and You Could Help That by Pulling It"

"He is twenty," I aserted, being one to stand up for my friends under any and all circumstanses.

Jane anifed.

"Twenty!" she exclaimed. "He's not eighteen yet. His very nose is imature."

Our discourse was interupted by the object of it, who requested an opinion on the ties. He ignored Jane entirely.

We went in, and I purchaced a handsome tie for father, considering it but right thus to show my apreciation of his giveing me the Allowence.

It was seventy five cents, and I made out a check for the amount and took the tie with me. We left Jane soon after, as she insisted on adressing Tommy as dear child, or "*mon enfant*," and stroled on together, oblivious to the world, by the world forgot. Our conversation was largly about ourselves, Tommy maintaining that I gave an impression of fridgidity, and that all the College men considered me so.

"Better fridgidity," I retorted, "than softness. But I am sinsere. I stick to my friends through thick and thin."

Here he observed that my Chin was romantic, but that my Ears were stingy, being small and close to my head. This irratated me, although glad they are small. So I bought him a gardenia to wear from a flour-seller, but as the flour-seller refused a check, he had to pay for it.

In exchange he gave me his Frat pin to wear.

"You know what that means, don't you, Bab?" he said, in a low and thriling tone. "It means, if you wear it, that you are my—well, you're my girl."

Although thriled, I still retained my practacality.

"Not exclusively, Tom," I said, in a firm tone. "We are both young, and know little of Life. Some time, but not as yet."

He looked at me with a searching glanse.

"I'll bet you have a couple of dozen frat pins lying around, Bab," he said savigely. "You're that sort. All the fellows are sure to be crasy about you. And I don't intend to be an Also-ran."

"Perhaps," I observed, in my most dignafied maner. "But no one has ever tried to bully me before. I may be young, but the Other Sex have always treated me with respect."

I then walked up the steps and into my home, leaving him on the pavment. It was cruel, but I felt that it was best to start right.

But I was troubled and *distrait* during dinner, which consisted of mutton and custard, which have no apeal for me owing to having them to often at school. For I had, although not telling an untruth, alowed Tom to think that I had a dozen or so frat pins, although I had none at all.

Dear Reader, Have You Ever Stood By and Seen a Home You Loved Looted, Despoiled and Deprived of Even the Egg Spoons, Silver After-Dinner Coffee Cups, Jewels and Toilet Articals?

That evening, while mother and Leila were out at a Festivaty, I gave father his neck-tie. He was overcome with joy and for a moment could not speak. Then he said:

"Good gracious, Bab! What a—what a *diferent* necktie."

I explained my reasons for bying it for him, and also Tom Gray's objecting to it as to juvenile.

"Young impudense!" said father, refering to Tom. "I darsay I am quite an old fellow to him. Tie it for me, Bab."

"Though old of body, you are young in mentalaty," I said. But he only laughed, and then asked about the pin, which I wore over my heart.

"Where did you get that?" he asked in quite a feirce voice.

I told him, but not quite all. It was the first time I had concealed an *amour* from my parents, having indeed had but few, and I felt wicked and clandestine. But, alas, it is the way of the heart to conceal its deepest feelings, save for blushes, which are beyond bodily control.

My father, however, mearly sighed and observed:

"So it has come at last!"

"What has come at last?" I asked, but feeling that he meant Love. For although forty-two and not what he once was, he still remembers his Youth.

But he refused to anser, and inquired politely if I felt to much grown-up, with the Allowence and so on, to be held on knees and occasionaly tickeled, as in other days.

Which I did not.

That night I stood at the window of my chamber and gazed with a heaving heart at the Gray residense, which is next door. Often before I had gazed at its walls, and considered them but brick and morter, and needing paint. Now my emotions were diferent. I realized that a House is but a shell, covering and protecting its precious contents, from weather and curious eyes, et cetera.

As I stood there, I percieved a light in an upper window, where the nursery had once been in which Tom—in those days when a child, Tommy—and I had played as children, he frequently pulling my hair and never thinking of what was to be. As I gazed, I saw a figure come to the window and gaze fixedly at me. *It was he.*

Hannah was in my room, making a list of six of everything which I needed, so I dared not call out. But we exchanged gestures of afection and trust across the void, and with a beating heart I retired to bed.

Before I slept, however, I put to myself this question, but found no anser to it. How can it be that two people of Diferent Sexes can know each other well, such as calling by first names and dancing together at dancing school, and going to the same dentist, and so on, and have no interest in each other except to have a partner at parties or make up a set at tennis? And then nothing hapens, but there is a diference, and they are always hoping to meet on the street or elsewhere, and although quareling sometimes when together, are not happy when apart. How strange is Life! Hannah staid in my room that night, fussing about my not hanging up my garments when undressing. As she has lived with us for a long time, and used to take me for walks when Mademoiselle had the toothache, which was often, because she hated to walk, she knows most of the familey affairs, and is sometimes a nusance.

So, while I said my prayers, she looked in my Check Book. I was furious, and snached it from her, but she had allready seen to much.

"Humph!" she said. "Well, all I've got to say is this, Miss Bab. You'll last just twenty days at the rate you are going, and will have to go stark naked all year."

At this indelacate speach I ordered her out of the room, but she only tucked the covers in and asked me if I had brushed my teeth.

"You know," she said, "that you'll be coming to me for money when you run out, Miss Bab, as you've always done, and expecting me to patch and mend and make-over your old things, when I've got my hands full anyhow. And you with a Fortune fritered away."

"I wish to think, Hannah," I said in a plaintive tone. "Please go away."

But she came and stood over me.

"Now you're going to be a good girl this Summer and not give any trouble, aren't you?" she asked. "Because we're upset enough as it is, and your poor mother most distracted, without you're cutting loose as usual and driveing everybody crasy."

I sat up in bed, forgetfull that the window was now open for the night, and that I was visable from the Gray's in my *robe de nuit*.

"Whose distracted about what?" I asked.

But Hannah would say no more, and left me a pray to doubt and fear.

Alas, Hannah was right. There was somthing wrong in the house. Coming home as I had done, full of the joy of no rising bell or French grammar, or meat pie on Mondays from Sunday's roast, I had noticed nothing.

I fear I am one who lives for the Day only, and as such I beleive that when people smile they are happy, forgetfull that to often a smile conceals an acheing and tempestuous Void within.

Now I was to learn that the demon Strife had entered my domacile, there to make his—or her—home. I do not agree with that poet, A. J. Ryan, date forgoten, who observed:

Better a day of strife
Than a Century of sleep.

Although naturaly no one wishes to sleep for a Century, or even approxamately.

There was Strife in the house. The first way I noticed it, aside from Hannah's anonamous remark, was by observing that Leila was mopeing. She acted very strangely, giveing me a pair of pink hoze without more than a hint on my part, and not sending me out of the room when Carter Brooks came in to tea the next day.

I had staid at home, fearing that if I went out I should purchace some *crepe de chene* combinations I had been craveing in a window, and besides thinking it possable

Still, I reflected, why not? Is it not the only way a woman can do when in conflict with the Other Sex, to meet Wile with Gile? In other words, to use her intellagence against brute force? I fear so.

Men do not expect truth from us, so why disapoint them?

During the salid mother inquired what I had been doing during the afternoon.

"I made a few purchaces," I said.

"I hope you bought some stockings and underclothes," she observed. "Hannah cannot mend your chemises any more, and as for your ——"

"Mother!" I said, turning scarlet, for George was at that moment bringing in the cheeze.

"I am not going to interfere with your Alloweance," she went on. "But I recall very distinctly that during Leila's first year she came home with three evening wraps and one nightgown, having to borrow from one of her schoolmates, while that was being washed. I feel that you should at least be warned."

How could I then state that instead of bying nightgowns, et cetera, I had been sending violets? I could not. If Life to my familey was a matter of petticoats, and to me was a matter of fragrant flours, why cause them to suffer by pointing out the diference?

I did not feel superior. Only diferent.

I Was Getting Out My Check Book, Because the Man Was Very Nasty and Insisted on Having My Name

that Tom would drop in to renew our relations of yesterday, not remembering that there was a Ball Game.

Mother having gone out to the Country Club, I put my hair on top of my head, thus looking as adult as possable. Taking a new detective story of Jane's under my arm, I descended the staircase to the library.

Sis was there, curled up in a chair, knitting for the soldiers. Having forgoten the Ball Game, as I have stated, I asked her, in case I had a caller, to go away, which, considering she has the house to herself all winter, I considered not to much.

"A caller!" she said. "Since when have you been alowed to have callers?"

I looked at her steadily.

"I am young," I observed, "and still in the school room, Leila. I admit it, so don't argue. But as I have not taken the vale, and as this is not a Penitentary, I darsay I can see my friends now and anon, especialy when they live next door."

"Oh!" she said. "It's the Gray infant, is it!"

This remark being purely spiteful, I ignored it and sat down to my book, which concerned the stealing of some famous Emereids, the heroine being a girl detective who could shoot the cork out of a bottle at a great distanse, and whose name was Barbara!

It was for that reason Jane had loaned me the book.

I had reached the place where the Duchess wore the Emereids to a ball, above white satin and lillies, the girl detective being dressed as a man and driveing her there, because the Duchess had been warned and hautily refused to wear the paste copies she had—when Sis said, peavishly:

"Why don't you knit or do somthing usefull, Bab?"

I do not mind being picked on by my parents or teachers, knowing it is for my own good. But I draw the line at Leila. So I replied:

"Knit! If that's the scarf you are on at Christmas, and it looks like it, because there's the crooked place you wouldn't fix, let me tell you that since then I have made three socks, heals and all, and they are probably now on the feet of the Allies."

"Three!" she said. "Why *three?*"

"I had no more wool, and there are plenty of one-leged men anyhow."

I would fane have returned to my book, dreaming between lines, as it were, of the Romanse which had come into my life the day before. It is, I have learned, much more interesting to read a book when one has, or is, experiencing the Tender Passion at the time. For during the love seens one can then fancy that the impassioned speaches are being made to oneself, by the object of one's afection. In short, one becomes, even if but a time, the Heroine.

But I was to have no privasy.

"Bab," Sis said, in a more mild and fraternal tone, "I want you to do somthing for me."

"Why don't you go and get it yourself?" I said. "Or ring for George?"

"I don't want you to get anything. I want you to go to father and mother for somthing."

"I'd stand a fine chance to get it!" I said. "Unless it's Calomel or advice."

Although not suspicious by nature, I now looked at her and saw why I had recieved the pink hoze. It was not kindness. It was bribery!

"It's this," she explained. "The house we had last year at the seashore is emty, and we can have it. But mother won't go. She—well, she won't go. They're going to open the country house and stay there."

A few days previously this would have been sad news for me, owing to not being alowed to go to the Country Club except in the mornings, and no chance to meet any new people, and no bathing save in the usual tub. But now I thriled at the information, because the Grays have a place near the Club also.

For a moment I closed my eyes and saw myself, all in white and decked with flours, wandering through the meadows and on the links with a certain Person whose name I need not write, having allready related my feelings toward him.

I am older now by some weeks, older and sader and wiser. For Tradgedy has crept into my life, so that somtimes I wonder if it is worth while to live on and suffer, especialy without an Allowence, and being again obliged to suplicate for the smallest things.

But I am being brave. And, as Carter Brooks wrote me in a recent letter, acompanying a box of candy:

"After all, Bab, you did your durndest. And if they do not understand, I do, and I'm proud of you. As for being 'blited,' as per your note to me, remember that I am, also. Why not be blited together?"

This latter, of course, is not serious, as he is eight years older than I, and even fills in at middle-aged Dinners, being handsome and dressing well, although said to be rather poor.

Sis's remarks were interupted by the clamer of the door bell. I placed a shaking hand over the Frat pin, beneath which my heart was beating only for *him*. And waited.

What was my dispair to find it but Carter Brooks!

Now there had been a time when to have Carter Brooks sit beside me, as now, and treat me as fully out in Society, would have thriled me to the core. But that day had gone. I realized that he was not only to old, but to flirtatous. He was one who would not look on a woman's Love as precious, but as a plaything.

"Barbara," he said to me. "I do not beleive that Sister is glad to see me."

"I don't have to look at you," Sis said, "I can knit."

"Tell me, Barbara," he said to me beseachingly, "am I as hard to look at as all that?"

"I rather like looking at you," I rejoined with cander. "Across the room."

He said we were not as agreable as we might be, so he picked up a magazine and looked at the Automobile advertizments.

"I can't aford a car," he said. "Don't listen to me, either of you. I'm only talking to myself. But I like to read the ads. Hello, here's a snapy one for five hundred and fifty. Let me see. If I gave up a couple of Clubs, and smokeing, and flours to *Debutantes*—except Barbara, because I intend to by every poxy in town when she comes out—I might ——"

"Carter," I said, "will you let me see that ad?"

Now the reason I had asked for it was this: in the book the Girl Detective had a small but powerful car, and she could do anything with it, even going up the Court House steps once in it and interupting a trial at the criticle moment.

But I did not, at that time, expect to more than wish for such a vehical. How pleasant, my heart said, to have a car holding to, and since there was to be no bathing, et cetera, and I was not alowed a horse in the country, except my old pony and the basket faeton, to ramble through the lanes with a choice spirit, and talk about ourselves mostly, with a sprinkling of other subjects!

Five hundred and fifty from nine hundred and forty-five leaves three hundred and forty-five. But I need few garments at school, wearing mostly unaforms of blue serge with one party frock for Friday nights and receptions to Lecturers and Members of the Board. And besides, to own a machine would mean less carfare and no shoes to speak of, because of not walking. Jane Raleigh came in about then and I took her upstairs and closed the door.

"Jane," I said, "I want your advise. And be honest, because it's a serious matter."

"If it's Tommy Gray," she said, in a contemptable manner, "don't."

How could I know, as revealed later, that Jane had gone on a Diet since yesterday, owing to a certain remark, and had had nothing but an apple all day? I could not. I therfore stared at her steadily and observed:

"I shall never ask for advise in matters of the Heart. There I draw the line."

However, she had seen some caromels on my table, and suddenly burst into emotion. I was worried, not knowing the trouble and fearing that Jane was in love with Tom. It was a terrable thought, for which should I do? Hold on to him and let her suffer, or remember our long years of intimasy and give him up to her?

Should I or should I not remove his Frat pin?

However, I was not called upon to renunciate anything. In the midst of my dispair Jane asked for a Sandwitch and thus releived my mind. I got her some cake and a bottle of cream and she became more normle. She swore she had never cared for Tom, he being not her style, as she had never loved any one who had not black eyes.

"Nothing else matters, Bab," she said, holding out the Sandwitch in a dramatic way. "I see but his eyes. If they are black, they go through me like a knife."

"Blue eyes are true eyes," I comented.

Although Suspicious at Once, Because of No Adress But a Pine Tree, I Said Nothing, Except Mearly: "Fifty Cents"

"There is somthing feirce about black eyes," she said, finishing the cream. "I feel this way. One cannot tell what black eyes are thinking. They are a mystery, and as such they atract me. Almost all murderers have black eyes."

"Jane!" I exclaimed.

"They mean passion," she muzed. "They are *strong* eyes. Did you ever see a black-eyed man with glasses? Never. Bab, are you engaged to him?"

"Practicaly."

I saw that she wished details, but I am not that sort. I am not the kind to repeat what has been said to me in the emotion of Love. I am one to bury sentament deep in my heart, and have therfore the reputation of being cold and indiferent. But better that than having the Male Sex afraid to tell me how I effect them for fear of it being repeated to other girls, as some do. "Of course it cannot be soon, if at all," I said. "He has three more years of College, and as you know, here they regard me as a child."

"You have your own income."

That reminded me of the reason for my having sought the privasy of my Chamber. I said:

"Jane, I am thinking of bying an automobile. Not a Limousine, but somthing styleish and fast. I must have Speed, if nothing else."

She stoped eating a caromel and gave me a stunned look.

"What for?"

"For emergensies."

"Then they disaprove of him?" she said, in a low, tence voice.

"They know but little, although what they suspect —— Jane," I said, my bitterness bursting out, "what am I now? Nothing. A prisoner, or the equivalent of such, forbiden everything because I am to young! My Soul hampered by being taken to the country where there is nothing to do, given a pony cart, although but twenty months younger than Leila, and not going to come out until she is married, or permanantly engaged."

"It is hard," said Jane. "Heart-breaking, Bab."

We sat, in deep and speachless gloom. At last Jane said:

"Has she anyone in sight?"

"How do I know? They keep me away at School all year. I am but a stranger here, although I try hard to be otherwise."

"Because we might help along, if there is anyone. To get her married is your only hope, Bab. They're afraid of you. That's all. You're the tipe to atract Men, except your noze, and you could help that by pulling it. My couzin did that, only she did it to much, and made it pointed."

I looked in my mirror and sighed. I have always desired an aristocratic noze, but a noze cannot be altered like teeth, unless broken and then generaly not improved. "I have tried a shell hair pin at night, but it falls off when I go to sleep," I said, in a despondant manner.

We sat for some time, eating caromels and thinking about Leila, because there was nothing to do with my noze, but Leila was diferent.

"Although," Jane said, "you will never be able to live your own life untill she is gone, Bab."

"There is Carter Brooks," I suggested. "But he is poor. And anyhow she is not in Love with him."

"Leila is not one to care about Love," said Jane. "That makes it eazier."

"But whom?" I said. "Whom, Jane?"

We thought and thought, but of course it was hard, for we knew none of those who filled my sister's life, or sent her flours and so on.

At last I said:

"There must be a way, Jane. *There must be.* And if not, I shall make one. For I am desparate. The mear thought of going back to school, when I am as old as at present and engaged also, is madening."

But Jane held out a warning hand.

"Go slow, dearie," she said, in a solemn tone. "Do nothing rash.

"Remember this, that she is your sister, and should be hapily married if at all. Also she needs one with a strong hand to control her. And such are not easy to find. You must not ruin her Life."

Considering the fatal truth of that, is it any wonder that, on contemplateing the events that folowed, I am ready to cry, with the great poet Hood: 1835–1874: whose numerous works we studied during the spring term:

Alas, I have walked through life
Too heedless where I trod;
May, helping to trampel my fellow worm,
And fill the burial sod.

II

IF I WERE to write down all the surgeing thoughts that filled my brain this would have to be a Novel instead of a Short Story. And I am not one who beleives in begining the life of Letters with a long work. I think one should start with breif romanse.

For is not romanse itself but breif, the thing of an hour, at least to the Other Sex?

Women and girls, having no interest outside their hearts, such as baseball and hockey and earning saleries, are more likely to hug romanse to their breasts, until it is finaly drowned in their tears.

"Look Here," He Said, in a Stern Manner, "are We Engaged or Aren't We? Because I'd Like to Know"

I pass over the next few days, therfore, mearly stating that my *affaire de couer* went on rapidly, and that Leila was sulkey *and had no Male visitors.* On the day after the Ball Game Tom took me for a walk, and in a corner of the park, he took my hand and held it for quite a while. He said he had never been a hand-holder, but he guessed it was time to begin. Also he remarked that my noze need not worry me, as it exactly suited my face and nature.

"How does it suit my nature?" I asked.

"It's—well, it's cute."

"I do not care about being cute, Tom," I said ernestly. "It is a word I despize."

"Cute means kissible, Bab!" he said, ardently.

"I don't beleive in kissing."

"Well," he observed, "there is kissing and kissing."

But a nurse with a baby in a perambulater came along just then and nothing hapened worth recording. As soon as she had passed, however, I mentioned that kissing was all right if one was engaged, but not otherwise. And he said:

"But we are, aren't we?"

Although understood before, it had now come in full force. I, who had been but Barbara Archibald before, was now engaged. Could it be I who heard my voice saying, in a low tone, the "yes" of Destiny? It was!

We then went to the corner drug-store and had some soda, although forbiden by my familey because of city water being used. How strange to me to recall that I had once thought the Clerk nice-looking, and had even purchaced things there, such as soap and chocolate, in order to speak a few words to him!

I was engaged, dear Reader, but not yet kissed. Tom came into our vestabule with me, and would doubtless have done so when no one was passing, but that George opened the door suddenly.

However, what diference, when we had all the rest of our Lives to kiss in? Or so I then considered.

Carter Brooks came to dinner that night because his people were out of town, and I think he noticed that I looked mature, and dignafied, for he stared at me a lot. And father said:

"Bab, you're not eating. Is it possable that that boarding school hollow of yours is filling up?"

One's familey is apt to translate one's finest Emotions into terms of food and drink. Yet could I say that it was my Heart and not my Stomache that was full? I could not.

During dinner I looked at Leila and wondered how she could be married off. For until so I would continue to be but a Child, and not alowed to be engaged or anything. I thought if she would eat some starches it would help, she being pretty but thin. I therfore urged her to eat potatos and so on, because of evening dress and showing her coller bones, but she was quite nasty.

"Eat your dinner," she said in an unfraternal maner, "and stop watching me. They're *my* bones."

"I have no intention of being critticle," I said. "And they are your bones, although not a matter to brag about. But I was only thinking, if you were fater and had a permanant wave put in your hair, because one of the girls did and it hardly broke off at all ——"

She then got up and flung down her napken.

"Mother!" she said. "Am I to stand this sort of thing indefinately? Because if I am I shall go to France and scrub floors in a Hospitle."

Well, I reflected, that would be almost as good as having her get married. Besides being a good chance to marry over there, the unaform being becoming to most, especialy of Leila's tipe.

That night, while Sis sulked and father was out and mother was ofering the cook more money to go to the country, I said to Carter Brooks:

"Why don't you stop hanging round, and make her marry you?"

"I'd like to know what's running about in that mad head of yours, Bab," he said. "Of course if you say so I'll try, but don't count to much on it. I don't beleive she'll have me. But why this unseemly haste?"

So I told him, and he understood perfectly, although I did not say that I had allready plited my troth.

"Of course," he said. "If that fails there is another method of aranging things, although you may not care to have the Funeral Baked Meats set fourth to grace the Marriage Table. If she refuses me, we might become engaged. You and I."

To proposals in one day. Ye gods!

I was obliged therfore to tell him I was allready engaged, and he looked very queer, especialy when I told him to whom it was.

"Pup!" he said, in a manner which I excused because of his natural feelings at being preceded. "And of course this is the real thing?"

"I am not one to change easily, Carter," I said. "When I give I give freely. A thing like this, with me, is to Eternaty, and even beyond."

He is usualy most polite, but he got up then and said: "Well, I'm damned."

He went away soon after, and left Sis and me to sit alone, not speaking, because when she is angry she will not speak to me for days at a time. But I found a Magazine picture of a Duchess in a nurse's dress and wearing a fringe, which is English for bangs, and put it on her dressing table.

I felt that this was subtile and would sink in.

The next day Jane came around early.

"There's a sail on down town, Bab," she said. "Don't you want to begin laying away underclothes for your *Trousseau?* You can't begin too soon, because it takes such a lot."

I have no wish to reflect on Jane in this story. She meant well. But she knew I had decided to by an automobile, saying nothing to the familey until to late, when

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Air Power for the United States

By Rear Admiral Robert E. Peary

Chairman of the National Aërial Coast Patrol Commission

DECORATIONS BY J. GORDON SMYTH

THIS country has entered the greatest war in history. If the war lasts another year or two it is not at all improbable that it will be settled in the air. Our Allies look to us for tremendous and relatively immediate assistance. Yet our greatest unpreparedness is found in the air. In spite of the fact that Great Britain and France, combined, now have air services comprising twenty thousand machines and two hundred thousand fighting airmen, the first thing the Allies asked of us upon our entrance into the war was one thousand aëroplanes at once, according to a cable of April sixth from military headquarters in France. Next they asked for engineer and machine-gun companies.

The one and only way by which we can live up to what is expected of us in aviation is to establish at once a Federal Department of Aëronautics, with its secretary in the President's Cabinet. This is more imperative than the proposed Departments of Munitions and Transportation. These last two would fill a great need while the war lasts, but, having no urgent functions thereafter, would be discontinued. Aëronautics will go on forever, becoming more important day by day.

To meet this need, Senator Sheppard, of Texas, and Representative Murray Hulbert, of New York, have introduced in Congress a joint bill to create a Department of Aëronautics. I trust that, after considering this article, the two million subscribers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will sit down without delay and write to their senators and representatives in Congress, and urge their support for the enactment at this present special session of the Sheppard-Hulbert Bill.

By acting quickly we shall avoid the serious mistakes made in this regard by France and Great Britain, who decided, after bitter experiences, to separate their air services from their armies and navies.

What Air Power Means

LORD MONTAGUE, the great crusader for air power in the British Empire, gives us a vision of what this new science, which has come to stay, means to the world. He spoke as follows in a recent meeting before the War Committee of the House of Commons:

"I have come to speak to a serious and well-informed body on the need of concentrating special attention and effort on aviation. I am pleading for a more energetic policy in regard to all forms of aircraft. The struggle for supremacy in the air is only just beginning and will not stop when peace comes. Compared with the cost of dreadnoughts, field guns and armies in the field, the cost of even a huge aërial fleet will be small. What is wanted now in our statements and in our nation is more power of imagination. What we want now are new men with new ideas. Problems of the air are all new. There are no precedents to bear in mind, no files to refer to, no historical works to consult. The new service will need leaders who have ideals, foresight, imagination and scientific training. These leaders must always have a clear vision of future possibilities, most of which are probabilities."

Now just a few of the more important points and high lights to put us in touch with the bigness of the air proposition:

For some hundreds of years great nations have known the value and have striven for the possession of sea power. Some of these nations are now striving for air power. And air power of the future will be as much greater than the greatest sea power of to-day as the ocean of the air, sweeping unbroken round the entire globe, is greater than any land-bordered Atlantic or Pacific.

The broadest material lesson for the United States in the present European war is this:

Command of the sea and command of the land are worthless—are, in fact, impossible without command of the air!

To put it in a somewhat different form, our military forces, both navy and army, will be useless without a superior force and commanding air service.

No attack can be driven home to-day on any European battlefront without the assistance of the air service.

The Jutland sea fight was dominated by the eyes of a dirigible.

Leaders in the European struggle, men on whose shoulders rests the responsibility for the very existence of their respective nations, are saying publicly and officially, in thoroughly considered words:

FIRST. That the time is near when the air service of a country will be more vital to its safety than its army and navy combined.

SECOND. That the decision in the present war may come in the air.

THIRD. That every country will be obliged to have a separate, independent air service by that sheer necessity which knows no law, regards no precedent, fears no government.

To give the United States proper air power—real air preparedness—we need a full and immediate appreciation, on the part of the public, the press and the Government, of the vitalness, the magnitude and the immediateness of this question of air power for the United States.

Then we want:

FIRST. A separate Department of Aëronautics, independent of the army and navy, with a seat in the President's Cabinet.

SECOND. An aviator class similar to our present chauffeur class; thousands of young men throughout the country able to handle an aëroplane as a chauffeur handles his car—aero-chauffeurs.

THIRD. A comprehensive aëro coast-defense system along the general lines the National Aërial Coast Patrol Commission has indicated and is urging. This system should comprise a continuous cordon of sentinel planes a hundred miles or more off the coast, and large aëro-squadron stations near all the principal coastal cities, to protect the cities from air raids, and for offense against a hostile fleet.

FOURTH. Some powerful interest, backed by large means and experience, which can combine and develop existing conflicting interests and struggling concerns into a great industry, which shall be to the air service of this country what Krupp is to Germany and Bethlehem to the United States in their fields.

FIFTH. A great central aëronautic manufacturing plant similar to our largest automobile establishments, located in the interior of the country, where it can be protected to the last ditch.

What about the cost? Less than a month of present war cost to Great Britain alone, less than a month of war cost to this country if we are antagonized by a first-class Power or combination of Powers, will inaugurate these things. A national bond issue is the solution of the cost problem.

Some Pressing Needs

IN CONCLUDING this very brief enumeration of some of the more salient points, I invite your earnest attention to the full meaning of the following:

The millions expended on our navy and army will be wasted; the millions devoted to the Panama Canal thrown away; the billions of value in our great cities jeopardized; and the existence of the nation endangered—unless we have such an air fleet as will give the United States unquestioned command of the air for the continent of North America!

About a year ago, in a public address in Philadelphia, I noted that:

"An attack upon us must come by sea. Our coast line, as a base, gives us an inestimable advantage in aërial warfare, and will enable us to send out such a veritable cloud of aëroplanes as would completely overwhelm and destroy any number of aëroplanes that could be transported on the decks of a hostile fleet; thus leaving us in the possession of our eyes and the enemy blinded.

"But we must be ready before the fact. There will be no time to get ready when the attack comes. Once an enemy secures a base on our shores, any and every city in the country may be the prey of his air squadron.

"And a single squadron of aëroplanes sweeping across New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore or Washington, in a frightful shower of falling bombs, would cause more damage in an hour than our entire air service would cost.

"We should have, at the very minimum, not less than two thousand seaplanes ready for duty on the Atlantic Coast, and an equal number on the Pacific; five thousand on each coast would be better.

"At each important city, squadrons of aëroplanes should be parked like tents of a summer encampment of the National Guard."

A little later I called the attention of the Washington Chamber of Commerce to the following:

"Let me assemble a few facts with which you are all more or less familiar,

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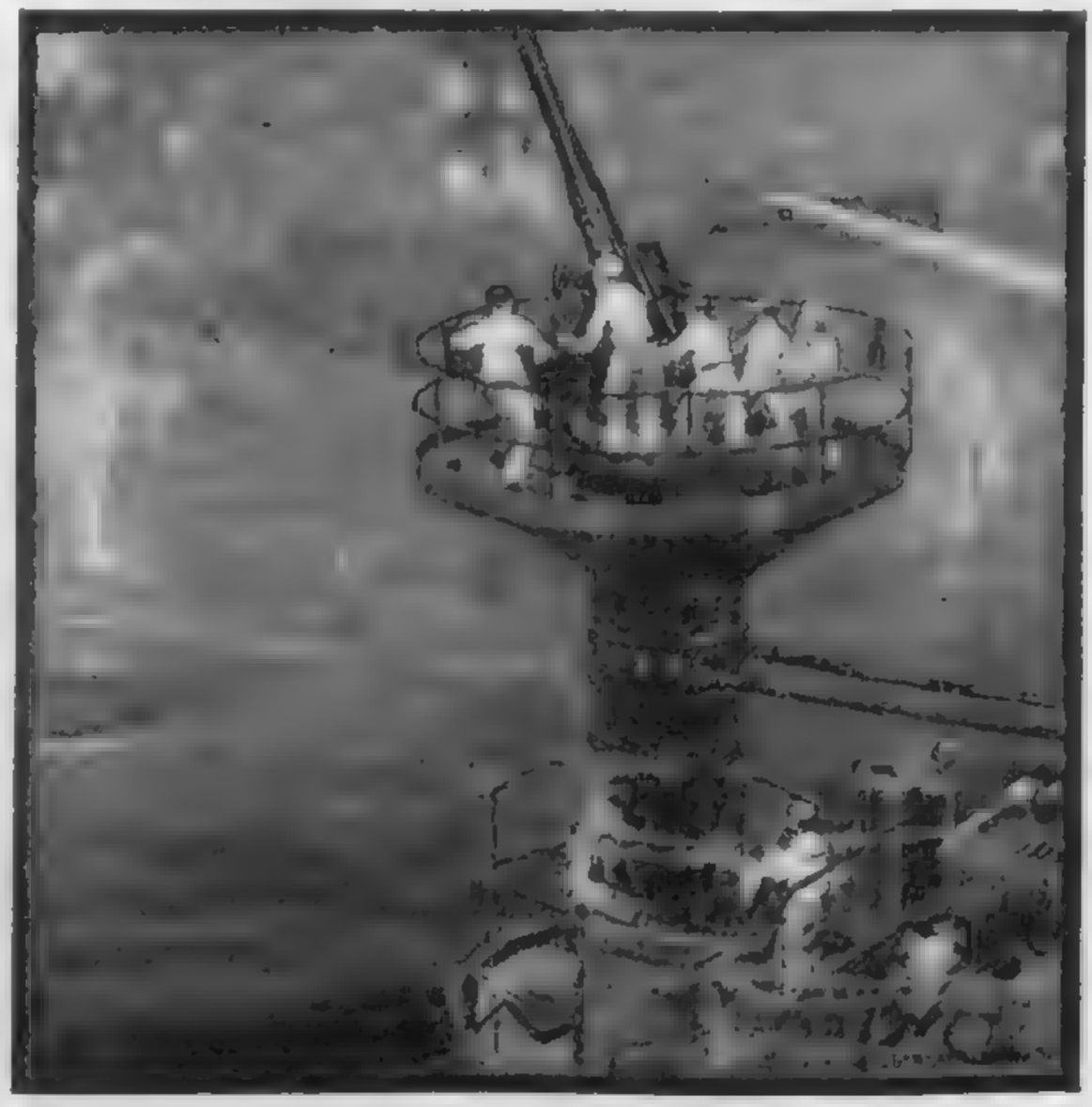

EDITOR'S NOTE—Admiral Peary organized the National Aërial Coast Patrol Commission nearly two years ago, for the purpose of advocating a complete system of aëronautic defenses for our eight thousand miles of coast line, and to assist the cause of American aviation generally. Vice President Thomas R. Marshall is the Honorary Chairman. The commission maintains national headquarters in Washington, D. C., in charge of Secretary Earl Hamilton Smith, New York City. Members of the commission include Senator Morris Sheppard, of Texas; Senator James E. Watson, of Indiana; Representatives Murray Hulbert and Julius Kahn; Alan R. Hawley, president of the Aëro Club of America; Henry Woodhouse; and John Hays Hammond, Jr

BIG CROPS VERSUS BIG GUNS

By David F. Houston

Secretary of Agriculture

TEN men sat at dinner the other evening in Washington. It was a "little informal dinner," and they ate raw oysters on the shell; a rich clear-green turtle soup; freshly caught shad with roe, garnished with potatoes and mushrooms and other trifles; broiled mushrooms; boned breast of guinea hen, grilled, with slices of Virginia ham; new asparagus; green peas; new potatoes; romaine salad, accompanied by a variety of choice cheeses; ice cream and fresh strawberries—and at the very end a savory omelet.

Having accomplished this feat, they had recourse to iced cordials and liqueurs to counteract possible ill effects of their overeating. The comic relief to this dull spectacle was provided by their conversation. They discussed the high cost of living, the imminent famine in foodstuffs which they assumed to exist, and "What can I do to help in this war?" They all had forty-inch chests and forty-eight-inch waistlines, and were too old to enlist.

The answer to the question they were asking themselves and one another lay among the broken meats in the pantry from which their dinner was served. The cost of the unnecessary and wasted food at this one dinner was easily twenty-five dollars. This would have paid the monthly grocery bill of any one of hundreds of American families, or would have given twenty-five Belgian children the supplemental meals they require for one month. Our entry into the war has laid a definite obligation upon us to consume less and produce more. It is not only a patriotic but an economic necessity to increase the production of foodstuffs in the United States. Presently large numbers of young men will be withdrawn from productive industrial employment into the army and navy. They must not only be fed, and fed well, but we must supply our Allies in the field in France.

There is a food shortage in the United States, but it is not sufficient to cause hysteria. No nation that can raise two billion nine hundred million bushels of corn in a year is in any danger of starvation. We shall not starve and we shall not have to go on short rations; but we shall need for ourselves and for our Allies abroad more food than we have ever needed to produce before. There is no apparent economic justification for the present extremely high prices of many foodstuffs. The supply of wheat and of potatoes in the United States is below normal. This knowledge has led to an unfounded apprehension and alarm and to an undue increase in prices for various other foods.

David F. Houston

The First Call to the Colors

THE American farmer is the first man in the United States to be called to the colors. His is the place of honor. Most of the farmers will not leave their homes; will not hear a gun fire; will not fight in a trench, but in a furrow. Upon the American farmer rests in large measure the final responsibility of winning the war in which we are now involved. The importance to the nation of an adequate food supply—especially for the present year—cannot be overemphasized. The world's food reserve is very low. The man who tills the soil and supports the soldier in the field and the family at home is rendering as noble and patriotic a service as is the man who bears the brunt of battle. The American farmer has long shown his ability to produce more food per man and at lower cost per unit than any other farmer in the world; but he has never had to do his best. He needs to do his best now. This is not the time to experiment with new and untried crops and processes. It is important that the farmer shall devote his principal efforts to the production of such crops and the employment of such methods as are well established in his community and likely to yield the maximum return in food and clothing material.

Within the next forty days the final measure of crop acreage and food production for this year will have been established. Because of the world shortage of food, it is scarcely possible that the production of staple crops by the farmers of the United States can be too great this year. There is every reason to believe that a generous price will be paid for the harvests.

There is yet time to add substantially to the bread supply by increasing the acreage of spring wheat in the Northern States. Throughout the United States, east of a line drawn through the center of the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas and Texas, the corn area may be increased to advantage, with a view to its uses for both human food and animal production. The production of a normal cotton crop is necessary. This can best be accomplished by more intensive cultivation and increased fertilization rather than by increasing the acreage and thus neglecting the food and forage crops so important to the South.

In the districts where wheat has been winter-killed, replanting is suggested with oats, corn or sorghum, as climatic conditions may determine. Where barley and oats are proved and reliable crops they should be planted to the maximum that can be effectively handled. In portions of the Northern and Eastern States, where the season is too short for the great staple crops, the buckwheat acreage may well be increased.

An important increase in our food supply may be made by enlarging the area planted to navy beans in the North and West, and to Mexican and Tepary beans in the Southwest, and by stimulating in every reasonable way an increase in the area of potatoes planted—especially for local use.

Sweet potatoes, in the South, will undoubtedly be needed in their fresh state in larger quantity than usual, and also for storing for winter use, either in their natural state or as canned or desiccated products.

How Boys and Girls Can Help

WHERE peanuts succeed, production should be enlarged, because of their value both as food and forage. A reasonable seed reserve for replanting tilled crops should be held wherever practicable.

Though it is important to utilize available lands in the staple small grains and tilled crops, care should be taken to avoid undue encroachment on the area used for pasturage or hay, which is required for livestock production.

I venture to appeal to the boys and girls everywhere to put forth every effort to produce foodstuffs in gardens and fields. There can be no better expression of true patriotic devotion to the country. It has been demonstrated through the boys' and girls' clubs that it is possible for the farm family to supply itself with much of the food required, thereby releasing the commercial product of the country for the needs of the people in the cities and in foreign lands. There are about two hundred and eighty thousand boys and girls enlisted in these clubs now. This number can be greatly increased.

In a normal season it is certain that there will be large quantities of perishable products which cannot be properly preserved in the home. To meet this emergency it is recommended that local and municipal drying and canning establishments be improvised to conserve this material.

The livestock holdings of the farmers in the United States are already too low. It would be most unfortunate if these numbers should be diminished further under the pressure of the present demand for food. Indeed, an early increase of the animal products of the country should be made. Such an increase must come chiefly through the enlarging of our food supply by more successful methods

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Upon the American Farmer Rests in Large Measure the Final Responsibility of Winning the War in Which We are Now Involved

Le Rabouin—Soldier of France

By ROBERT W. SNEDDON

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER H. EVERETT

BEFORE the train drew to a stop his noisy companions were already scrambling for the envied position of first to set foot in Paris. They pushed and shoved good-humoredly round the door. It was open now. One soldier, more daring, was standing on the step. A voice bellowed at him and he waved his cap and grinned. But in the corner Le Rabouin sat moodily. Had he asked for his six days' leave? No! He had been quite content where he was. Only his sergeant had slapped him on the back with a cheerful:

"Go back and tell them what we are doing out here, we others. Six days, *mon brave*, six days' leave from this furnace. My faith, you are the lucky fellow!"

The train stopped. Out of it poured an avalanche of men in faded and patched blue uniforms and soiled caps, some with arms in slings, plaster on their cheeks, limping, but all breathless with joy. From the valley of darkness good luck had brought them safely to the City of Light. For a few days only, it was true; but—one must die sometime. To-day was full of promise: the greeting of loved ones, good food to eat, wine that was wine and coffee that was not slops, the theaters, music, perhaps an affair with a pretty girl, but above all—thanks to the good God—a bed, a bed for one's weary limbs!

The carriage was empty now. Le Rabouin slowly picked up his canvas bag and stepped down onto the platform. In the excitement no one of his companions of the voyage had paid him any attention, not one had stopped to say good-by. The crowd, with a volume of chattering welcome, had swallowed them. And he felt very lonely.

A porter stared at him as he passed and nudged another:

"See the mug on that one! I'd hate to meet him in the dark, I would. Black as the devil he is."

He was nearer the mark than he guessed, for it was the dark, tawny skin which had given the solitary the slang epithet of *Le Rabouin*—"the Devil."

As Le Rabouin passed through the railings into the body of the station he halted in amazement in front of a tall mirror on which was painted: "Look here, gentlemen, ladies. *Does your toilet please you? If not we can outfit you at prices the most moderate.* The House of Fashion. Rue de Rennes." He stared at his image in wonder. It was the first time he had seen himself in uniform. Always before it had been a woolen jersey, covered with a check coat, a pair of velveteen trousers, and a cap pulled down over his well-oiled hair, a cigarette hanging in the corner of his mouth, his hands in his pockets. But now. What a transformation! The eyes which met his were no longer bleared with drink and smoke. There was a new and square set to his sloping shoulders. He seemed to have grown taller. His chest—he patted it with his brown hand—had filled in. He was solid, robust, healthy. There was something about his uniform that pleased him; and for the first time since he had left that part of Somewhere in France from which he had come, he grinned. It was a grin which had something childish and frank about it, not that grin which so many of the mirrors of the little drinking shops of his quarter had reflected eighteen months ago, a grin to bring fear into the hearts of those who were his enemies—and Le Rabouin, son of the slums, humble member of the tribe of Parisian Apaches, had his share of them.

He walked on slowly to the exit. A police sergeant saluted him smartly, and Le Rabouin for a moment was panic-stricken, his eyes fell, he clenched his hands. He had almost forgotten the existence of his hereditary foes.

"Welcome, *mon brave*," said the sergeant cheerfully. "A cigarette, eh?" and he thrust a packet of cigarettes into the astounded man's hands.

Le Rabouin faltered a shy "Thank you, *m'sieu l'agent*," saluted, and walked on hastily.

His brain was bewildered. A packet of cigarettes from a "*sergot*," a salute from a "*flic*"—it was incredible!

He turned and looked back. The police agent waved his hand amiably. He was not dreaming. It was true, without possible doubt, that a policeman had given him the welcome of an honest man. There was a time when in daylight he would have dodged round a corner at the sight of a bluecoat. At night, of course, that was another thing. One might deal with a "*poulet*" differently, if one got in the first blow, and kept out of reach of that sudden kick which snapped one's shinbone like a pipestem. It was a strange world. First war, and then this—this kind of peace.

Slowly he crossed the paved courtyard and looked in front of him. There rolled downhill the Boulevards Strasbourg and Magenta. For a moment he hesitated and then strolled down the last. A waiter polishing a silver globe in front of a café nodded pleasantly to him as if he knew him. Le Rabouin stopped, surprised. A coffee? Why not? He had money in his pockets, money he had earned honestly. A new sensation. He stepped among the tables and sat down. He stiffened his back. He was a man of affairs now.

The words "*un jus*" were on his lips, but he remembered in time.

"*Café-crème.* And quick, my lad," he ordered.

The waiter, returning with his cup of frothy coffee, bent over him solicitously. With a sly touch of his hand he showed that in the little saucer there were half a dozen lumps of sugar and a cigarette.

"One does not get much sugar Out There," he explained apologetically. "It is the gift of the *patron to permissionnaires. Voilà!*"

Le Rabouin would have thanked him, but an imperious voice called the waiter inside, and he vanished, with a flick of a napkin at the tables on each side of the door. His customer dipped a lump of sugar in the coffee, sucked it, and then sipped a mouthful, as if anxious to prolong his pleasure. It was delicious, this coffee. And then he remembered. Titi had said to him that the first thing he would do on his return to Paris would be to stretch his legs before a real coffee. And, meanwhile, Titi was one of many heaped over with the bloodstained soil of that country for which he had died without a murmur.

Ah, this Titi! What an amusing fellow! He had been his chum. Together they had pulled off more than one little adventure. In Titi the world had lost the cleverest second-story man, the most agile and resourceful *monte-en-l'air* of Paris. Slender, debonair, with his sleek hair and clean-shaven face, and, compared with himself, of such an elegance, it was no wonder that Chou-chou had given him her heart.

And the day they had parted from her! They had all been sitting together in a little bar in the Rue Lepic, when the police entered and offered them the alternative of standing up against a wall and looking into half a dozen rifles, or becoming patriots. It was Titi who grinned and said "One has a chance Out There, *mes amis*," and clapped Le Rabouin on the shoulder with a merry "To arms, citizens!" And then Chou-chou had risen, very pale, with flashing eyes, as if about to fly at the agents with her nails, but Titi had gently pushed her down into her seat. The agents had withdrawn to the door—that was very kind of them—and Titi had talked with his arms about his girl, kissed her many times, and then risen calmly: "I am ready, messieurs." And Le Rabouin without protest was following. If Titi went, then he, too, would follow. As they reached the door Chou-chou ran forward and kissed her man again, and then kissed Le Rabouin on both cheeks like a sister or a cousin, perhaps, with a whisper of "You will bring him back to me, my friend?" And he had nodded and followed dumbly.

Chou-chou? What had she been doing? Only once had Titi heard through a neighbor—for his girl could not write—that she was well and always faithful. And for days Titi had gone about with his head in the air. Such a good soldier he had proved! Such daring, such invention! In two months he was a corporal. In ten, sergeant, while his chum remained contentedly in the ranks. It was no wonder that Chou-chou preferred her man to a black devil like himself. What a woman! Not beautiful, perhaps, but tender and strong, with eyes that spoke, a mother who had no children but her man, a woman who had known what it was to suffer. A woman who loved Titi, too, because he did not beat her, because he did not send her out at night to work for him. So nimble with her fingers, so thrifty, and such fidelity! Titi had confided to him that on his first leave the first thing he would do would be to beg Chou-chou to marry him, with priest and mayor and all. And now Titi was gone. He felt indescribably sad. He would gladly have changed places with him, if that were possible.

He rapped on the marble table with his coin. The waiter ran out.

"What's to pay?" asked Le Rabouin.

"Nothing, m'sieu, nothing," the waiter answered, smiling.

Le Rabouin gazed at him blankly. What was happening? With a mystified expression he slid his coin into his pocket, bowed, and walked away. In a moment he came hurrying back.

"It is *le singe* who says it, eh?" he asked clumsily.

"It is the word of the *patron*, yes," the waiter assured him.

Le Rabouin pondered the matter over, then slipped two sous into the waiter's hand, and without waiting for thanks walked quickly down the wide boulevard. He did not know where he was bound for.

"It is very droll, all the same," he kept muttering to himself.

Never had he found anything so interesting as the stores. The delicatessen shops, with their tempting piles of cans and bottles, their jellied foods, the clothing and shoe stores, the toys, the cakes in the bakeries, the bookstalls, the flowers. The passers-by looked at him with such friendly eyes. A scissors-grinder stopped in the midst of his cry of "Knives and scissors to grind" to salute him waggishly with a huge butcher knife he was sharpening. Every time he passed a police agent he felt uneasy, troubled, but a glance down at his own uniform reassured him. He realized in one flash that it was a badge of safety, that it meant something more to him than he had dreamed of, squatting in the mud of a trench. Who laid hand upon the blue cloth touched something which was precious to all who moved about him. He felt a sudden compassion for those who wore civilian dress. They had not had their chance, poor creatures.

A notice on a public notice board, addressed to Soldiers of France, made him stop and draw in his breath. He, too, was one—he, Le Rabouin, Soldier of France.

And, alas, there was no one to say:

"Enter, Soldier of France! Eat with us. Rest with us. Be tended and loved by us."

His pals had all been caught in that net which had swept Paris clean of its criminals. And the others? In the old days there were mothers who drew their children aside when he passed. Men who had looked at him with contempt.

Twice had he tried to get work, and twice he had been plainly told he was not wanted, that he was an outcast, worthless, a menace.

He was not wanted. He strolled on like a lost dog looking for some good Samaritan to pat its head.

Peste! Of course. Of course. Why had he not thought of her, his old aunt who kept a secondhand clothing store in the Rue du Temple. He had not gone near her for four years. The last time she had slammed the door in his face and nearly choked herself shouting insults. But now perhaps—he was her only relative, and things had changed. He had always had a sneaking liking for the old girl. She knew such wonderful stories of fine people, of the stage. In fact, it was no matter of doubt that she had once been more than intimate with old—but that was in her youth and long since forgotten. She was very old now, with a fine crop of whiskers.

He stepped out bravely now, across the Place de la République. Ah, there was the Square of the Temple. It was almost deserted. And there was the store. He drew himself up, threw out his chest and pushed open the door. A bell jangled, and a young man with a large nose came out from the back store.

"Madame Godet?" asked Le Rabouin timidly.

The young man started back and waved his hands in the air.

"But, m'sieu, do you not know? She is dead—six months ago. The business was sold by order of her solicitors."

Le Rabouin's face sobered.

"They say she left quite a sum to a nephew," continued the young man. "I heard the name—let me see—ah, Gustave Lefoc."

It was such a long time since Le Rabouin had heard his baptismal name that he hardly recognized it.

"I am he," he said hoarsely. "I have been away."

"And you had not heard? No? It is quite a romance. Pardon me, one moment." He ran into the back store, and returned with a card. "Here is the name of her solicitors, m'sieu. No! It is nothing. A pleasure! You have some old clothes, perhaps? We are giving extraordinary prices."

Le Rabouin shook his head, slipped the card into his pocket with a curt "Thank you," and walked out of the store. And so he was a man with money in the bank now! Bah, what was the use! Titi was dead—and Chou-chou?

Chou-chou? He felt all along that he could not face her. Her last words were so plainly in his mind. But now, if she was in want he could not let her suffer. It was plainly his duty to find her.

He retraced his way and descended the steps of the Métro. As he came up out of the Place Pigalle station of the subway he sniffed the air of Montmartre like a hound. He was again in a quarter that he knew as well as his hand. Nothing had changed. The two lines of trees, the same old women walking their dogs, the loungers on the benches. As he climbed the Rue Houdon he spied the gleaming white dome of Sacré-Cœur.

What a sight! He resolved that he would make his first visit to it. They said it was of a magnificence indescribable; that the music thrilled; and the black coats. He had seen some of them with the wounded, and they were fine fellows. He must see it, and perhaps a word to the good God, and a candle—for Titi. That cost nothing to a man's self-respect now.

Without looking to right or left he strode along the Rue Antoinette. He was looking for the battered lamp that hung over the door of number twenty-five. He would go right in. With a beating heart he climbed the dismal stairs to the second floor and rapped on the door at the back. A man in his shirt sleeves opened it, and Le Rabouin felt a cold shudder run down his back.

"M'lle Chou-chou," he asked eagerly; "is she within?"

The man took the cigarette out of his mouth and, turning his head, called back:

"*Hé, la môme*, do you know of any Chou-chou?"

A woman's shrill voice answered:

"Fifth floor—under the tiles she is now. Second door on the right."

"*Voilà!*" said the man, and shut the door.

So she was in the house still. Well, that was good. Le Rabouin mounted higher. He felt stifled. After the open air of the past year and a half he could hardly breathe. It was incredible that people of sense could live in such an atmosphere. He could not believe now that he, too, had once felt quite at home in it.

As he reached the fifth floor he could hear the whirr of a sewing machine, whirr, whirr, as if it never would stop, as if it raced against eternity. He advanced to the door and knocked. A second knock, and then above the whirr of the machine he heard her voice call "Come in."

He pushed open the door, and in the light which came in at the narrow window, flung open, he saw Chou-chou at the sewing machine. She raised her head as if impatient of the interruption, stopped the machine with a jerk and rose to her feet. She stretched her neck forward as if she did not see clearly, and they advanced to meet each other, he timidly, she with frightened eyes. They were looking into his with such searching questioning that he could not meet them. Her lips trembled. All at once she ran forward and caught his arm in a terrible grip.

"Titi?" she cried.

Le Rabouin drew in his breath sharply. She had not heard the news.

"Answer me—where is he?" she asked hoarsely, shaking his arm. "Did he not come with you?"

Le Rabouin moistened his lips.

"He is dead," he answered at last.

She released her grip upon his arm and, stepping back as if she had not heard what he said, walked to her chair and, sitting down, clasped her hands to her brow. A low moan came from her tight lips, then she fell forward on her machine with shaking shoulders.

Le Rabouin looked about him helplessly. What a place! All over the floor, on the cot, were piles of army shirts. On a table was the end of a loaf and a bottle of milk.

With a gesture of clumsy kindness he stepped over to her and laid his hand on her shoulder. She moved impatiently, and he let it fall to his side. As he stood there bending over her he could hear his heart beat like a drum. Suddenly she raised her head. "When, when?" she whispered.

"Two months ago."

"And you came back safely," she muttered scornfully.

The poor man started. He tried to speak, to tell her that he would have given his life for Titi, that the cross of war he wore was given to him for the attempt he had made, but no words would come to his lips. A hot tear rolled down his swarthy cheek and fell on the white hands that were clenched on the knees over which he was bending, begging for forgiveness.

And as that silent messenger, which told as words could not have done what Le Rabouin was suffering, fell softly, Chou-chou looked up into his face and, rising to her feet, groped dimly with her hands as if seeking support. Le Rabouin stretched out his and, as if unconscious of what she was doing, Chou-chou clung to him and laid her head upon his breast. As she sobbed his tears fell unchecked upon her dark hair.

Gradually she gathered strength, drew back, then going to the cot cleared it of its burden and motioned to him to sit down.

"Tell me," she said slowly. "I did not mean—I know you would have given all for him, for you, too, loved him. Tell me of him. Did he speak of me?"

And Le Rabouin told her, clumsily, brokenly, but with the simple words of a friend. When he came to that part where Titi had volunteered to crawl out to cut the wire entanglements of the enemy, and he had followed, and they had stumbled upon a concealed nest of sharpshooters and Titi had fallen, and he had tried to drag him back, and finally stopped and carried him—"for I was stronger than *mon copain*, you see"—and had brought him in across the bullet-swept no man's land, only to die—she bent and kissed his hands with a strange passion, as if those hands which had lifted her lover still bore traces of the touch of him

"He died," ended Le Rabouin with sudden inspiration, "like a soldier of France."

Chou-chou sat silent, holding Le Rabouin's hand firmly. He dared not look at her, though there were words within his heart, but he felt to utter them would be a wrong to Titi. The long absence, the touch of her hand, the sight of her pale tear-stained face had stirred within him that love which he had laid to rest once before for the sake of Titi. At last he found something to say: "You are busy here. Such piles of shirts! My faith, a veritable factory!"

She nodded.

"And they pay you well, the rascals, eh?"

She mentioned a price which appalled him by its smallness.

"The rogues, the— "

She stopped him.

"I do not mind—do not blame them—there are so many contractors; step by step down till they reach us. And as for money, that does not matter. Every shirt I sewed, I thought, perhaps—one day—it might be Titi who needed a shirt. I have enough to eat, and so ——"

Le Rabouin felt a great pride surge within him. The women of France! Ah, where could one find their like? But this end of louf, this bottle of milk—he felt in his pocket. How best to offer—and then he gasped. A wonderful idea had come to him.

"What a stupid I am!" he heard himself saying. "What a stupid, *ma chouie*. Listen, you did not know that Titi had some money? No? But yes, with a firm of lawyers. I have the card.

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The Agents Had Withdrawn to the Door—That Was Very Kind of Them

I Pledge Allegiance to My Flag

PHOTO FROM THE AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION, NEW YORK CITY

By PETER B. KYNE

THE army list carried, a generation ago, the name of a colonel of cavalry. He was a direct importation from the Emerald Isle and was known as "a character"; which is to state that he was different. He was. As an emigrant, seeking that freedom so dear to the Irish heart, he came to the United States shortly before the outbreak of the Civil War; and when Lincoln called for volunteers the new citizen went in as a private, won a medal for conspicuous gallantry in action and eventually hacked his way to a colonelcy, for he was essentially a fighting man. One of his remarks, descriptive of himself, is never omitted from the scores of anecdotes related of him:

"I'm not much on shtra-teegy or gr-rand tactics," he declared; "but whin on me hor-rse, wit' a saber in me hand, char-rgin' at the head o' me throop, begorra, me mind is pregnant wit' idjeas!"

This gallant old warrior, however, did not always have to rely upon such violent inspiration in order to give birth to a bright idea. The tale is told that once, after an all-day pursuit of Geronimo, the troop halted for the night and outposts were established. The doughty colonel noted that his boys were greatly exhausted; also, that a detachment of Navajo Indian trailers, which accompanied the expedition, were available for part of the outpost duty; whereupon he ordered a certain number of the Navajos detailed for outpost duty to relieve an equal number of his own troopers. The amazed adjutant demurred respectfully, calling his superior's attention to the fact that the Navajos were not enlisted men, and hence not subject to outpost duty; that they were trailers, to be used for that and for no other purpose. And the old war horse smiled upon that adjutant and said:

"Oh! So they're trailers, are they? Well now, me lad, you take wan o' thim an' put a rifle in his hands an' have him trail from that tree there over to that rock an' back ag'in; an' see that he continues to trail for two hours, keepin' constantly on the aler-rt, an' observin' everything that takes place within sight or hearin'."

Lessons to Learn From Past Mistakes

I DO not know of anything that illustrates better than these two anecdotes the change which has come over our soldiers and the science of war since this delicious old soldier passed on to his honorable discharge from the service. The only soldier nowadays who waits until he is in action before commencing to think seriously about it is the Little Buck Private. And he doesn't do much thinking, because of the prevalence of buck ague or stage fright—at least, not until he has been in a few engagements and has learned—to use a sporting term—steadiness to shot and wing. Then he becomes a veteran, and as such is always extremely bad medicine for the rookies the enemy may be indiscreet enough to send against him. This I know; for I was once a Little Buck Private, who eventually graduated into a veteran.

However, it is not of present-day warfare that I would write, since I know nothing of that and will have to relearn the business of soldiering before I may discuss the subject with assurance. But of the days of 1898–99 I am qualified to write, and perhaps some of the things I shall mention in passing may have some bearing on the suggestion to send a division of recruits to France. While I entertain little respect for The Colonel's military experience, though a great deal for his patriotic fervor, undoubted courage and native ability to learn anything, and learn it well, I do not doubt that his personality and wide advertising would challenge the serious attention of any number of belligerent citizens anxious to climb into the bandwagon and go to France with him. I, for one, however, should prefer not to visit France in such company. There is an old saying to the effect that a burned child dreads the fire; and, for my part, I think once is too often to set out to visit a foreign land in company with a lot of rookies, the tour being conducted by a second lieutenant and six veteran noncommissioned officers, as was the case with the unit in which I got mine. Come to think of it, two of those noncommissioned officers were merely fine drillmasters who lost their chevrons the first time they went under some very wild, high and totally ineffective fire—it being quite apparent that they could not wear them with dignity.

If we send a division to France for immediate service at the Front within the next three months, that division, to be worth the price of the passage, must be taken from our wonderfully efficient regular army. We are now taking from each battery, troop and company in the service twelve of the best noncommissioned officers to serve as commissioned officers in the new army about to be raised. At the same time we are filling the regular army up with recruits, and there is talk of splitting each unit in two, each half to form the nucleus for a new regiment! Then, if we no sooner promote worthy privates to noncommissioned jobs in the regular army than we are forced to steal them from the regular army to drill recruits in the conscript army, our regular army becomes fifty per cent efficient; and if sent away to France in that condition our revered Uncle Samuel will have to answer to a charge of meddling. However, it is probable that we are borrowing trouble in this respect.

Now that war has suddenly been thrust upon us, and has found us, as usual, singularly unprepared, it might not be amiss if a victim of our last war takes an old soldier's license and spins a yarn of those days of unpreparedness and ignorance and agony. That I survived them is my fortune, not my fault. Dying in the days of the Spanish War was a cinch; living the life of a soldier long enough to die like a hero was the real job of the war. Providentially we were opposed by a disheartened, ill-equipped, untrained and undisciplined enemy, whom we expeditiously overcame by the exercise of our native intelligence. We declined to lie out all day and all night swapping shots with him. In our ignorance and arrogance we developed a supreme contempt for an enemy who, luckily enough, merited it; so we just walked into him, yelling like fiends as we went, and he was too deficient in small-arms practice to stop us. So we got away with it; hence the phrase "All hell cannot stop the American soldier!"

We forget, if we ever heard of it—and the authors of our school histories saw to it that we didn't—that the Fourth United States Infantry surrendered at Detroit without firing a shot, and that their regimental standards now hang in some historic hall in London; that a force of Americans numerically superior to its opponents let the British sack and burn the capitol of this country while they retreated with a loss of six killed! I know—and so does every man who served in Cuba and the Philippines—that if in 1898–99 we had been opposed to an enemy one-tenth efficient, at least half of us would now be pitching horseshoes in Fiddler's Green; and all old regulars know where that is!

I was seventeen years and eight months old when I suddenly awakened to the fact that my country had been calling me for six weeks, and I hadn't answered. This was due to the fact that I regarded myself as a boy; though I had left home and enjoyed a very splendid position in a general merchandise store in a somnolent little Spanish-Californian town—I was general factotum and earned twenty dollars a month "and found"—still, my parents dwelt on a ranch a few miles distant and I was still attached to the maternal apron strings.

Then one day I heard of a boy, younger than I, who had enlisted. That started me to thinking. Like most boys, I had always wanted to be a soldier and die gloriously, waving a sword and crying "Forward, boys! Follow me!" I had read all those inspiring tales of Israel Putnam and the wolf, of his Israel's, not the wolf's, dare-devil rue down the cliff trail, where the hated Redcoats dared not follow; of Ethan Allen's thunderous and blasphemous announcement at the door of the British commandant of Fort Ticonderoga; of Nathan Hale and his regret that he had but one life to give for his country; of John Paul Jones. As a little fellow in school, I had each morning raised my right hand in salute to Old Glory and cried shrilly:

"I pledge allegiance to my flag and the republic for which it stands—one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all!"

Somehow it seemed to me on the morning of June 14, 1898, that the time had arrived for me to make good on that childish pledge and to offer some collateral security more tangible than lip music. So I made good. I pledged allegiance to my flag and the Republic for which it stands—one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all; I pledged it slowly this time and with a full heart, for this allegiance was of a different school and stipulated as part of the contract the possible laying down of my life, though I must admit I passed this part by very lightly. I could conceive of a bullet killing somebody else; but not me!

It will do no harm to remind Uncle Sam of his deficiencies in 1898 in order that he may not repeat those mistakes in 1917. Because there wasn't a man in our company who had been taught to use a heliograph or wigwag; because we had scarcely enough men in the signal corps to do the work of one brigade—and we had two brigades in the field at the time—there was no signal-corps man to wire headquarters one day that a freshet had carried away a bridge between us and the depot quartermaster, and to please send some engineers to throw a pontoon bridge across, so that the bull trains could get up to us with grub.

Target Practice in the Field

COME to think of it, though, even if we could have gotten word to them we should still have been up against it, for we didn't have any pontoons and the company of engineers was busy a hundred miles away. What we did was to wait until they got back, and in the interim we were fortunate enough to have some coffee and rolled oats. We didn't have any salt and we didn't have any sugar, and we lived on that stuff until our reasons commenced to totter on their thrones. I had been a veteran twelve years before I could eat mush again.

And that wasn't all! Sam burned the boiled rice, and forgot the quinine pills, and spilled the beans; and as a final exhibition of the old blunderer's general cussedness he took us out to rifle practice once, just before he sent us to the Front, and doled us out ten cartridges each. Then he let us shoot five times at a silhouette target at one hundred yards, and five times at the same target at two hundred yards; and away we went to the war, where a lot of shy little *hombres* made us fight at ranges of from eight hundred to a thousand yards. Why, I recall that one day an ambition seized me to go out and get myself a little Filipino; so I walked four miles in plain view of the enemy, just to find a good spot to snipe from. I was shot at all the way, but was never in any danger. And presently I got to a town called San Pedro Macarti and climbed up into the belfry of the church there, got me a good rest on the window sill, and whanged away at a thousand yards across the Pasig Valley. The light was good; I had a splendid drop, and the target wore scarlet breeks and a white tunic.

Now up to three hundred yards I could sicken a smaller target than a man; but at a thousand I was a failure. I fired exactly fifty shots at that other sniper, and, though he appeared to get excited once or twice, he stood his ground; and finally I got mad and wouldn't play any more. When I left he was still attending to business, and so were his friends; for they sniped at me all the way back. I bet I made them mad by refusing to run or take cover. But why get excited over nothing? Like myself, they were getting their target practice in the field; like me, they had nobody to teach them how to gauge distances accurately—they were always over or under, but never on the target.

There was one other incident which contributed largely toward my decision to fight for my country. That was the formation of a Home Guard.

Now in our little village nothing more exciting than breakfast, dinner and supper had ever happened; consequently the

Home Guard seed fell on fertile soil. Inasmuch as we were a Far-Western community, where even to this day the descendants of the Dons will go to the trouble of saddling a horse to ride a block to the post office rather than walk, our thoughts naturally ran to the cavalry. Everybody seemed to want to fight on horseback; it was felt that we should be much more mobile as a mounted unit, and the getaway, in event of disaster to our arms, would be quicker and simpler. I was asked whether I would join and agree to furnish my own horse, saddle, bridle, rifle and ammunition; so, in view of the fact that I had one of the fastest little nags in that country, together with saddle, bridle and spurs, and could afford to purchase a repeating rifle and a couple of boxes of cartridges at wholesale rates, right in our store, I said I was game.

So a dozen of us went in a body to the office of a Mr. Pringle, who kept the harness shop and was also a notary public, and enlisted. It was a very simple procedure, and, as I recall the affair, Mr. Pringle magnanimously waived his notarial fee; in that period of national stress not to have done so would have seemed a little like crowding the mourners. There was considerable speculation as to what we should do and who should command us in the event that the bloodthirsty General Weyler should send an army from Cuba, march right across the United States and fall on our town. The editor commended the patriotism of all concerned and we had our names in the paper; whereat all hands appeared to feel that we had done our full patriotic duty, and if there was anything further to be done George could do it.

That night I began thinking the matter over, and somehow I didn't feel any different. It didn't look as if we were going to get uniforms and see action; and the upshot of it was, I began to feel foolish and regretted having permitted Mr. Pringle to enlist me. So the next day I had an interview with my parents, and the following morning I boarded an old-fashioned four-horse stagecoach and started for the railroad. I was dressed in my Sunday suit and carried no impedimenta whatever, with the exception of a toothbrush and a pocket comb. I understood the Government furnished everything else.

From Pillar to Post

I LANDED in the city of San Francisco late that afternoon. I had been born there, but had seen it only once since my fifth birthday and then very casually; consequently the great city, with its sidewalks thronged with devil-may-care soldiers, thrilled me considerably. About suppertime I remembered some relatives I had in the city and was about to locate them and sponge free board and lodging overnight, but suddenly I recalled that one of them was an assistant district attorney—hence, doubtless on familiar terms with the chief of police and liable to have me sent back home if he learned why I had come to town. So I slept that night in a Third Street lodging house that was ever so much finer than our best hotel back home, and cheaper—I got a fine room for fifty cents! And bright and early next morning I started out to locate the armory of the First California Volunteers. I was several hours finding it, being afraid to ask a policeman to direct me, and when I arrived I was dog-tired and had stone bruises on my heels from the unaccustomed cement sidewalks; for I had been used to plowed fields.

The armory was crammed to the last square foot of space with prospective soldiers. I wormed my way up the stairs and got a glimpse of several naked men hopping round in a room. Just as I got there one of them was advised to go away and wash his feet before presenting himself for a physical examination. The knowledge that no recruiting officer could say that to me comforted me a heap. After waiting quite a while and instituting a few inquiries, I discovered that everybody present had made application to enlist and was awaiting his turn for physical examination. One fellow told me he had been waiting two days, and as I couldn't wait that long just to join the First California I went out to the Presidio and tried to get into the Seventh. Somebody told me they were only accepting recruits from Los Angeles—the Seventh was a product of our justly celebrated Southland; so I abandoned them in favor of the Twentieth Kansas Volunteers, which was reported to be taking on a few men to fill gaps here and there.

I prowled up to the headquarters of the Twentieth Kansas, and as the sentry had his back to me I oozed quietly in. At a table in the center of the large tent a number of officers sat, arguing animatedly; a private sat on a box hard by, holding his head in his hands and looking unhappy. One of the officers—it was the late General Funston, by the way—looked up and asked me briskly what I wanted. I told him I wanted to join the army, and he said:

"Does this look like a recruiting office? Clear out of here! Sentry, how did this boy get in here? What do you mean?" The sentry threw me out. I marveled at my cold reception, and it was some months before I figured out the reason for it. It appears I had butted in on the proceedings of a court-martial.

Feeling very blue and discouraged, I looked up the First Idaho Volunteers; and a kind-faced officer laughed at me and patted my shoulder, and told me the Idaho regiment was full up, but that I might try the Tenth Pennsylvania. When I saw that officer again he was dead, and they were carrying him in from the firing line while I was going out to it. I remembered him very well, because he was the only officer I met that day who had time to stop and pay some attention to a boy very anxious to be a soldier.

It was now late in the afternoon—and I had had no dinner. The noon meal was dinner when I was a boy, and at seventeen I could tell by my stomach when the clock struck noon. So I returned to town to get a square meal and at the corner of Third and Market streets I saw that which took away my appetite. Across the front of an office building was a huge sign bearing in red letters:

WANTED

MEN FOR THE FOURTEENTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY
TO GO TO HELP DEWEY

There it was—the direct appeal. To go to help Dewey! That was the talk! My heart swelled. Here was Admiral Dewey calling for help and yet those volunteers had been doing their utmost to keep me out of the army all morning! Here was the hero of Manila Bay up against it hard—and those volunteers sat round a table arguing, instead of getting on the job! In that instant I highly resolved that the worthy admiral would not have to appeal twice to me, in the face of this cordial invitation from the Fourteenth United States Infantry to come along with them and help. By jingo, that was a line! I have written a good deal of stuff in my day, but nothing with half the genius of that phrase "To go to help Dewey." It was what they call in the theatrical profession nowadays "Sure-fire-hookum." I read it and reread it; had I been a literary critic, I should have marked its limpid beauty and sonorous charm. . . . A voice spoke at my elbow.

"Well, Jack, are you thinking of taking on?"

I turned. Beside me stood an old soldier who might have stepped out of a Remington canvas. He wasn't old in years, but rather in the service; for he had three service stripes on his right arm and on his breast the silver medal they give to sharpshooters. A luxuriant mustache grew out of a brown, pleasant face; he wore a belt and white cotton gloves, and chewed tobacco. That he was inclined to be friendly was evident, for he had called me Jack; and that he was a man of extraordinary perception was equally apparent, for he had read my innermost thought! Remarkable!

"Why, yes, sir," I replied. "How did you guess it?"

His face twitched a little.

"Oh," he replied, "that's my business—guessing who wants to join the Fourteenth Infantry and who don't."

Third and Market streets is the most congested spot in San Francisco. What a good guesser he was!

"But," I corrected him, "I was figuring on joining the California Volunteers."

A noticeable change came over him; no longer was he friendly and deferential. Carefully he lifted his mustache with his right index finger and from under his hand shot a stream of tobacco juice into the street. Then he snorted contemptuously, and I was painfully aware that I had lost caste in his eyes. So I hastened to ask him what was wrong with the California Volunteers.

"Oh, nothing, any more than the rest of them," he replied. "The idea of a boy like you wasting yourself in a volunteer regiment! Come to the regular army, kid, and be treated like a man. Come where you'll be well fed and well clothed and well taken care of by men that know their business. Those militiamen don't know anything about soldiering. Why I've soldiered where a colonel of militia couldn't be a dog robber!"

The Record of the Bloody Fourteenth

THE full significance of this latter remark is not understood unless one knows what a dog robber is. A dog robber is a striker, and a striker is an enlisted man who works for an officer in the capacity of valet. An enlisted man doesn't have to do this and cannot be made to do it; and when he does do it the officer pays him for his service. Dog robbers are despised—not because they are dog robbers, but because they will not be dog robbers unless they can be excused from doing Uncle Sam's work; so their duty naturally falls on their comrades. The dog robber, therefore, draws two salaries for one job; and for this he is considered so low that he eats what the officer may leave on his plate at mess—thereby depriving the officer's dog of his natural perquisite. Hence the term dog robber. When the dog robber appears among his fellows they bark at him.

"Then this Fourteenth Infantry is a fine regiment?" I suggested inanely.

"A fine regiment!" He turned to an invisible third party. "He asks if the Fourteenth is a fine regiment! Why, son, this is the Bloody Fourteenth!"

"No!" I gasped, incredulous.

"But I tell you Yes! We got that name at Malvern Hill and Gaines' Mills and Gettysburg ——"

Evidently the list was so long that he despaired of remembering it; for he broke off, seized me enthusiastically by the arm, and steered me gently into the recruiting office hard by.

"Here's a lad that wants to take on with the Bloody Fourteenth," he announced to a corporal who sat behind a pine table. "Treat him right!" And with the words he had departed for the sidewalk to do some more expert guessing.

I give you my word he was back with a young miner from Butte County before I had finished giving the corporal my name, age, birthplace and previous condition of servitude. I have often reflected on what a wonderful salesman was spoiled to make that rookie-trapper; for he would have known to a split second when to stop talking and hand his victim the fountain pen. I imagine that suburban building lots in some low malarial district would have been nuts for him.

Well, the corporal made out my application; and when I gave him my age he asked me if I had the consent of my parents to enlist. I asked him whether that was necessary, and he said it was absolutely so. Then I realized why, when my parents had refused me permission to enlist, and I had, for the first time, flouted their authority, my rebellion had not been taken more seriously. They had held the whip hand all the time and I had not known it. I was

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BALL-A-HOLE

By RING W. LARDNER

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

RIVERSIDE'S only got a nine-hole course, but they've bought some more land and by the end of this summer they'll have eighteen holes. They're planning a new clubhouse too. You know the other one caught fire and burnt down. This one's just supposed to be temporary. When they get the new course done and the clubhouse built they expect to take in about a hundred more members; and then, of course, they'll have to have some more of us kids.

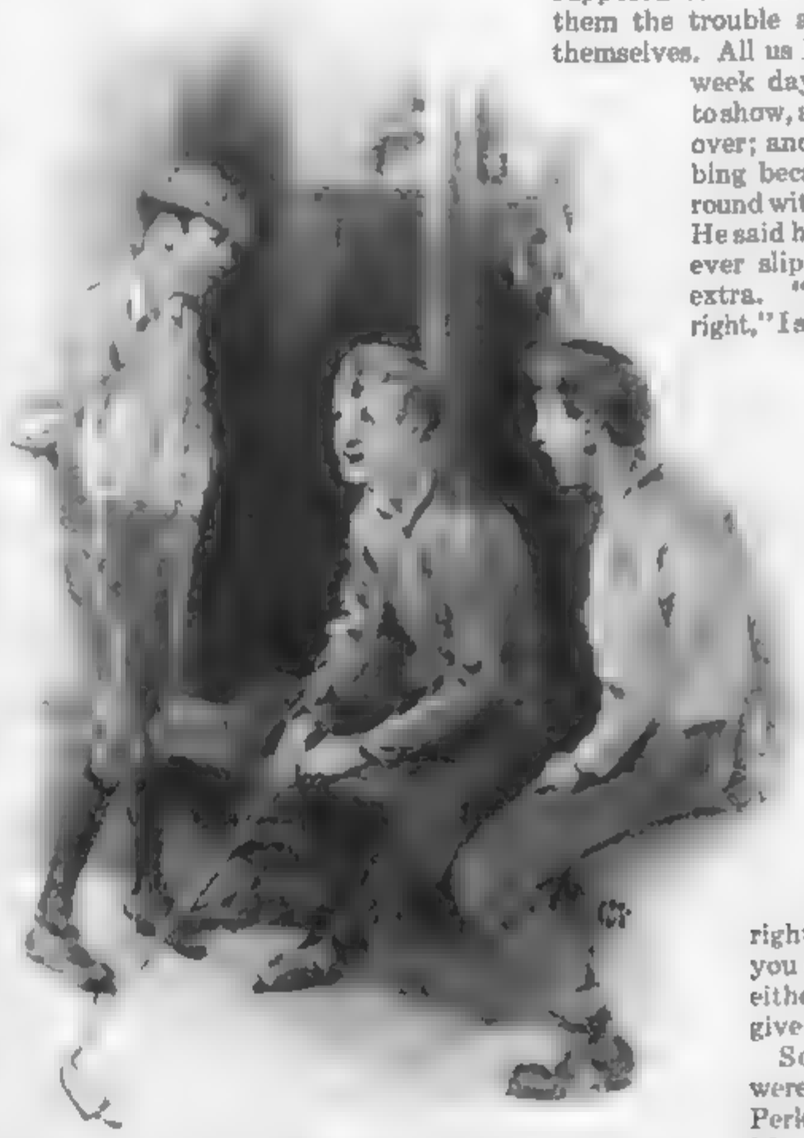
By that time, though, I hope I'll be doing something else. I wouldn't keep a-hold of this job now, only it gives me a chance to practice golf when there's nobody on the course. I and Jake—he's the second oldest kid that's caddying here—him and I come out early Saturday mornings, and sometimes afternoons during the week when the men and women aren't playing, and we go round together, for a nickel a hole sometimes. I'm a little better than him and I have to give him three strokes on the nine, and we break about even that way. I've made the nine holes once in forty-three already, and I'm only sixteen. Most generally I get round in about forty-eight or forty-nine. Jake'll average round fifty or fifty-one. Mac, the pro., he's an old crab. He wouldn't try to learn us nothing. Besides, I think a fella's better off learning by himself. Francis Ouimet started as a caddy and I guess nobody ever showed him anything. But, besides getting the chance to practice, I and Jake's considered the best kids they got, and we make pretty good money—twice as much as the younger kids get. The regular price is two bits for every nine holes, but fellas like Mr. Joyce and Mr. Davis and them, they always slip us fifteen cents extra and sometimes as high as thirty or forty. That's outside of the two bits.

There's a rule in the club that nobody can call up ahead of time and engage their caddy. They're all supposed to take whoever they get when they get up here. We're all supposed to stick round the shop, and when somebody's ready to play Mac tells who shall caddy for them. But I and Jake work a kind of a system. When we see somebody walking to the first tee that takes good care of us, we get outside of the shop, where the guys can see us; and then they usually holler to Mac to send them Jake and I. And when some old tightwad or some crab shows up, Mac can't find us with a search warrant. We're gone—that's all.

When we make the best clean-up is when Mr. Joyce and Mr. Davis and Mr. McNally and Mr. Harper play together. They never shoot for less'n a dollar a hole, and sometimes it's as high as five bucks. And they're all fellas that likes to win; but when they get beat it ain't never our fault, like with some of the crabs. And the fellas that cop most of the dough don't never forget to remember Jake and I. Mr. Joyce win thirty dollars one day this spring, and he give I and Jake a five-spot to split between us. Believe me, when there's any balls found laying loose round the course they belong to Mr. Joyce! And I've gone out in the river over my knees more'n once, chasing a new ball for him, when he happened to hook one on the seventh or eighth hole.

The other kids always are trying to fix it so's they can go round with him and the rest of the live ones, and I and Jake sometimes feel like we were hogging it. But it ain't our fault, is it, if they'd rather have us and ask Mac to let them? Fellas that does as much for the club as them, they've got a right to have the caddies they like.

Well, if they were all Mr. Joyces nobody'd have a kick coming. But, believe me, there's a few guys in the club that's so tight you could play on them with a drumstick! I've been round with some of them when I couldn't get out of it, and it's like pulling teeth to get them to come acrost with the regular pay they're supposed to give us. There was one that used to come out from town last year, and he never had nothing less'n a twenty-dollar bill when it was time to settle up with his caddy. The first time he sprung that on me I said I couldn't change it but the man in the clubhouse could. So this guy said he'd go in himself and get it changed. So he went in and stalled round half an hour, hoping I'd go home. I stuck, but it didn't get me nothing. He was studying astronomy when he came out. And the next time I seen him he'd forgot all about it.



Davy Was Crabbing Because He Never Got to Go Round With One of the Regular Fellas

When I went round with him again and he hauled out his twenty, I said I thought I could break it, and before he could get it back in his jeans I copped it out of his hand and ran in the clubhouse.

I got it changed into a ten and a five and five ones. I gave him back nineteen dollars.

"It's half a buck for eighteen holes," I said. "There was eighteen holes to-day and eighteen last time, so it's a dollar altogether." And by the time he begun to argue I was on the way to the village.

He never took me after that, but I managed not to shed tears over it.

Then there's the fellas that everything you do for them is wrong and spoils their game. If they've got a five-foot putt and you take the flag out, and they miss the putt by four or five feet, it's "Why in hell didn't you leave the flag alone?" And if they've got a mashie shot and you give them their mashie and they make a flivver of it, it's "Why didn't you give me my niblick, like I ast you to?" And if you stand over in the rough on the right side of the fairway when they're driving, if they dub their drive it's because you weren't over on the left side.

And then there's the guys that can't remember how many strokes they've had, and they ask you. If you tell them the truth they're as sore as a boil. What you're supposed to do is lie a stroke. That saves them the trouble and disgrace of doing it themselves. All us kids were in the shop one week day, waiting for somebody to show, and we were talking things over; and Davy Schultz was crabbing because he never got to go round with one of the regular fellas. He said he'd drop dead if anybody ever slipped him more'n a dime extra. "You don't go after them right," I said to him. "If you handle them the proper way they'll all come acrost."

"You ain't the only wise guy in the world," he said to me. "I can handle them just as good as you, only I don't get the ones that can be handled. Mac don't never send me out with anybody but hard-boiled eggs."

So I told him:

"I never saw the man yet that I couldn't make him loosen up."

So he said: "Well, there's a pair of them right here in this club that if you can squeeze a dime out of either of them on the side, I'll give you all I make in a week."

So I ast him who they were. He said it was Mr. Perkins and Mr. Conklin. Mr. Perkins joined the club last fall and Mr. Conklin just came in this last spring already. He's the kind that wants all the barbers to starve to death. Jake says he wears all that stuff on his chin to keep his Adam's apple from insect pests and frostbites. He's director of two or three banks down town, and every time the school-teachers can't think of nothing else to talk about, they tell you to always be straight and honest and work hard, and you'll turn out a second Mr. Conklin. Because he did it all himself. He didn't even have his whiskers to start with. Mr. Perkins is a warder in one of the churches and gives talks to the young men's meetings every other Friday night. He don't play golf on Sunday, and he don't play golf on Monday or Saturday on account of those two days being so close to Sunday. Jake says he don't play golf on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday or Friday, either. But, anyway, he's got as much dough as all of Mr. Conklin's banks, pretty near, and he don't have to do nothing.

Well, up to the time Davy was telling his troubles I or Jake had never caddied for either one of these birds. We probably never would of, only we wanted to show Davy how good we were.

"They're air-tight," he said to us. "You'd stand just as much of a chance of getting three hundred yards out of a spoon."

"What do they go round in?" I ast him.

"Neither one of them ever plays more'n the nine holes," Davy told us; "and if you add nine or ten strokes to the score they got, you'll be closer to the right score than they are. Mr. Conklin's speed's about sixty-three, and Mr. Perkins made a fifty-nine once. It was even fifty the way he counted."

"So they underestimate, do they?" I ast him.

Away She Went. Two Hundred Yards—a Hundred Up and a Hundred Down

"Do they!" Dave said. "Why, if Chick Evans had their system he could play this course four times in thirty-six! He'd hole out from every tee. All he'd need'd be one club and a good, sharp pencil."

"Do they ever play together?" I ast him.

"No," said Davy. "Mr. Perkins went round with Mr. Adams a couple of times, but Mr. Conklin likes his solitary."

Well, I winked at Jake and we moseyed out together; and I was going to tell him my idear, but he beat me to it.

"We'll get a bet with Davy," he said. "We'll bet him that I and you can squeeze real money out of the both of them. And we can do it easy if we can get them to play against each other."

"That's the whole thing," I said. "You can work it better'n me. You lay for them and get them matched. The rest of it's a set-up."

So the next day we brought it up again in the shop, and Davy made us the bet. It was his week's earnings against ours. And it was understood that we weren't to come right out and ask for something extra. We weren't to do anything that was not legitimate—begging, or anything like that. If they tipped us, it had to be of their own free will, without compunction.

It was about a week afterwards that Jake braced Mr. Conklin. He was practicing putts on the "clock." Jake waited till he happened to sink a ten-footer.

"That was great, Mr. Conklin!" Jake said to him. "If you putt like that right along, I'm thinking Mr. Perkins would have to go some."

"What do you mean?" Mr. Conklin ast him.

"Maybe I oughtn't to of said nothing," Jake said to him. "But I overheard Mr. Perkins the other day telling Mac that he'd been watching you a couple of times, and he'd noticed you had some mighty bad habits, and he thought Mac ought to tell you about them. And then he said he wasn't much of a golfer himself, but he hadn't been at it nowhere near as long as you; but he could trim you three up on nine holes."

"What does he go round in?" Mr. Conklin ast Jake.

"He'll average about sixty," Jake told him.

Then Mr. Conklin said:

"If that's all the better he is, he'd have his troubles beating me even."

"Why don't you tackle him?" said Jake.

"I'd just as lief," Mr. Conklin said. "But I ain't going to suggest it."

"You don't have to," Jake said to him. "The way to do is for you to be up here when he is—he's here any week-day afternoon except Mondays and Saturdays—and you could just happen to be starting out when he is and when he saw you were alone he'd probably ask you if you didn't want to go round with him."

Mr. Conklin didn't say no more; and the next day Jake went to work on Mr. Perkins.

"Mr. Perkins," he said, "I seen that approach you made on the ninth. That was a pippin! You could give Mr. Conklin a pretty good battle now, if that's the way you shoot all the time."

"Conklin!" said Mr. Perkins. "I didn't know he was very good."

"I don't know if he is or not," Jake said. "But I heard him tell Mac that he'd been watching you, and he didn't see how a man could keep on making the same mistakes without finding out what was the matter with him. He said somebody ought to tell you that you stood wrong and come back too fast, and he had half a notion to tell you about it himself, only he felt like you'd think he was fresh or something."

So Mr. Perkins said:

"Well, if Conklin's such a expert, how does it come he always plays alone?"

"He'd like to play with somebody," said Jake, "but he don't only get up here in the middle of the week, and you're about the only fella on the course that ain't hooked up with somebody else; and you always get an earlier start than him."

So Mr. Perkins ast Jake what Mr. Conklin usually shot, and Jake told him he didn't know for sure, but he thought he was round sixty for the nine holes.

The following afternoon Mr. Perkins showed up about one o'clock, like always; but he didn't drive off till pretty near two.

You could see he was waiting for something. Finally he gave up and started out alone, with poor Davy carrying his bag.

But on Thursday Mr. Perkins hadn't hardly more'n got into his playing clothes when Mr. Conklin's big car showed up.

I said to Jake:

"Here's where we've got them. You go out to the tee and help Mr. Perkins stall till Mr. Conklin's ready."

And I told Mac that Mr. Perkins and Mr. Conklin had ast specially for Jake and I to go round with them.

I Said I Thought They Halved It. Then the Argument Began All Over

"Well, I'm willing," Mac said. "It's about time you two cinch bugs caddied for somebody besides the spendthrifts."

"We'll loosen them up," I said.

"Yes," said Mac; "you've got a sweet chance! They don't think no more of a nickel than a caddy does."

"Or a pro. from Edinburgh," I said.

And then I grabbed Mr. Conklin's bag and went out to where Jake and Mr. Perkins was standing.

"Whose clubs?" Mr. Perkins ast me.

"Mr. Conklin's," I said. "He'll be out in a minute."

Now, Mr. Perkins knew whose clubs I had, all right. He'd seen Mr. Conklin go in the clubhouse; and besides, his and Mr. Conklin's bags looked just alike and was different from everybody else's. You can buy a pretty fair bag for five or six dollars. These two must of cost pretty near a dollar and a quarter apiece, and was easily worth more'n half that much.

"Mr. Conklin going round with you?" I said to Mr. Perkins.

"He can if he wants to," said Mr. Perkins. "I'd just as lief go round alone."

But he kept on waiting, and didn't even tee his ball till Mr. Conklin showed up.

First thing Mr. Conklin said was to ask where Davy was at.

"Home sick," I told him. "He got tipped pretty good yesterday and I guess he blew himself to candy."

Then Mr. Perkins said:

"Hello, Conklin! Have you got a pardner?"

"No," said Mr. Conklin. "I usually go it alone."

"Well, I'll shoot and get out of your way," said Mr. Perkins.

"If you're alone, too, we might as well go round together," said Mr. Conklin.

"That suits me," said Mr. Perkins. "I'm not very good, but I'll try and make it interesting."

"What do you shoot?" Mr. Conklin ast him.

"About sixty for the nine," said Mr. Perkins.

"I guess we're pretty near even," said Mr. Conklin

"Well," said Mr. Perkins, "I suppose I'll get the worst of it; but let's play for a ball-a-hole."

"You'll beat me," Mr. Conklin said; "but I'm willing."

I dug down in the pocket of the bag for a ball. There were three of them. They all looked like they'd slept in the coal bin. One of them was almost round. Somebody'd mistook the other two for blackberries and bit a hunk out of them. I gave the best one a good scrubbing and got it so's it was about caramel color and you could see the name on it. It was a Whizz: three for a dollar, and not so cheap, at that.

Well, they decided Mr. Perkins should have the honor, and he started off with a twenty-yard drive, right down the middle. Mr. Conklin put his hand over his whiskers so's Mr. Perkins couldn't see him smile, and then teed his Whizz. He took his stance with his kneecaps kissing each other and stood there wiggling his toes and elbows till he had all four of us nervous. Finally he swang, and away she went. Two hundred yards—a hundred up and a hundred down.

Mr. Perkins said to him:

"You better try it again. I think you tee your ball too high."

Mr. Conklin acted like he hadn't heard him, and ast me for his brassy. The Whizz laid about six feet off the tee. Mr. Conklin's knees kissed again, but he was too sore this time to take it slow. He whanged away the minute he was set and sliced her over to the right, into a mudhole. Well, looking for that ball there was about like trying to find a drop of ink in a coal mine. Mr. Joyce or Mr. Davis wouldn't of wasted a minute on it. But I'll bet our search party worked half an hour before Mr. Conklin'd give up. Then I dug out one of the two he had left. First, I showed it to Jake, and he said:

"Anyway, he won't have to slice this one. It's been done already."

I handed it to Mr. Conklin and watched close to see if he'd give himself a bad lie. He didn't.

"Better take a mashie," said Mr. Perkins. "The best dope is to play safe and get out on the fairway."

So Mr. Conklin used his brassy again and pulled the best shot he made all day, sending her down past the bunker, just a good mashie pitch from the green.

Then Mr. Perkins took his brassy and in two more shots his ball was about ten yards behind Mr. Conklin's. If he could of only got the distance with his ball that he did with the divots, he'd of been hole-high in three.

Jake said to me:

"They ought to follow my man round with a steam roller."

I said:

"He could dig up twice as much ground if he'd use an iron."

And Jake said:

"He ought to go out West somewhere and drill oil wells."

Mr. Perkins ast for his cleek and we felt sorry for the people that live in Hong-Kong, but he topped her this time and she rolled into the ditch. Mr. Conklin was clubby and went to the same place with his mashie. The balls laid about a yard apart, with Mr. Conklin's away. Now his and Mr. Perkins' didn't look no more alike than a watermelon and a motorcycle. But when Mr. Conklin got there, and found that his ball was about half buried in the ground, what does he do but pick it up to see if it's his or

Mr. Perkins'. And when he put it down again, he laid it on top of a little clump of weeds. With that lie and that distance, I could of pitched to the green with a carpet sweeper; but Mr. Conklin, using his mashie again, was still ten feet short yet. Mr. Perkins did pretty fair with his and stopped about eight feet from the can.

Mr. Conklin ast for a putter and drove acrost the green and ten feet off on the other side.

Jake whispered to me:

"That's the club he ought to use off the tee."

He shot again and was a good yard short of the hole. Mr. Perkins got to within half a foot and picked up his ball.

"I guess we halved it," Mr. Conklin said, and picked up his.

Mr. Perkins made a holler. "Halved it nothing!" he said. "Even if I give you that putt you didn't make, I got you beat a stroke, 6 and 7."

So Mr. Conklin said:

"You took seven yourself. First, there was your tee shot; that's one. Two brassies makes three. Then you went into the ditch; that's four. You got on the green in five, and took two putts."

So Mr. Perkins said:

"You better figure out your own strokes and I'll tend to mine. You got two yards off the tee; then you sliced into the rough with your brassy. It took you two more to get into the ditch. Then you was short of the green in five, acrost the green in six, and about four or five feet from the cup in seven. If I concede that putt, you were down in eight; but I don't know why I should concede it. You might of made it and you might not. But, anyway, I'm one up. I'll leave it to the caddies."

Jake spoke up: "I think Mr. Perkins won the hole."

So I butted in and said I thought they halved it.

Then the argument begun all over. Finally Mr. Conklin gave in and admitted that Mr. Perkins had beat him, 6 and 7. So long as he was beat, what was the difference if he trimmed a stroke off both of their scores?

There was no use trying to clean the ball my man was playing with now, so I and Jake gave them their drivers and went over and stood near the fairway on the second, about fifty yards from the tee. They both sliced right in behind us.

"They don't use any judgment," said Jake. "If they want to underestimate, they'd ought to keep on opposite sides of the course."

The rough where the two balls laid had been mowed three days before and Mr. Conklin took his brassy. He shot acrost the fairway and into the rough at the left. Mr. Perkins used a mashie and went farther into the rough on the right.

"Now," I said to Jake, "they're separated and can lie their heads off."

And Jake said that we were sure to be called as witnesses on this hole.

So I ast him to let me win it, so's to even up the match. So he said that when we got down near the green he'd hold up as many fingers as he thought Mr. Perkins would say he'd had strokes, and then I could fix up Mr. Conklin's to suit.

Well, my man missed the ball entirely once, and the next time he dribbled it just out of the rough. Then he shut his eyes and made a pretty good brassy shot and got on the green with a mashie in six. I looked over at Jake and Mr. Perkins. They were hole-high, but still in the rough. They got out and onto the green, and Jake held up six fingers.

So I said to Mr. Conklin:

"Let's see. You've shot five, haven't you?"

"Let's see," he said. "Yes; that's right—five."

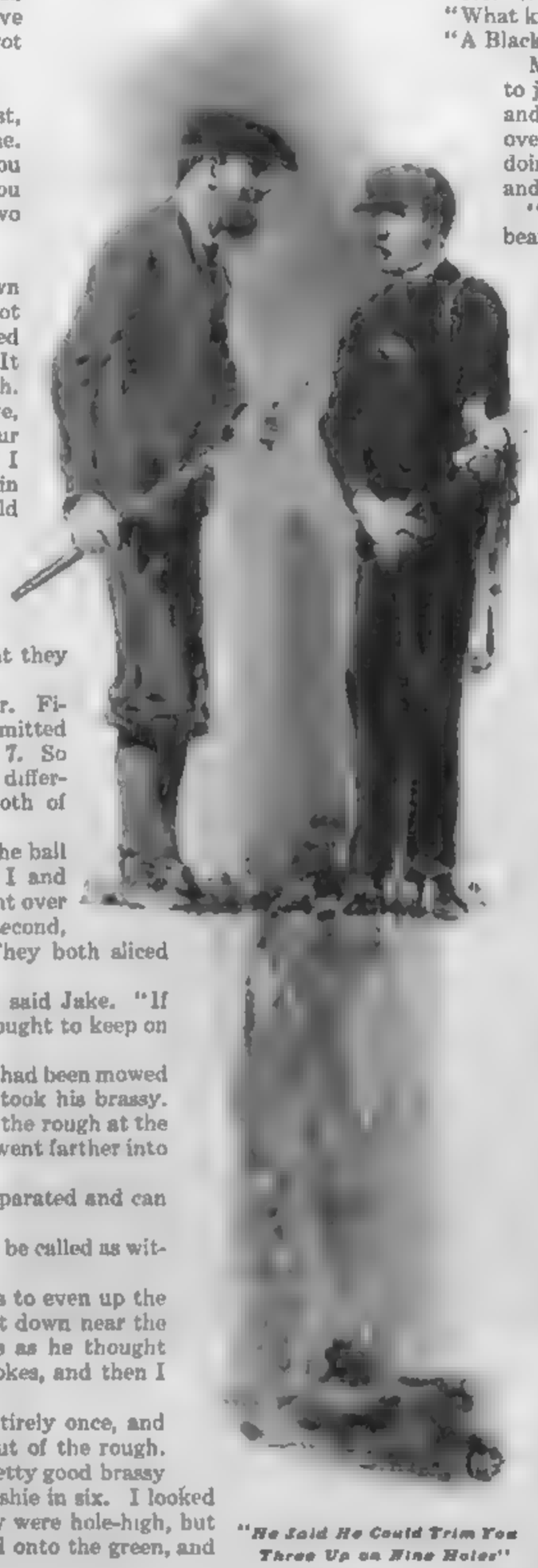
Mr. Perkins laid near us now, and he ast how many we'd had. Mr. Conklin told him five.

"Alike as we lay," said Mr. Perkins.

They both went down in three more and agreed that the hole was a half, 8 and 8. But on the way to the third tee Jake told me that Mr. Perkins was six before he ever got out of the rough, and he'd figured that he wouldn't dare cut it down more'n one stroke. I saw right there that I and Mr. Conklin were up against a tough proposition.

They sliced their drives again and Mr. Perkins landed in the uncut. Mr. Conklin would of, only there wasn't enough force to his wallop. Mr. Perkins shot three times with a mashie and managed to get a little farther into the long grass.

"He's good-hearted," said Jake. "He's got enough regard for the fairway to stay off of it."



"He Said He Could Trim You Three Up on Nine Holes"

There isn't much to the third hole, only distance. A good drive and a brassy and a pitch'll get you onto the green, or pretty close to it. So I told Mr. Conklin. I said:

"All you got to do is stay on the course. If it takes you five to reach the green you've still got him trimmed yet. He won't be out of the weeds in six."

But Mr. Conklin, of course, didn't want to take no unfair advantage; so, after gumming up two brassy shots, he took a mid-iron and sliced pretty near over to the fifth fairway. He lit where the grass was longest, and I could see another long hunt.

Jake left his man and came over to us.

"Have you lost your ball?" he ast me.

So I said:

"No. We're looking for mushrooms."

"What kind of a ball was it?" Jake ast.

"A Black Walnut," I told him.

Mr. Perkins kindly consented to join the party and we lined up and marched back and forth all over the property; but nothing doing. Jake called me to one side and said:

"Have you looked in his beard yet?"

Finally Mr. Perkins got impatient and ast Mr. Conklin why he didn't drop another ball. "There's no sense to losing this one," he said. "If my boy would keep his eyes open he'd know right where it was."

Just then Jake stepped on a ball. It was a Major, Number 28, and pretty near new. Jake picked it up and ast Mr. Conklin if it was his. Mr. Conklin said it was. Then Mr. Perkins said:

"I thought you never used anything but a Whizz."

"I got this one by mistake," said Mr. Conklin. "I ast the salesman for a Whizz and he gave me this one. I didn't find it out till I got home."

So he tees her up on a tuft of weeds and goes clear to the green with a brassy.

Well, Mr. Perkins did some more mowing with his mashie, and finally gave up.

"You can have this hole," he said. "You got a six to my seven. We're all even."

Seven! Say, the way this guy figured he must of thought he was eating breakfast at noon!

The fourth hole they call the Railroad. It runs along parallel with the tracks. It's only about two hundred and fifty yards, but a hundred yards from the tee there's a bunker clear acrost the course. And there's a ditch over to the left, just this side of the tracks. And the green's just short of the river bank. The main thing to do is clear the first bunker and it don't make much difference if you slice a little. But if you hook you're liable to go into the ditch, and that's out of bounds.

Both of our men had been hitting them high off the tee so far; but of course when they had that bunker staring them in the face they topped their drives a little and smashed right into it. Then they took their mashies and lofted over to the left, into the ditch. We'd had some rain and it was pretty wet down there; so Jake and I stood on the edge a minute, hoping they'd tell us to never mind. Fine chance! The balls were both in sight and we had to go after them. We brought them up, along with some of the richest soil in Illinois.

Mr. Perkins ast what the rules were about counting a shot out of bounds; so Jake told him it cost you one stroke. So Mr. Perkins said that as long as they'd both done it, what was the use of counting it at all? So they both shot three from the edge of the fairway. They were to the green in six and their first putt left them about ten feet each from the can.

"Well," Mr. Perkins said, "I've had six. You've had seven, haven't you?"

I butted in before Mr. Conklin could answer.

"You've both had the same number," I said, "whether it's six or two hundred."

Mr. Perkins gave me a sour look and putted to the left of the hole, and about four feet away.

"I'm down in eight," he said; and he picked up his ball.

I expected my man to yelp; but he'd done the same thing on the first hole, so he kept his clam closed. And his putt, starting 'way over to the right, bumped into a pebble or something, and darned if it didn't twist round and drop in the cup!

"There!" said Mr. Conklin. "I'm one up."

"Yes," said Mr. Perkins; "but you got to admit it was luck, pure and simple. The groundkeeper won that hole for you."

"Well," said Mr. Conklin, "you can't blame him for not being on your side."

All I can remember about the fifth and sixth was that it took us an hour to play them and Mr. Perkins only got off of the fairway once. After that, he stayed off of it. But my man, though he managed to keep in the course mostly, couldn't seem to do anything to the ball, only bunt it. Between the four of us, we decided that both holes were halved in eights. To get that figure, I and Mr. Conklin only cut two off each hole, and I suppose Jake and Mr. Perkins did that well at least.

On the way to the seventh tee I said to Jake—I said:

"Your fella's got to cop one of these two next holes and the other one's got to be halved, so's we'll be all even on the ninth. Then we'll have a chance to blackmail them."

Let me tell you, first, that these last three holes are some holes. The seventh is par three and a good player can usually make it in par. But it's gosh-awful for a wild man! It's only a hundred and thirty yards, but it's right along the river bank; and if you pull the ball the least little bit, the fish get it. And to the right of the green there's a clump of trees and a whole lot of long grass. Your tee shot's got to be just about straight, or you're in bad.

Most everybody drives with an iron here, and Jake and I handed them their cleeks. They were both scared not to take them; but, believe me, there ain't a hole in the world that there's any danger of either one of them overdriving it!

It was Mr. Conklin's honor and he fed his Major 28 to a carp.

"Can you get that ball, boy?" he ast me.

"Not me!" I said. "I'm no U-boat."

"Well, give me another," he said; and I hauled out the one he had left, the blackest one of the Whizzes.

Jake whispered to me. He said:

"That's the one he ought to of given the bath to."

Mr. Perkins claimed it was his shot before Mr. Conklin drove again. So he teed his ball and sliced into the orchard.

"You oughtn't to use a tee for an iron," said Mr. Conklin; and then he laid his ball on the ground and sliced to the same place.

Well, we didn't have to do any fancywork to let Mr. Perkins cop this hole. It took him only three to get out of the woods and onto the edge of the green. And, of course, Mr. Conklin was charged with one stroke for his fish ball and had to get clear of the rough in two to be even with Mr. Perkins. There was one thin thorn-apple tree in the line between the cup and where Mr. Conklin's ball laid; so naturally he hit it right in the middle and it bounded back into the thickest part of the orchard. He was seven before he ever begun to putt. His nerves were a little shaky, and he finally went down in eleven, or only eight over par. Mr. Perkins holed out in six—his count. They were all even and two to go.

"We'll see that they halve the eighth," said Jake.

Now about this eighth: If the seventh's dangerous for a dub, the eighth's a whole lot worse. It's bad enough for the good ones. You can't make a real long drive without going into the Grand Cañon, that lays about thirty yards this side of the green. And on the right, all the way down, there's a regular jungle. On the left there's the river again; and though it ain't any closer to the fairway than it is on the seventh hole, still there's no bushes or shrubbery to hide it from you. You can see it perfectly plain, and that makes you wonder whether a ball would make much of a splash if it lit in there; and the next thing you know, you find out for sure.

Our fellas got away to an even start. Mr. Perkins hooked into the middle of the river and Mr. Conklin sliced into the forest preserves. Mr. Perkins teed another ball, and this time he come about ten feet from the opposite shore. Then he made some remark that he never sprung at the Friday-night talks to the young men, and waited for Mr. Conklin to take another shot. But Mr. Conklin couldn't see it that way. He said he thought we could find his first one.

"How about it, boy?" he ast me.

"It's gone," I told him.

"The Woodmen of the World couldn't never locate that baby!" said Jake.

"Well," said Mr. Conklin, "I'll have to borrow a ball." And he looked toward Mr. Perkins.

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Document 290—and What it Tells About Untrained Soldiers

By Harris Dickson

WE AMERICANS have prided ourselves upon our individualism. We are habitually intolerant of restraint. We resent the slightest encroachment upon our personal privilege to go and come and do as we please. If the notion struck us to play at soldiering—very well, soldiers we would be, whenever we got ready and for just as long as we pleased. The American militiaman, having volunteered for a few months, sometimes carried this idea with him, and demanded to know why before he obeyed an order. Individualism was his most petted possession. He insisted that we had won five foreign wars on this basis of individual initiative. Why give up a good thing?

I shall not assume to impart the inside facts. I have no secret sources of information. I shall merely collate here some of the things every American knows, or should know. Then he can think about it for himself. Nor do I care what he thinks to begin with. I have a pig-headed faith that the American will think right before he gets through.

Our tradition of the invincible militia and the victorious Minutemen had its birth at Bunker Hill. Frenzied orators, fiery poets and solemn schoolbooks have repeatedly assured us that a few dozen stalwart plowboys routed the redcoat army with a loss of about 1054 men. This temporary success led to practically an unbroken series of disasters. The enthusiasm of Bunker Hill crystallized into a complacent state of public mind and one hundred and forty years of equally complacent military laws. From that day forward our national existence has depended upon a handful of regulars and a hope—a hope that, at the sound of Freedom's bugle trump, vast numbers of conquering citizens would rush to arms.

Washington's Experience

WE AMERICANS love bunk. Being a country American myself, of the common or garden variety, I know what I'm talking about. We do love bunk. We just nationally eat it up—a stuff that's not too bright or too good for Yankee nature's daily food. Of all the bunk we are fed upon, none is more greedily devoured than the Fourth-of-July oration about a fighting citizenship and a rush to arms. We are the fighting citizenship; we are the patriotic rushers; we are the original patentees, progenitors and extemporaneous guardians of freedom! We are it!

Nothing tickles our vanity so much as being patted on the back for natural-born warriors who can lick the world. The perspiring orator pumps us full of heroic hot air, which pleasingly distends our hides with manhood; and we elect the orator to Congress. Poets sing of triumphant liberty; schoolbooks teach of tyrants trembling before the musketry of embattled farmers. Then the spectacled historian comes along to clinch these patriotic fakes with unassailable statistics. All of which is strictly for home consumption. Exported bunk does not pass at par.

I had not yet outgrown the first pair of short pants before my life opinions were fixed. I firmly believed that a solitary and adolescent patriot could put a lightning bug on the end of a corncob and chase the armies of Europe into the Atlantic Ocean. A machine-made soldier was nothing more than a mechanical toy, which worked pretty well until the string broke.

I should not intrude my own opinions except for the fact that almost every other American boy believes the same thing. Grown men believe it. It is public opinion and shapes the policy of this nation.

We love to sit back and proclaim that, should foreign hirelings set foot upon this continent, we need only blow a tin whistle, when an ever-victorious citizenship would rise and hurl the invader from our shores. My own ideas were a trifle hazy as to details—but the rising and the hurling would occur. A spontaneous retching of the body politic would produce the desired effect.

To-day, however, we face a war of such magnitude and scientific deviltry that the hard-headed American wants to know exactly what is going to happen—and how.

Even during our Revolution the rush to arms failed to materialize. And the few who enlisted for short terms were absolutely undependable, many times turning a hard-earned victory into humiliating defeat—according to George Washington, who had previously made some local reputation for telling the truth. We are not speaking of those who enlisted for the war. In course of time they became regulars, effective troops, who, hungry, naked, freezing and unpaid, fought the battles of our country. We are speaking of hastily assembled militia. Let us analyze the rush. Shortly after the Battle of Bunker Hill, Congress authorized the enlistment of 20,370 men for service in the neighborhood of Boston. The first shot at Concord Bridge had rung round the world; colonial martyrs lay dead; the redcoats went tramping across the land, and the colonists were supposed to be ablaze with indignation. Yet at the end of a month only 966 volunteers had presented themselves. A beautifully restrained enthusiasm! A rush with most deliberate decorum.

On December 15, 1775, George Washington wrote that 5917 men had enlisted, and that others were playing off to see whether or not a bounty could be extorted.

My New England friend must not imagine I am casting slurs upon his venerable ancestors. My own venerable ancestors did precisely the same thing in Virginia. By January sixteenth not one-half the men had enlisted and Washington suggested taking "coercive measures" to fill his regiments. So, before the Revolution had well begun, the Father of His Country recognized the failure of our volunteer militia.

Wise Counsel Unheeded

HIS suggestion went unheeded. Instead of devising a plan of universal service, the Continental Congress tried the more popular scheme of spurring patriotism with cash, and began bidding for men under the bounty system. Up and up and up the auction prices went. Four dollars bid! Six sixty-six! Ten bid! By 1776 the ruling quotations had reached twenty dollars and one hundred acres of land. Yet the rush did not occur.

Something else occurred, however. Glittering bounties made it impossible to get voluntary recruits. Before the end of 1777, Virginia and Massachusetts had recourse to the draft—conscription, compulsion, or whatever you are pleased to call it.

States bidding for men against the Congress caused large numbers to desert and go home to grab a greater bounty. In 1779 the bounty had increased to two hundred dollars for each able-bodied recruit who would enlist for the war. Then New Jersey offered two hundred and

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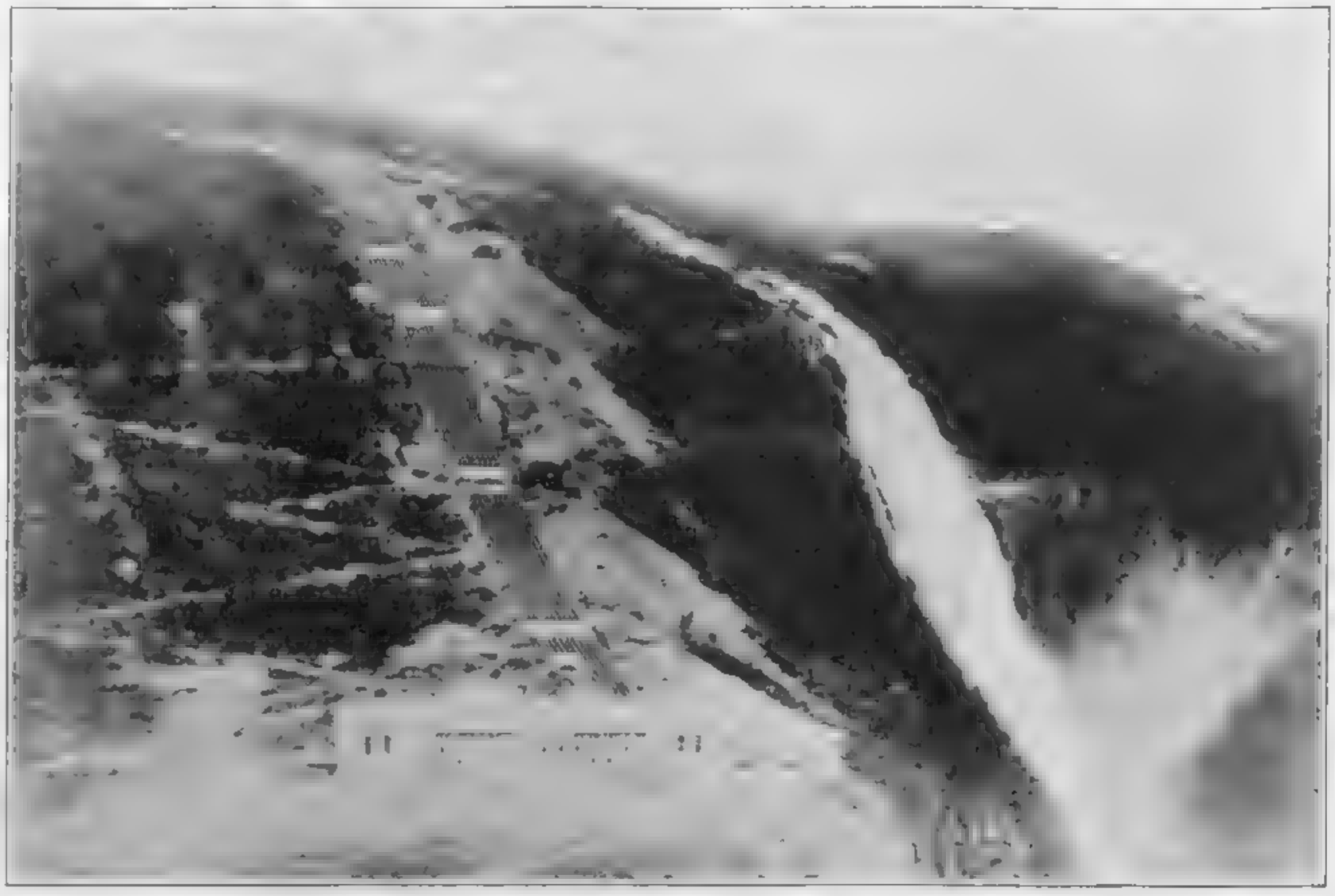
A Billion a Year From the Air

By ROBERT G. SKERRETT

A BILLION a year from the air! No, it is not a blue-sky mining scheme, but a thoroughly practicable proposition and a national economic necessity. In short, the purpose is to imprison free nitrogen. And this brings us to the twenty million dollars appropriated by Congress last year for the establishment of a plant or plants for the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen—the product to serve our farm lands in times of peace and, during periods of hostilities, to aid us in the manufacture of munitions for national defense.



A 140,000-Horse-Power Hydroelectric Plant at Rjukanfos, Norway

The public has heard a good deal during the past eighteen months about the chemistry of warfare, and, to those that have heeded what has been said and written, it must be plain how large a part nitric acid plays in the preparation of explosives and military propellants for all sorts of ordnance. Most of the nitric acid used in this country is obtained by treating sodium nitrate, commonly called Chile saltpeter, which comes to us from an arid, barren region in Chile lying between the Pacific Coast and the foothills of the Andes.

According to the geologists this plateau section of South America originally lay below sea level and was gradually lifted above the surface of the Pacific Ocean. In this way an inland body of water was formed in the course of ages, and thus were pent up enormous quantities of marine vegetation. In time the salt water evaporated, the vegetation decayed, and nitrifying bacteria stored in the residuum increasing amounts of nitrogen drawn from the atmosphere. Because of this undisturbed process, continuing for eons, strata of nitrate-bearing earths are found containing as much as ninety-five per cent of sodium nitrate.

Nitrogen Plentiful but Slippery

THE importance of these deposits has been more and more emphasized during the last half century; and as far back as 1867 we imported 14,715 tons, then valued at something over half a million dollars. Up to the outbreak of the present war, Germany easily led the world in her purchases of Chilean saltpeter, but by the end of 1915 our shipments from those nitrate beds increased until our imports totaled substantially 535,800 tons—representing a money equivalent of $20,400,000 in round figures. These data are interesting, because they bring out the fact that sodium nitrate to this amount is needful to meet the requirements of our industrial life to-day.

It is true that we got on an average $15,900,000 worth of saltpeter annually from Chile, during the decade just before hostilities, so that the difference of late is plainly due to our increased output of munitions. Prior to that time, fully half of the yearly consumption of sodium nitrate was diverted to agricultural purposes and other essentially peacetime uses.

Unquestionably there is enough saltpeter left in Chile to meet even present demands for decades to come, taking the lowest estimate of the resources; but the crucial question is: Can we count upon this source of supply when at war ourselves?

It has long been known that there were nitrate deposits in California, and until of late it was hoped that they might be developed. Investigation, however, by the United States Geological Survey has disclosed the fact that they are neither rich nor of such a character as to warrant working them commercially. Therefore, unless we can keep the trade lanes open to Chile, we must find means within our continental boundaries to provide us with nitrogen, in some fixed forms, that will enable us to do all that we are doing now with this elemental essential so indispensable to our national activities in many vital directions. Hence the Government's intention to draw upon the inexhaustible resources of our enveloping atmosphere.

We cannot wait upon Nature's age-long processes. We must imitate her through agencies that will achieve in days what she has accomplished in the course of centuries, and in order to understand at the start how this is possible, let us consider what the air about us has to offer in the way of nitrogen. To be precise, the atmosphere we breathe contains nitrogen to the extent of seventy-eight per cent of its volume—the difference being principally oxygen. There rests upon every square mile of the earth's surface twenty million tons of atmospheric nitrogen; and under normal conditions this would meet the annual consumption for a period of quite half a century! The problem then is to capture and next to imprison in some substance this nomadic element. But before explaining how this is done, it would be well to have a fuller realization of nitrogen's function in the economics of human existence and general welfare in the way of national security.

Two great tasks stand out in the forefront of the struggle in Europe: The feeding of the people and the feeding of the guns. Ultimate success for either belligerent faction depends fundamentally upon these vital performances. People cannot live without food; and the guns cannot be fired without powder. When the supply of either fails on one side or the other the fighting must come to a stop. But the people must be fed at all times, whether in war or in peace; and the cost of living always is determined by the bounty of the crops.

Foods are of many kinds, and so are explosives varied; but, analyze them as one will, there is ever present a percentage of a certain chemical element—that is, nitrogen. True, there are other constituents, possibly in greater proportions, and it may be asked, Why single out nitrogen for special mention? Simply because in Nature's workshop—the soil—and in man's munition factories as well, nitrogen is the one indispensable material that is the scarcest of those that are needed. The others are just as essential, but they can be had far more easily and abundantly. Indeed, they are commonly available in amounts sufficient to overbalance the nitrogen at hand.

Accordingly the supply of nitrogen is usually the first to give out, and when that happens production comes to a standstill, either in the soil or in the factory. In round terms, the fertility of the earth is broadly reckoned by the measure of its contained nitrogen. This is not theory but an established fact. For instance, land holding three-tenths of one per cent of nitrogen will prove very fruitful and, other things being equal, will produce anywhere from thirty to forty bushels of wheat to the acre. A soil with two-tenths of one per cent of nitrogen will probably be good for about twenty-five bushels of wheat to the acre. If it contains but one-tenth of one per cent of nitrogen, the yield will be in the neighborhood of fifteen bushels; but if this plant food be as low as one-twentieth of one per cent, the earth will be too poor to grow a profitable harvest.

But this element of life and growth is also an element of death and destruction; for all explosives, without exception, are nitrogenous compounds. Every pound of powder that has been fired on the battlefields of Europe was made through the agency of nitric acid; and nitrogen is one constituent of this corrosive liquid. A pound of smokeless powder requires one and a half pounds of nitric acid for its production, and that acid, when made from Chile saltpeter, requires two and a half pounds of Nature's sodium nitrate. Plainly, then, nitric acid is indispensable in the manufacture of the propellants for projectiles as well as for the bursting charges of shells, and without these explosives a nation cannot fight.

How Nitrates Feed Men and Guns

PRIOR to the war, Germany drew upon Chile yearly for something like nine hundred thousand tons of sodium nitrate, and there is good reason to believe that fully five hundred thousand tons of this were utilized in the preparation of fertilizers for domestic use. German ships transported most of the saltpeter from the Chilean beds, and her enemies knew the economic significance of that traffic. One of the first acts of the Entente Allies was, therefore, to try to stop these shipments, not only to silence in this way the Teuton guns but to bring the peoples of the Central Powers to the point of desperate hunger. How nearly her foes have achieved this, in the case of Germany particularly, is becoming more evident as the weeks go on.

To make the situation clearer, so far as Germany's food problem is concerned, a few facts should be mentioned. The soils of Germany are by nature no better than those of the surrounding countries. Thirty years ago, by rotation of crops and by very careful cultivation, the Teuton farmers were able to garner from eighteen to twenty bushels of wheat to the acre and only fifteen bushels of rye. But immediately preceding the present conflict, thanks to the use of nitrogenous fertilizers, the cultivated acres of the Fatherland were producing from thirty to thirty-two bushels of wheat to the acre and twenty-five bushels of rye. Three decades back, without recourse to this plant food, the oat fields produced thirty bushels to the acre, and in 1913 nitrogen fertilization brought up the crops to sixty-one bushels an acre.

The potato in Germany, just as it is here, is a fundamental element in the national diet. In the early eighties a hundred and thirty bushels of potatoes to the acre was considered a prime yield, but by 1914 Chile saltpeter had made it possible to count upon an output of two hundred and ten bushels per acre. Germany did this while the seas were open to her; and because the same course was not followed by farmers in Russia, Austro-Hungary, France and Italy, these countries, with similar if not better soils, did not improve upon their crops of thirty or forty years ago.

On the other hand, Great Britain, Belgium and Holland, profiting by Germany's example, were able to increase the abundance of their acres anywhere from fifty to a hundred per cent.

Prior to August of 1914 Germany was producing, by reason of her stimulated fields, ninety per cent of her normal food requirements, and she found it necessary to get from abroad only the modest difference of ten per cent. However, in order to achieve this she imported seventy per cent of her nitrogen, which was capable of inducing many times its own weight in the form of food from the soil. That is to say, one pound of nitrogen, properly applied, increases the harvest of wheat, rye, barley or oats by about twenty pounds of grain and forty pounds of straw. In the case of potatoes, one pound of nitrogen will better the normal yield of these tubers by eighty-five pounds. By cutting off the external supply of nitrate of soda, Germany's enemies were bent upon robbing her larder of substantially four million tons of grain or seventeen million tons of potatoes—thus reducing her self-sufficiency from a normal ninety per cent to about sixty-five per cent.

The real situation is made more evident if we bear in mind that the population of the German Empire in Europe was, in 1890, 49,475,000, and by the latest figures it has grown to 66,715,000, representing an increase in twenty-seven years of thirty-five per cent. With her foreign food supply cut off and the fruitfulness of her soil greatly affected by a scarcity of nitrogenous fertilizers, sustenance for the 66,715,000 people was potentially cut down to what it was three decades back! These figures show Germany woefully handicapped immediately after the outbreak of war; but we shall see presently just how her engineers and technicists have striven to neutralize this disadvantage. Therein lies the lesson for us, for it is our purpose to profit by the present state of the art of fixing atmospheric nitrogen.

The Shortage

AS HAS already been said, one pound of explosives requires in its manufacture one and a half pounds of nitric acid. It is authoritatively asserted that Germany had on hand, when she declared war, a supply of explosives and a store of nitrates from which to make powder sufficient for one year of hostilities. This was deemed the utmost length of the struggle. It was not more than a few weeks after the conflict began ere the Kaiser's military authorities awakened to the seriousness of the situation so far as munitions were concerned; and within a short span of months native chemists and engineers were doing their utmost to devise ways to increase the supply of nitrogen.

At that time the nation was producing about one-third of its normal requirements of nitrogen as a by-product from the coking of coal in recovery ovens. Inasmuch as discussion has been frequent regarding the capacity of by-product coke ovens here to furnish an adequate amount of nitrogen, it should be of interest to note what part they actually played in meeting Germany's wartime needs. A ton of coal yields in the recovery oven about five pounds of nitrogen, fifteen hundred pounds of coke, sixty pounds of tar, seventeen pounds of light oil and four thousand cubic feet of gas. To run ovens merely for the sake of obtaining nitrogen is obviously out of the question, because the other products must find useful employment or markets. Under normal conditions, Germany's iron works consumed fifty per cent of her coke, but this industry fell off as the war continued, until the output dropped to only two-thirds of regular capacity. At the same time private consumption of coke decreased, notwithstanding the fact that the government required public service corporations and the like to use coke instead of coal for fuel. As a net result, coke production, with its by-products, diminished to eighty-two per cent of the normal. Thus, instead of adding to the nation's supply of nitrogen obtained in this way, Germany's coke ovens actually failed to produce their accustomed output.

The Furnace Room of a Calcium Cyanamide Plant

The Only American Plant for the Fixation of Atmospheric Nitrogen, at Nitrates, South Carolina

Ovens in Which Calcium Carbide is Exposed to Pure Nitrogen to Form Cyanamide

This revelation is of deep interest to us. Up to 1915, the majority of the coke plants in the United States were equipped with the old-fashioned beehive ovens, and all the gas, the tar and the ammonia—the latter rich in nitrogen—were wasted. To put us on equality with Germany prior to the war, it would be necessary to substitute modern recovery ovens with condensation plants. To some extent this has been done in order to promote an American dyestuff industry. As matters stand now there are certainly not enough of these up-to-date coke ovens in service here to supply us with nitrogen in the form of ammonia to meet more than a quarter of our ordinary requirements; and from this source in the future it is debatable whether more than fifty per cent of our needs could be met. Therefore we shall probably have to do much as Germany has done.

The performances of the German commerce raider Moewe is fair evidence of the difficulties that would confront us if we had to depend upon Chile for the major part of our nitrates. Two or three vessels of this sort loose in either the South Atlantic or the South Pacific could utterly demoralize shipping bound to us with saltpeter. It was undoubtedly to prevent the Entente Allies from obtaining nitrate supplies that Admiral von Spee lurked with his squadron off the coast of South America; and his two memorable battles with the British showed how desperately determined he was to hold his station along the trade routes to Europe.

Three Processes

WHEN the Germans captured Antwerp they found there 250,000 tons of nitrate, which proved a windfall to them indeed. This sufficed to tide them over the critical period in which they were rushing to completion their plants for the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen. We probably have less than 250,000 tons in this country to-day, while Germany, when she took Antwerp, had in reserve 600,000 tons, and was able in the months following to import through neutral countries 200,000 tons more. But, even so, within a year from the outbreak of war her entire resources of 1,050,000 tons of nitrates were used up.

How, then, was Germany able to utilize atmospheric nitrogen in order to make up her deficiencies? Her engineers and experts centered their efforts upon three fixation processes. These separate methods are known as the arc process, which burns air in an electric flame to form nitric acid in the end; the Haber process, by which compressed heated nitrogen and hydrogen gases are brought in contact with sponge platinum, which plays the part of a catalyzer, thus producing ammonia; and the cyanamide process, which fixes nitrogen or imprisons it in a compound of fused lime and coke. The total production of all three in Germany, in 1914, was substantially 100,000 tons; but the exigencies of warfare compelled a tremendous difference in output. To-day the arc process, so it is said, is not used at all in Germany; but the Haber process is now producing 500,000 tons yearly, while the cyanamide process yields 600,000 tons in the same period. The by-product coke ovens are supplying 400,000 tons annually. That is to say, the Germans have at their disposal a total of 1,500,000 tons of fixed nitrogen.

Such has been the answer of Germany's engineers to the nation's call for indispensable nitrogen. But great as the result appears, the achievement is seemingly decidedly

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Beating Once More the High Prices

The World Has Not Changed

By Maude Radford Warren

BESIDES the Germans, two enemies in our own country have taken up arms against us—high prices and food shortage. We've got to beat them both. This does not mean that we are to let them beat us by lowering our standards of living—existing on our humps, so to speak, like the Germans—and enduring undernourishment during the lean period. No turning the other cheek; no pacifism and nonresistance for us in this primitive business of getting enough food. In spite of the fact that a dollar has ceased to have the purchasing power it once had, this whole nation must stretch each dollar. To produce enough food, to buy wisely, to eat wisely and not to waste—this is more than a patriotic duty, it is a patriotic necessity. It is now our business to feed ourselves and the Allies. Any housewife, or little cash girl, or old man sitting in the sun, is as much needed, in the food-and-economy matter, to fight the war as any soldier or sailor.

Some people know this and are acting on it. Others won't wake up until they are hungry, at which time the farsighted people will have to help pay for their folly. Benvenuto Cellini tells a story of having, when a very tiny child, been shown a salamander in the fire; his father gave him a cruel box on the ear to make him remember it—and he always did. I wish some power would box awake and force a sense of food patriotism upon every dreamer and every ignorant or indifferent person who doesn't see that if we don't begin to prepare now against food shortage and high prices we shall face a condition pretty close to famine. We have plenty of gold; but we can't eat gold. We've got to go out, literally now, and think and dig.

How Prices are Jumping

VARIOUS people and institutions are already at work. Some of them are naturally farsighted; others have been brought to reflection by reading what the newspapers have said for over two years of the food economy abroad. Still others have taken to heart all that has been said about our unpreparedness. They had no power to conscript any army; but they do have the power to conscript their own forces and make them work out to the end of practical patriotism. They have not considered it wise to wait for the laws of their country to lead them.

"This eating of rice for potatoes is only a sporadic thing," said an eminent official; "a citizen of a modern state ought not to have to resort to such things. State action ought to protect him against the greed of speculators in food. State and Federal action should get the ground to yielding and fix all prices."

Very true; but if in this critical moment we waited for state action it would be a case of "the operation was successful, but the patient died." We've got to eat; we think there is plenty of food now, albeit at enormous rates, because we see it in the stores. But if we don't put imagination, brain and hands to work, what we shall see next autumn and winter will be meager crops and empty storehouses. The ones who know all this are the ones already at work. They are, so to speak, the army of the retreat from Mons; and presently I shall tell you the practical work they are doing.

The winter-wheat crop promises poorly. Here is where Cellini's box on the ear should operate. It is your business to raise a garden this summer. Not only is the winter-wheat crop looking poor, but there is less than half the wheat on hand there was a year ago; and, as I write, it is selling at two dollars and fifteen cents. The shortage in other staple goods is almost equally great, for this country has a far smaller food reserve than it ever had before.

Canning houses throughout the country have notified wholesalers that their deliveries will be only one-third of the normal amount. Salmon canneries say that they will deliver from one-fourth to one-twentieth of each order. Tin plate has doubled in price, which means that empty cans cost more. Glass, too, has gone up. The scarcity of flax has raised havoc in dry-goods lines, so that linen and carpets have increased between fifty and sixty per cent in price. Cotton goods have advanced between twenty-five and thirty-five per cent; while in leather the increased price has been brought home to everybody who wears shoes.

The woman who paid ten cents for a can of corn last year to-day pays fifteen, and soon will pay more. Prunes that were ten cents are now fifteen; while a boiled dinner—so an expert tells us—costs three times what it did three years ago. Beans that a month ago were ten cents a pound are now eighteen; split peas, eighteen as against ten. Sugar has gone up more than two cents a pound in a month; ham and bacon, eight cents; and even spaghetti in the ten-pound box is a dollar as against seventy-five cents. The greatest rise in prices has been in root vegetables, which are the staple articles of diet on the tables of all classes of people. Nothing seems to be plentiful and cheap except the winter ice crop.

So now, when every day counts, people have got to do their own thinking about economy and high prices. They cannot wait for Congress to investigate and use up that four-hundred-thousand-dollar appropriation. They cannot wait even for such excellent bills as those before the state legislatures of New York and Illinois, relative to markets, foods and farm products. They know the value of recommendations for a Federal food commissioner, and for the establishment of state marketing departments in the some dozen states that lack them; but the value is not immediate and practical.

This public, which has to eat, is interested to read that deans of agricultural schools and members of farm boards and business men have met and made recommendations for dealing with the food situation, such as the University of Illinois plan of the enlistment of men under military pay in training-camp farms, where those not otherwise employed may work when they are not on private farms. This public—that still has to eat—is interested to learn that several of the Western States, on whom we must depend especially for the wheat crop, have already taken action through agricultural leagues, county officials, business men and farmers to serve the nation; among them Colorado leading, with her emergency appropriation and her committees on finance, tractor power, seeds and labor. But John Smith asks:

"Who is going to pay John Smith's bills for food?"

And the answer is "John Smith."

Dig, John Smith! Even if the best planting time is past, you can still make money out of a garden plot. If you have no land, beg it. Take example from the Garden Bureau of Chicago. Chicago is called the Garden City because, in 1837, after the panic, people kept themselves from starving by planting vegetable gardens. Of recent years various bodies have advocated the tilling of vacant lots for the poor. Moreover, an example has been set for years among the school children of Cook County by the county superintendent of schools. But now, under the dynamic initiative of the Garden Bureau, the land-cultivation scheme has become systematized and fully organized, and bids fair to be a permanent civic institution. Any person who comes to the bureau for land help will receive it. He is not permitted to lean too heavily—that is, if he has a back lot which can be utilized he must take advantage of it. If he knows of a vacant lot anywhere in his neighborhood he must find out who owns it, and try to get the use of it. If he fails the bureau will try for him.

Plans and Plots That Will Help

IF HE has no means of getting a plot the bureau will find one for him, as near his home as possible. An expert inspector will examine the plot, take samples of the soil, have it analyzed, and tell the embryonic farmer what he can profitably grow. The bureau sells seeds, wholesale, at from ten to sixty cents a package. It hauls the manure, which is supplied by the city. If fertilizer has to be used it must be paid for.

If the land is in a tract with other plots it is plowed free of cost. If, however, the plot is isolated, maybe the farmer would have to pay a dollar to have it plowed and harrowed. There is, of course, always the option of spading it himself. The bureau has plans for plots of various sizes, the seeds being in packages to fit those sizes. It gives advice as to planting and caring for the garden, has experts always on hand to answer questions, and will send out inspectors to see how the gardens grow.

The response to the movement has been instant. As a result of the first three days' campaign, one thousand persons made application for land. In the stockyards districts, in two different wards, two hundred families are combining to cultivate tracts of seven and a half acres. Each tract is divided into plots, twenty by fifty or twenty by one hundred feet, according to the size of the family represented. These large tracts can be more easily cared for than isolated plots, and the emulation of the workers will be salutary. In South Chicago there are two large tracts where scores of families are working, with a friendly policeman to protect the gardens.

Community clubs have been formed in scores of neighborhoods to find vacant lots and to rouse interest in this form of food preparedness. In the first ten days of the movement, just before earliest planting time—the fifteenth

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LITTLE ORPHANED ALLIES

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

IN FRANCE one seems always to be looking into the wondering eyes of bewildered children. They are everywhere. They see their mothers weep and hear strange sad talk among their elders, and their little lives are thrilled with unforgetable but uncomprehended things.

"Father has been killed.

"Father has fallen on the field of honor."

"*Et puis, vive la France!*"

And an unchildlike bravery begins to shine upon their brows.

France has lost more than one million men! So many more by this time, in fact, that to one million might be added the total cost in lives of our Civil War, with a resulting estimate that would hardly be an exaggeration at all. And at the beginning of last November another tremendous estimate was made: more than four hundred thousand needy fatherless children—those children only whose fathers have "died on the field of honor."

I had not been in France two days before I began to notice the children particularly; and after a while they began to haunt me.

I went down into Lorraine almost immediately to see that amazing strip of devastated territory into which the Germans plunged in the beginning with their too-damnable combination of fire and sword. I saw a whole countryside—miles on miles—laid waste, with all its beautiful old towns and once charming villages nothing now but heaps of ruins. On a hilltop—which was an intricate maze of abandoned trenches—I climbed up on the crumbling outer wall of what was once a monastery, a noble ancient building, and looked out across a shell-plowed country to two white lines in the middle distance, where the French and German armies were deadlocked in a long-drawn-out and intermittent duel. And in all the vast area I could see from my vantage point there was not one visible living thing, except a long column of troops winding its way down a hill road toward a deserted mass of stone and plaster-dust that had been a smiling village in a sheltered cup of the valley. A few observation balloons hung brooding over the scene, long distances apart; while here and there a slender, shattered church spire rose above the general desolation.

Mme. Juliette and Her Little Mister

I WANTED to see the people who had fled before the ravaging storm of frightfulness that had swept over this beautiful land. And I did. I found as many as three thousand of them in a refuge at Nancy, and many others hidden away among the ruins of the towns and villages and farmsteads.

Little Raymond was the first real war orphan I encountered, but afterward, as I say, I seemed always to be seeing them. Raymond got himself scolded for being timid.

"You must not cling to my skirts and act all the time as though you are afraid, my little mister," said his mother.

She calls him her *petit monsieur* because, though he is only six years old, he is the only man left in the family. His father lies in a soldier's grave over behind the German lines in a village near the French Border. And when the Germans were advancing she had to gather him up, along with his aged grandmother, and flee for her life and theirs. Their flight was so hurried and tearful; there was such a booming of guns and screeching of shells; and there were so many horrible things to be seen along the roadsides, that Raymond was frightened speechless, and has never been the same boy since. He used to chatter and laugh all the time; but he grew very solemn after that, seldom laughs at all any more, and almost never says anything.

They were an interesting family—Raymond; his mother, Juliette; and his little round old grandmother, who was known as Madame Charlotte. And they had a big white cow they called Beautiful Sister. In their flight they drove Beautiful Sister along in front of them and trundled behind them a cart of household treasures; so, though they were very hard up, they were not utterly destitute. Beautiful Sister was a rare specimen in her new environment, and she gave milk that could be traded for vegetables and bread.

They came, by mere chance, into the small village where I found them; and when the battle caught up with them they were so tired and perplexed that they merely sought such shelter as they could find, and let it rage on round them and over their heads. And that helped, of course, to overwhelm the childhood of *le petit monsieur*. It was near the point where the tide turned and the Germans began to fall back; and they must have been very angry Germans indeed, since in that unoffending village they left not one stone upon another—except up in one corner, where three or four houses escaped the fire; and even these were pocked and pitted with thousands of bullet marks. Raymond and his family took possession of a sort of half ruin, off in another corner; and Juliette had shown fine skill in the way she had filled its gaps with fallen stones and propped up its tottering walls.

The grandmother was inclined to be good-naturedly ill-natured, if anyone can be so described. She wanted very much to find fault, but everything was so terrible, and her daughter-in-law was so sturdy and brave, that she had to do all her complaining as though she were merely joking about it. She was not. Her clean old peasant life had been pulled up by the roots and she had a well-defined case of nervous irritability. She accused Juliette of spending all her time in the fields with Beautiful Sister, and mimicked her holding on to the cow's horn and talking secrets, "like a woman with no sense at all."

"And with *le petit monsieur*, of course, always at her heels!"

Juliette smilingly admitted that she did spend too much time doing that very thing.

"But," she said, "La Belle Sœur is a perfect stupid! I may talk to her as much as I like, but she will not know enough to keep off the graves. I cannot bear that she should eat grass off the graves; so I must lead her round."

I could quite understand that. All the fields are dotted with graves, lying at every imaginable angle. At the head of each grave is a white wooden cross, and on nearly every cross hangs a bright bead wreath of some kind—pansies mostly. Such graves are in all the fields all over that part of Lorraine; and along the roadsides too—especially along the roadsides: hundreds of them—marking the lines of a terrible running battle in the open.

In Raymond's village there were fifteen other children, most of them fatherless. Out of a population of about three hundred, forty men had gone to the army—all who were young enough; and many others, men, women and children, had been killed in the local fighting. So there were only about one hundred left, and some of these, like Raymond and his family, belonged elsewhere. A good many among this one hundred-odd had fled in front of the advancing Germans; but they returned later to dig and delve, and take up their lives amid the wreckage of their homes, as thousands have done everywhere. Among French peasants there is a kind of dumb, tenacious content, which is a very difficult thing to break, and the sight of it, harried and heartbroken, makes one hate war as the more spectacularly horrible phases of war never could.

A Home Among Ruins

THOSE fifteen children were two years without a school of any kind; but last autumn their worried elders patched up a house that had not been wholly destroyed, secured a teacher for them, and set them at work. I found them lying down on the spelling and arithmetic job just as one's own children do, but they were not quite so successful as one's own in their assumption of utter boredom at the sight of a visitor; in fact, I was quite the most exciting thing that had been round there for ever so long. It is a place, you see, where a shell or an aëroplane bomb is expected to drop in almost any moment; a place where a rain of anti-aircraft shell fragments creates no disturbance at all. Extraordinary? Well, at least that!

I thought at Nancy that the children in the villages scattered round about would be much better off in the big refugee school that had been established there in the Molitor Barracks; but a day or so later a three-hundred-and-eighty-millimeter shell took another block out of that battered old town and killed a few more citizens. So my second thought was that if the children were mine I should start west with all of them and never stop until I reached an impassable barrier.

The Molitor Barracks in peacetime house about five thousand French troops, and their vast buildings and parade grounds lie in a closely built-up section of Nancy. The Germans know, of course, that there are no soldiers in Nancy now. But they must know, too, that there are no soldiers clinging to the stone-lace façade of Rheims Cathedral. Vandalism and terrorism are military necessities. Strange that any people should be so completely under the hell-hobbed heels of *Gott-strafed* England as not to be able to see that! Good German argument!

(Continued on Page 80)

The Widowed and the Fatherless Are a Mighty Host. They Are, for the Most Part, Tragically Bereft

Mobilization for Food Production

By E. DAVENPORT

IF AMERICA is to win in war she must not repeat the initial mistake of Europe. She must mobilize her forces for food production as definitely as for fighting.

As we enter this great struggle it is worth while to take stock of the situation and look certain facts squarely in the face as they actually exist, whether we like the looks of things or not.

Western Europe is hungry, and is making frantic efforts to eke out an insufficient supply of food. Russia, the only land of plenty, is effectually shut away until after the war. Ships bringing supplies from the West are frequently sent to the bottom, and a spectacular element of the struggle just now is a grim attempt of each side to starve the other out.

America is the only considerable source of supply, and that supply is decreasing.

It is inevitable that Canada should produce less food than before the war began, for the half million men recruited from that great country have come largely from the farms; and many a man who drove a tractor on the plains of Alberta and Saskatchewan two years ago is now fighting in General Haig's army in Northern France.

America is at the End of the Line, and if She Fails to Feed Herself She Will Go Hungry

Coming to the States, the prospect is anything but cheering. The enormous growth of our manufacturing centers represents not only foreign immigration but a long-time draft of labor from American lands. Chicago, the third city in the world, has grown from an Indian village within a single lifetime; indeed, the father and the mother of the writer, both still living, are nearly a decade older than the City by the Lakes.

That great city is but typical of the trend of events in the United States since the Civil War. We have ceased to be a distinctively agricultural people, for less than one-third of our population now lives upon the land. So keen has been the call from the city that the farmer has been unable, even by the use of larger and still larger machinery, to compensate for the loss of labor. So acute has the labor situation become in the recent years that production has ceased to increase and has begun to decline; indeed, the writer knows of crops that were plowed under, of harvests that were not gathered last year, and of thousands of acres, once farmed, that are now abandoned to pasture for want of labor.

Our Third Lean Year

THE last two years were lean years; and every prospect is that the present year, even without a declaration of war, would have witnessed a decreased yield in most crops—a fact that does not seem to be generally recognized, but one that is perfectly well known to those in intimate touch with actual farming conditions.

In this connection it must be remembered, as we now go to war, that food riots are not limited to Berlin and London, nor yet to the congested districts of New York. They have occurred in Chicago, which lies in the very heart of the greatest food-producing region in the world. It is said that these food riots are due to high prices; but high prices do not happen of themselves, and generally they do not occur when food supply is abundant.

Manifestly it is impossible for us to look outside our own territory for food. Argentina has already placed an embargo upon wheat. She could doubtless furnish us considerable beef; but beef is tremendously expensive. There is no place to look for an adequate food supply except upon our own land. America is at the end of the line, and if she fails to feed herself she will go hungry. Not only must America feed herself, but if she is to win in the present war she must feed Western Europe as well.

But enlistments are going on to-day in the fields and on the farms of the Mississippi Valley, the bread basket of the continent. Young men are being induced, under the plea of patriotism, to leave the plow, the disk and the seeder. This is right, in itself; but indiscriminate recruiting from the field means want, and want means weakness, and weakness means defeat—unless, indeed, all hands are to starve together.

With two lean years behind us and with organized starvation as the war policy of Europe, it is high time that America did some thinking to a purpose. The time has now come when food cannot be taken for granted; for, without question, we have seen the last of cheap food, so far at least as the present generation is concerned. And abundance may be turned to a shortage almost overnight; and, as matters now stand, a bad season would be disastrous.

Now if indiscriminate enlistment goes on, without regard to its effect upon the remnant of labor still remaining on the land, a shortage of food is inevitable. Already the newspapers are talking about a limitation of the ration; and some are even advocating a food dictatorship in this country, forgetting that it would require more men to enforce a police regulation restricting the diet than it would to turn shortage into abundance. Even Germany, with all her efficiency, broke down at this angle, and she has had her one sad awakening at a point left strangely unprotected.

Any talk about limiting the ration of America is sheer foolishness. We have acres enough and to spare, if sufficiently supplied with labor and properly handled, to feed both ourselves and Western Europe abundantly. But this will not be done unless it is made a definite part of the military plan. Left to itself, food production must decline, for the farmer is powerless to increase it under present and prospective labor conditions. It is useless to invite him to extend his acreage and intensify his farming, as is being done in the public press. He can do neither. He is "dreadfully put to it for help"; and all he can do is to produce what he can with his own hands, unless those hands can be held up by a mighty power. And the only power that can do this is the military.

Convinced that more labor is the key to the situation, and that its control should lie in the military department of the nation, the University of Illinois has developed and is vigorously advocating the following plan of action:

Let the Government enlist recruits for food production as definitely as for bearing arms. These enlistments should cover four classes of men:

FIRST, men above military age, especially those with some degree of farm experience.

SECOND, men of military age, but disqualified for field service by reason of temporary or permanent physical disability.

THIRD, boys over sixteen and below military age, either from the country or the city.

FOURTH, graduates of agricultural colleges, and others having special fitness to direct the "industrial reserve" in the business of producing food.

These enlisted men should be considered as in a civil-military service, assigned by the War Department to the definite business of food production while drawing the usual pay of the soldier. At convenient points, especially where labor is scarce and where conditions are favorable for intensive farming, agricultural camps should be established; and here the industrial reserve should be assembled, under military discipline but agricultural leadership.

Every facility should be employed for putting as many of these enlisted men as possible upon existing farms, which, in the nature of the case, are already organized for the business of producing meats and standard crops. A man while so employed should be under furlough and off Government pay, because he is paid by the farmer the going wage of the locality. If the man becomes dissatisfied with his employment he may return to camp and the lower wage; and if he is discharged by the farmer he must report at once to camp headquarters.

The men and boys not employed on private farms should be engaged at the camp farm in the production of small fruits, vegetables, and such other crops as require much hand labor, under conditions admitting of adequate supervision. Every effort possible should be made at the camp to correct physical disability—especially when of temporary character—and members of the camp under military age should be uniformed and given military instruction and drill, so far as compatible with their first business, which is growing food. But the crops at any particular camp should be so chosen that every cadet can be given military training on three days of the week at least.

Uniforms should be provided, especially for all who drill; and every possible effort should be made to make clear the military importance of this semimilitary organization for food production—an organization in which many who are only temporarily disqualified, by reason of age or otherwise, may receive the beginnings of real military training and experience.

Getting Down to Fundamentals

FEAR has been expressed that such a plan might result in overproduction and prices that would cut into the farmer's profits. To the credit of the farmer let it be said that no such objection has come from him. He is used to low prices. The objection is purely academic. There is little likelihood of overproduction under present conditions.

It has been objected that such a plan would draw labor from the factories, thereby reducing manufacture; and so it would if successful. The answer to this objection is that few manufactured articles are in the same class as food when measured by the yardstick of necessity; and as to luxuries let them be sacrified under the emergencies of the hour. War means sacrifice, and no man or woman has the right to absorb by luxurious living the energies of a dozen able-bodied men and boys simply because he "has the money to pay for it." We shall yet get down to a good many fundamentals before this thing is over; and hopefully this is one of them.

Let it be definitely understood by the American public at this particular time that though there are loafers in the country as well as in the city they do not own or occupy good land. And let it also be understood that the working hours of the farmer, except in the dead of winter, are never less than ten; and that during the growing season they are from five in the morning to eight or nine at night, with whatever extra time may be necessary in the care of animals in sickness or while bearing young.

Though we criticize a man we do not know, let it be remembered that as we lie comfortably in our beds the cowboy is riding the range in all kinds of weather, and the herder is searching the mountainside in storm and darkness for the lamb that is lost. Verily the Saviour knew what He was talking about in the Parable of the Ninety-and-nine.

On men like these rests at this juncture the problem of feeding the world, with all the machinery of production disjointed and well-nigh paralyzed. The thing cannot be done unless special machinery be created for the purpose; and under the conditions this special machinery must be a definite part of the military plan.

To fail here, with the experience of Europe behind us, would be nothing short of criminal.

Over, Under, Around or Through

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

XII

MR. OSCAR MITCHELL was a bachelor, though not precisely lorn. He maintained an elm-shaded residence on Front Street, presided over by an ancient housekeeper, of certain and gusty disposition, who had guided his first toddling steps and grieved with him for childhood's insupportable wrongs, and whose vinegarish disapprovals were still feared by Mitchell; it was for her praise or blame that his overt walk and conversation were austere and godly, his less laudable activities so molelike.

After dinner Mr. Mitchell slipped into a smoking jacket with a violent velvet lining and sat in his den—a den bedecorated after the manner known to the muddle-minded as artistic, but more aptly described by Sir Anthony Gloster as "beastly." To this den came now the spriteful clerk, summoned by telephone.

"Sit down, Pelman. I sent for you because I desire your opinion and coöperation upon a matter of the first importance," said the lawyer, using his most gracious manner.

Mr. Joseph Pelman, pricking up his ears at the smooth conciliation of eye and voice, warily circled the room, holding Mitchell's eyes as he went, selected a corner chair for obvious strategic reasons, pushed it against the wall, tapped that wall apprehensively with a backward-reaching hand, seated himself stiffly upon the extreme edge of the chair, and faced his principal, bolt upright and bristling with deliberate insolence.

"If it is murder I want a third," he remarked.

The lawyer gloomed upon this frowardness.

"That is a poor way to greet an opportunity to make your fortune once and for all," he said. "I have something on hand now, which, if we can swing it——"

"One-third," said the clerk inflexibly.

Mitchell controlled himself with a visible effort.

He swallowed hard and began again:

"If we can carry out my plan successfully—and it seems to be safe, certain and almost free from risk—there will be no necessity hereafter for any of us to engage in any crooked dealings whatever. Indeed, to take up cleanly ways would be the part of wisdom. Or, young as you are, you will be able to retire, if you prefer, sure of every gratification that money can buy."

"Necessity doesn't make me a crook. I'm crooked by nature. I like crookedness," said Pelman. "That's why I'm with you."

"Now, Joey, don't talk——"

"Don't you 'Joey' me!" exploded the demon clerk. "It was 'fool' this afternoon. I'm Pelman when there's any nerve needed for your schemes; but, when you smile at me and call me Joey, what I say is—one-third!"

"You devil! I ought to wring your neck!"

"Try it! I'll stab your black heart with a corkscrew! I've studied it all out, and I've carried a corkscrew on purpose ever since I've known you. Thirty-three and one-third per cent. Three-ninths. Proceed!"

Mitchell paced the floor for a few furious seconds before he began again.

"You remember Mayer Zurich, whom we helped through that fake bankruptcy at Syracuse?"

"Three-ninths?"

"Yes, damn you!"

Joey settled back in his chair, crossed his knees comfortably, screwed his face to round-eyed innocence, and gave a dainty caress to the thin silky line of black on his upper lip.

"You may go on, Oscar," he drawled patronizingly.

After another angry turn Mitchell resumed with forced composure:

"Zurich is now a fixture in Cobre, Arizona, where my Cousin Stanley lives. I had a letter from him a week ago and he tells me—this is in strict confidence, mind you—that poor Stanley is in jail."

Joey interrupted him by a gentle waving of a deprecatory hand.

"Save your breath, Oscar dear, and pass on to the main proposition. Now that we are partners, in manner of speaking, since your generous concession of a few minutes past about the thirds—I must be very considerate of you."

As if to mark the new dignity, the junior partner dropped the crude and boisterous phrases that had hitherto marked his converse. Mitchell recognized the subtle significance of this change by an angry gesture.

"Since our interests are now one," continued the new member suavely, "propriety seems to demand that I should tell you the Mitchell-Zurich affair has no secrets from me. If young Stanley is in prison it is because you put him there!"

"What!"

"Yes," said Joey with a complacent stroke at his upper lip. "I have duplicate keys to all your dispatch boxes and filing cabinets."

"You fiend!"

"I wished to protect you against any temptation toward ingratitude," explained Joey. "I have been, on the whole, much entertained by your correspondence. There was much chaff—that was to be expected. But there was also some precious grain which I have garnered with care. For instance, I have copies of all Zurich's letters to you. You have been endeavoring to ruin your cousin, fearing that McClintock might relent and remember Stanley in his will; you have succeeded at last. Whatever new villainy you have to propose, it now should be easier to name it, since you are relieved from the necessity of beating round the bush.

"You were saying——"

"Stanley has found a mine, a copper deposit of fabulous richness; so he writes, and so Zurich assures me. Zurich has had a sample of it assayed; he does not know where the deposit is located, but hopes to find it before Stanley or Stanley's partner can get secure possession. Zurich wants me to put up cash to finance the search and the early development."

"Well? Where do I come in? I am no miner, and I have no cash. I am eating husks."

"You listen. Singularly enough, Stanley has sent his partner up here to make me exactly the same proposition."

"That was Stan's partner to-day—that old gray goat?"

"Exactly. So, you see, I have two chances."

"I need not ask you," said Joey with a sage nod, "whether you intend to throw in your lot with the thieves or with the honest men. You will flock with the thieves."

"I will," said Mitchell grimly. "My cousin had quite supplanted me with my so-called Uncle McClintock. The old dotard would have left him every cent, except for that calf-love affair of Stan's with the Selden girl. Some reflections on the girl's character had come to McClintock's ears."

"Mitchell," said Joey, "before God, you make me sick!"

"What's the matter with you now, fool?" demanded Mitchell. "I never so much as mentioned the girl's name in McClintock's hearing."

"Trust you!" said the clerk. "You're a slimy toad, you are. You're nauseatin'. Pah! Ptth!"

"McClintock repeated these rumors to Stan," said the lawyer gloatingly. "Stan called him a liar. My uncle never liked me. It is very doubtful if he leaves me more than a moderate bequest, even now. But I have at least made sure that he leaves nothing to Stan. And now I shall strip his mine from him and leave him to rot in the penitentiary. For I always hated him, quite aside from any thought of my uncle's estate. I hate

"It is an Ill Thing to be Overrich, in Which Estate Mankind is Seen at the Worst".

him for what he is. I always wanted to trample his girl-face in the mire."

"Leave your chicken-curses and come to the point," urged the junior member of the firm impatiently. "'Tis no news to me that your brain is diseased and your heart rotten.

"What is it you want me to do? Calm yourself, you white-livered maniac. I gather that I am in some way to meddle with this mine. If I but had your head for my very own along with the sand in my craw I'd tell you to go to hell. Having only brains enough to know what I am, I'm cursed by having to depend upon you. Name your corpse! Come through!"

"You shut your foul mouth, then, and listen. You throw me off."

"Give me a cigar, then. Thanks. I await your pleasure."

"Zurich warned me that Stanley's partner, this old man Johnson, had gone East and would in all probability come here to bring proposals from Stan. He came yesterday, bearing a letter of introduction from Stan. The fear that I would not close with his proposition had the poor old gentleman on needles and pins. But I fell in with his offer. I won his confidence and within the hour he had turned himself wrong side out. He made me a map, which shows me how to find the mine. He thinks I am to go to Arizona with him in a week—poor idiot! Instead, you are to get him into jail at once."

"How?"

"The simplest and most direct way possible. You have that Poole tribe under your thumb, have you not?"

"Bootlegging, chicken-stealing, sneak-thieving, arson and perjury! And they are ripe for any deviltry, without compulsion. All I need to do is to show them a piece of money and give instructions."

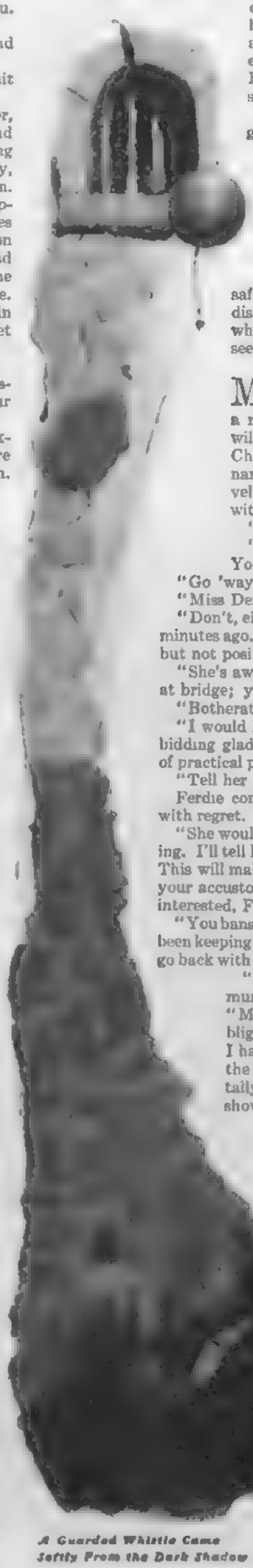
"Get the two biggest ones, then—Amos and Seth. Have them pick a fight with the man Johnson and swear him into jail. They needn't hurt him much and they needn't bother about provocation. All they need to do is to contrive to get him in some quiet spot, beat him up decently, and swear that Johnson started the row without warning, that they never saw him before, and that they think he was drunk. Manage so that Johnson sees the inside of the jail by to-morrow at luncheon-time, or just after, at worst; then you and I will take the afternoon train for Arizona—with my map. I have just returned from informing my beloved uncle of Stanley's ignominious situation, and I told him I could go to the rescue at once, for the sake of the family honor. I thought the old fool would throw a fit, he was so enraged. So, good-by to Nephew Stanley!"

"Look here, Mr. Oscar; that's no good, you know," remonstrated Pelman. "What's the good of throwing Johnson into jail for five or ten days—or perhaps only a fine? He may even have letters from Stan to someone else in Vesper, someone influential; he may beat the case. He'll be out there in no time, making you trouble. That old goat looks like he might butt."

Mitchell smiled superior.

"That's only half my plan. The jailer is also one of your handy men. I'll furnish you plenty of money for the Pooles and for the jailer—enough to make it well worth their while. Contrive a faked rescue of Johnson. The jailer can be found trussed up and gagged, to-morrow about midnight. Best have only one of the Pooles in it; take Amos. He shall wear a mask and be the bold rescuer; he shall open the cell door, whisper 'Mitchell' to Johnson, and help him escape. Once out, without taking off his mask, Amos can hide Johnson somewhere. I leave you to perfect these details. Then, after discarding his mask, Poole can give the alarm. It is immaterial whether he rouses the undersheriff or finds a policeman; but he is to give information that he has just seen Johnson at liberty, skulking near such and such a place. Such information, from a man so recently the victim of a wanton assault at Johnson's hands, will seem a natural act."

"Mr. Mitchell, you're a wonder!" declared Joey in a fine heat of admiration. As the lawyer unfolded his plan the partner-clerk, as a devotee of cunning, found himself convicted of comparative unworth; with every sentence he deported himself less like Pelman the partner, shrank more and more to Joey the devil clerk. "The first part of your program sounded like amateur stuff; but the second number is a scream. Any mistreated guy would fall for that. I would, myself. He'll be up against it for jail-breaking, conspiracy, assaulting an officer, using deadly weapons—and the best is, he will actually be guilty and have no kick coming! Look what a head that is of yours! Even if he should escape re-arrest here, it will be a case for extradition. If he goes back to Arizona he will be nabbed; our worthy sheriff will be furious at the insult to his authority and will make every effort to gather Mr. Johnson in. Either way you have Johnson off your shoulders."



A Guarded Whistle Came Softly From the Dark Shadow of the Jail

"Stanley is off my shoulders, too, and good for a nice long term. And I have full directions for reaching Stanley's mine. You and I, in that wild Arizona country, would not know our little way about; we will be wholly dependent upon Zurich; and, therefore, we must share our map with him. But, on the whole, I think I have managed rather well than otherwise. It may be, after this bonanza is safely in our hands, that we may be able to discover some ultimate wizardry of finance which shall deal with Zurich's case. We shall see."

XIII

MR. FRANCIS CHARLES BOLAND, propped up on one elbow, sprawled upon a rug spread upon the grass under a giant willow tree at Mitchell House, deep in the Chronicles of Sir John Froissart. Mr. Ferdinand Sedgwick tiptoed unheard across the velvet sward. He prodded Francis Charles with his toe.

"Ouch!" said Francis Charles.

"You'll catch your death of cold. Get up! Your company is desired."

"Go 'way!"

"Miss Dexter wants you."

"Don't, either. She was coiled in the hammock ten minutes ago. Wearing a criminal negligée. Picturesque, but not posing. She slept; I heard her snore."

"She's awake now and wants you to make a fourth at bridge; you two against Elsie and I."

"Botheration! Tell her you couldn't find me."

"I would hush the voice of conscience and do your bidding gladly, old thing, if it lay within the sphere of practical politics. But unfortunately she saw you."

"Tell her to go to the devil!"

Ferdie considered this proposition and rejected it with regret.

"She wouldn't do it. But you go on with your reading. I'll tell her you're disgruntled. She'll understand. This will make the fourth day that you haven't taken your accustomed stroll by the schoolhouse. We're all interested, Frankie."

"You banshee!" Francis withdrew the finger that had been keeping his place in the book. "I suppose I'll have to go back with you." He sat up, rather red as to his face.

"I bet she turned you down hard, old boy," murmured Mr. Sedgwick sympathetically. "My own life has been very sad. It has been blighted forever, several times. Is she pretty? I haven't seen her, myself, and the reports of the men-folks and the young ladies don't tally. Funny thing, but scientific observation shows that when a girl says another girl is fine-looking—Hully Gee! And vice versa. Eh? What say?"

"Didn't say anything. You probably overheard me thinking. If so I beg your pardon."

"I saw a fine old Western gentleman drive by here with Old Man Selden yesterday—looked like a Westerner, anyhow; big sombrero, leather face, and all that. I hope," said Ferdie anxiously, "that it was not this venerable gentleman who put you on the blink. He was a fine old relic; but he looked rather patriarchal for the rôle of Lochinvar. Unless, of course, he has the money."

"Yes, he's a Western man, all right. I met them on the Vesper Bridge," replied Boland absently, ignoring the banter. He got to his feet and spoke with dreamy animation. "Ferdie, that chap made me feel homesick with just one look at him. Best time I ever had was with that sort. Younger men I was running with, of course. Fine chaps; splendidly educated and perfect gentlemen when sober—I quote from an uncredited quotation from a copy of an imitation of a celebrated plagiarist. Would go back there and stay and stay, only for the lady mother. She's used to the city. . . . By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept."

"Hi!" said Ferdie. "Party yellin' at you from the road. Come out of your trance."

Francis Charles looked up. A farmer had stopped his team by the front gate.

"Mr. Boland!" he trumpeted through his hands.

Boland answered the hail and started for the gate, Ferdie following; the agriculturist flourished a letter, dropped it in the R. F. D. box, and drove on.

"Oh, la, la! The thick plottens!" observed Ferdie.

Francis Charles tore open the letter, read it hastily, and turned with sparkling eyes to his friend. His friend, for his part, sighed profoundly.

"Oh Francis! Francis!" he chided.

"Here, you howling idiot; read it!" said Francis.

The idiot took the letter and read:

Dear Mr. Boland: I need your help. Mr. Johnson, a friend of Stanley's—his best friend—is up here from Arizona upon business of the utmost importance, both to himself and Stanley.

I have only this moment had word that Mr. Johnson has most serious trouble. To be plain, he is in Vesper jail. There has been foul play, part and parcel of a conspiracy directed against Stanley. Please come at once. I claim your promise. MARY SELDEN.

Ferdie handed it back.

"My friend's friend is my friend? And so on, *ad infinitum*, like fleas with little fleas to bite 'em—that sort of thing—what? Does that let me in? I seem to qualify in a small-flealike way."

"You bet you do, old chap! That's the spirit! Do you rush up and present my profound apologies to the ladies—important business matter. I'll be getting out the buzz wagon. You shall see Mary Selden. You shall also see how right well and featly our no-bél and intrepid young hero bore himself, just a-pitchin' and a-rarin', when inclination jibed with jooty!"

Two minutes later they took the curve by the big gate on two wheels. As they straightened into the river road Mr. Sedgwick spread one hand over his heart, rolled his eyes heavenward, and observed with fine dramatic effect:

"'I claim your pr-r-r-r-omise'!"

Mr. Johnson sat in a cell of Vesper Jail, charged with assault and battery in the nth degree; drunk and disorderly understood, but that charge unpreferred as yet. It is no part of legal method to bring one accused of intoxication before the magistrate at once, so that the judicial mind may see for itself. By this capital arrangement, the justly intoxicated may be acquitted for lack of convincing evidence, after they have had time to sober up; while the unjustly accused, who should go free on sight, are at the mercy of such evidence as the unjust accuser sees fit to bring or send.

The Messrs. Poole had executed their commission upon Vesper Bridge, pouncing upon Mr. Johnson as he passed between them, all unsuspecting. They might well have failed in their errand, however, had it not been that Mr. Johnson was, in a manner of speaking, in dishabille, having left his gun at the hotel. Even so, he improvised several new lines and some effective stage business before he was overpowered by numbers and weight.

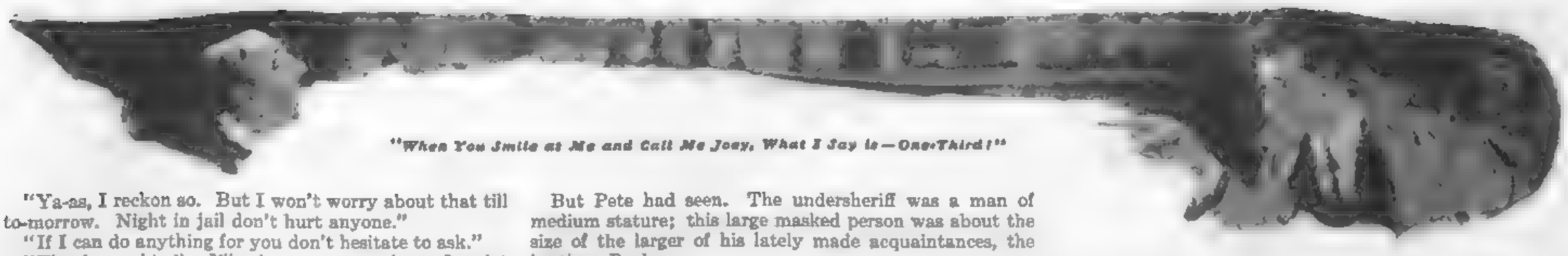
The brothers Poole were regarded with much disfavor by Undersheriff Barton, who made the arrest; but their appearance bore out their story. It was plain that someone had battered them.

Mr. Johnson quite won the undersheriff's esteem by his seemly bearing after the arrest. He accepted the situation with extreme composure, exhibiting small rancor toward his accusers, refraining from countercomment to their heated descriptive analysis of himself; he troubled himself to make no denials.

"I'll tell my yarn to the judge," he said, and walked to jail with his captors in friendliest fashion.

These circumstances, coupled with the deputy's experienced dislike for the complaining witnesses and a well-grounded unofficial joy at their battered state, won favor for the prisoner. The second floor of the jail was crowded with a noisy and noisome crew. Johnson was taken to the third floor, untenanted save for himself, and ushered into a quiet and pleasant corner cell, whence he might solace himself by a view of the street and the courthouse park. Further, the deputy ministered to Mr. Johnson's hurts with water and court-plaster, and a beefsteak applied to a bruised and swollen eye. He volunteered his good offices as a witness in the moot matter of intoxication and in all ways gave him treatment befitting an honored guest.

"Now what else?" he said. "You can't get a hearing until to-morrow; the justice of the peace is out of town. Do you know anybody here? Can you give bail?"



"When You Smile at Me and Call Me Joey, What I Say Is—One-Third!"

"Ya-as, I reckon so. But I won't worry about that till to-morrow. Night in jail don't hurt anyone."

"If I can do anything for you don't hesitate to ask."

"Thank you kindly, I'll take you up on that. Just let me think up a little."

The upshot of his considerations was that the jailer carried to a tailor's shop Johnson's coat and vest, sadly mishandled during the brief affray on the bridge; the deputy dispatched a messenger to the Selden Farm with a note for Miss Mary Selden, and also made diligent inquiry as to Mr. Oscar Mitchell, reporting that Mr. Mitchell had taken the westbound flyer at four o'clock, together with Mr. Pelman, his clerk; both taking tickets to El Paso.

Later a complaisant jailer brought to Pete a goodly supper from the Algonquin, clean bedding, cigars, magazines and a lamp—the last item contrary to rule. He chatted with his prisoner during supper, cleared away the dishes, locked the cell door, with a cheerful wish for good night, and left Pete with his reflections.

Pete had hardly got to sleep when he was wakened by a queer, clinking noise. He sat up in the bed and listened.

The sound continued. It seemed to come from the window, from which the sash had been removed because of July heat. Pete went to investigate. He found, black and startling against the starlight beyond, a small rubber balloon, such as children love, bobbing up and down across the window; tied to it was a delicate silk fishline, which furnished the motive power. As this was pulled in or paid out the balloon scraped by the window, and a pocket-size cigar clipper, tied beneath at the end of a six-inch string, tinkled and scratched on the iron bars. Pete lit his lamp; the little balloon at once became stationary.

"This," said Pete, grinning hugely, "is the doings of that Selden kid. She is certainly one fine small person!"

Pete turned the lamp low and placed it on the floor at his feet, so that it should not unduly shape him against the window; he pulled gently on the line. It gave; a guarded whistle came softly from the dark shadow of the jail. Pete detached the captive balloon, with a blessing, and pulled in the fishline. Knotted to it was a stout cord, and in the knot was a small piece of paper, rolled cigarette fashion. Pete untied the knot; he dropped his coil of fishline out of the window, first securing the stronger cord by a turn round his hand lest he should inadvertently drop that as well; he held the paper to the light, and read the message:

"Waiting for you, with car, two blocks north. Destroy MS."

Pete pulled up the cord, hand over hand, and was presently rewarded by a small hacksaw, eminently suited for cutting bars; he drew in the slack again and this time came to the end of the cord, to which was fastened a strong rope. He drew this up noiselessly and laid the coils on the floor. Then he penciled a note, in turn:

"Clear out! I'll join you later."

He tied this missive on his cord, together with the cigar clipper, and lowered them from the window. There was a signaling tug at the cord; Pete dropped it.

Pete dressed himself; he placed a chair under the window; then he extinguished the lamp, took the saw, and prepared to saw out the bars. But it was destined to be otherwise. Even as he raised the saw he stiffened in his tracks, listening; his blood tingled to his finger tips. He heard a footstep on the stair, faint, guarded, but unmistakable. It came on, slowly, stealthily.

Pete thrust saw and rope under his mattress and flung himself upon it, all dressed as he was, face to the wall, with one careless arm under his head, just as if he had dropped asleep unawares.

A few seconds later came a little click, startling to tense nerves, at the cell door; a slender shaft of light lanced the darkness, spreading to a mellow cone of radiance. It searched and probed; it rested upon the silent figure on the bed.

"Sh-h-h!" said a sibilant whisper.

Peter muttered, rolled over uneasily, opened his eyes and leaped up, springing aside from that golden circle of light in well-simulated alarm.

"Hush-h!" said the whisper. "I'm going to let you out. Be quiet!"

Keys jingled softly in the dark; the lock turned gently and the door opened. In that brief flash of time Pete Johnson noted that there had been no hesitation about which key to use. His thought flew to the kindly undersheriff. His hand swept swiftly over the table; a match crackled.

"Have a cigar?" said Pete, extending the box with graceful courtesy.

"Fool!" snarled the visitor, and struck out the match.

But Pete had seen. The undersheriff was a man of medium stature; this large masked person was about the size of the larger of his lately made acquaintances, the brothers Poole.

"Come on!" whispered the rescuer huskily. "Mitchell sent me. He'll take you away in his car."

"Wait a minute! We'd just as well take these cigars," answered Pete in the same slinking tone. "Here; take a handful. How'd you get in?"

"Held the jailer up with a gun. Got him tied and gagged. Shut up, will you? You can talk when you get safe out of this." He tiptoed away, Pete following. The quivering searchlight crept along the hall; it picked out the stairs. Halfway down, Pete touched his guide on the shoulder.

"Wait!" Standing on the higher stair, he whispered in the larger man's ear: "You got all the keys?"

"Yes."

"Give 'em to me. I'll let all the prisoners go. If there's an alarm it'll make our chances for a get-away just so much better."

The Samaritan hesitated.

"Aw, I'd like to, all right! But I guess we'd better not."

He started on; the stair creaked horribly. In the hall below Pete overtook him and halted him again.

"Aw, come on—be a sport!" he urged. "Just open this one cell, here, and give that lad the keys. He can do the rest while we beat it. If you was in there, wouldn't you want to get out?"

This appeal had its effect on the Samaritan. He unlocked the cell door, after a cautious trying of half a dozen keys. Apparently his scruples returned again; he stood irresolute in the cell doorway, turning the searchlight on its yet unawakened occupant.

Peter swooped down from behind. His hands gripped the rescuer's ankles; he heaved swiftly, at the same time lunging forward with head and shoulders, with all the force of his small, seasoned body behind the effort. The Samaritan toppled over, sprawling on his face within the cell. With a heartfelt shriek the legal occupant leaped from his bunk and landed on the intruder's shoulder blades. Peter slammed shut the door; the spring lock clicked.

The searchlight rolled, luminous, along the floor; its glowworm light showed Poole's unmasked and twisted face. Pete snatched the bunch of keys and raced up the stairs, bending low to avoid a possible bullet; followed by disapproving words.

At the stairhead, beyond the range of a bullet's flight, Peter paused. Pandemonium reigned below. The roused prisoners shouted rage, alarm or joy, and whistled shrilly through their fingers, wild with excitement; and from the violated cell arose a prodigious crash of thudding fists, the smashing of a splintered chair, the sickening impact of locked bodies falling against the stone walls or upon the complaining bunk, accompanied by verbiage, and also by rattling of iron doors, hoots, cheers and catcalls from the other cells. Authority made no sign.

Peter crouched in the darkness above, smiling happily. From the duration of the conflict the combatants seemed to be equally matched. But the roar of battle grew presently feebler; curiosity stilled the audience, at least in part; it became evident, by the sound of stertorous and whistling breath, that Poole was choking his opponent into submission and offering profuse apologies for his disturbance of privacy. Mingled with this explanation were derogatory opinions of someone, delivered with extraordinary bitterness. From the context it would seem that those remarks were meant to apply to Peter Johnson. Listening intently, Peter seemed to hear from the first floor a feeble drumming, as of one beating the floor with bound feet. Then the tumult broke out afresh.

Peter went back to his cell and lit his lamp. Leaving the door wide open he coiled the rope neatly and placed it upon his table, laid the hacksaw beside it, undressed himself, blew out the light; and so lay down to pleasant dreams.

XIV

MR. JOHNSON was rudely wakened from his slumbers by a violent hand upon his shoulder. Opening his eyes, he smiled up into the scowling face of Undersheriff Barton.

"Good morning, sheriff," he said, and sat up, yawning.

The sun was shining brightly. Mr. Johnson reached for his trousers and yawned again.

The scandalized sheriff was unable to reply. He had been summoned by passers-by, who, hearing the turbulent clamor for breakfast made by the neglected prisoners, had hastened to give the alarm. He had found the jailer tightly bound, almost choked by his gag, suffering so cruelly from cramps that he could not get up when released, and barely able to utter the word "Johnson."

Acting on that hint, Barton had rushed upstairs, ignoring the shouts of his mutinous prisoners as he went through the second-floor corridor, to find on the third floor an opened cell, with a bunch of keys hanging in the door, the rope and saw upon the table, Mr. Johnson's neatly folded clothing on the chair, and Mr. Johnson peacefully asleep. The sheriff pointed to the rope and saw, and choked, spluttering inarticulate noises. Mr. Johnson suspended dressing operations and patted him on the back.

"There, there!" he crooned benevolently. "Take it easy. What's the trouble? I hate to see you all worked up like this, for you was sure mighty white to me yesterday. Nicest jail I ever was in. But there was a thundering racket downstairs last night. I ain't complainin' none—I wouldn't be that ungrateful, after all you done for me. But I didn't get a good night's rest. Wish you'd put me in another cell to-night. There was folks droppin' in here at all hours of the night, pesterin' me. I didn't sleep good at all."

"Dropping in? What in hell do you mean?" gurgled the sheriff, still pointing to rope and saw.

"Why, sheriff, what's the matter? Aren't you a little mite petulant this A. M.? What have I done that you should be so short to me?"

"That's what I want to know. What have you been doing here?"

"I ain't been doing nothing, I tell you—except staying here, where I belong," said Pete virtuously.

His eye followed the sheriff's pointing finger, and rested, without a qualm, on the evidence. The sheriff laid a trembling hand on the coiled rope. "How'd you get this in, damn you?"

"That rope? Oh, a fellow shoved it through the bars! Wanted me to saw my way out and go with him, I reckon. I didn't want to argue with him, so I just took it and didn't let on I wasn't coming. Wasn't that right? Why, I thought you'd be pleased! I couldn't have any way of knowing that you'd take it like this."

"Shoved it in through a third story window?"

Pete's ingenuous face took on an injured look. "I reckon maybe he stood on his tiptoes," he admitted.

"Who was it?"

"I don't know," said Pete truthfully. "He didn't speak and I didn't see him. Maybe he didn't want me to break jail; but I thought, seein' the saw and all, he had some such idea in mind."

"Did he bring the keys too?"

"Oh, no—that was another man entirely. He came a little later. And he sure wanted me to quit

(Continued on Page 105)

In the Cell Opposite Were Two Bruised and Tattered Inmates Where There Should Have Been but One

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 12, 1917

As to a "Dollar War"

WE SOMETIMES lose patience, in this highly serious situation, with sentimental patriots who keep clamoring that we must on no account fight a "dollar war."

We must fight that kind of war which, in the judgment of the best experts among ourselves and our allies, will be most effectual in subduing the enemy. The United States is not playing to the grand stand. It is not casting itself for a heart-interest rôle in a melodrama. It is going very soberly about the business of exerting its energies in whatever way is most likely to achieve a strictly practical result.

It will prepare an army; and just as soon as it is more advisable, in the cool judgment of those who know best, to ship soldiers than to ship supplies, it will ship them. Getting a handful of American troops into the spotlight is mere theatricals.

We are continually reminded that England went over to the French Front and took back a great number of volunteer soldiers, because she discovered that those men, being skilled artisans in trades that supplied the army, could be more useful to the country at a workbench in England than in a trench in France.

Whether an American soldier ever sets foot in Europe must depend upon conditions that nobody now can foresee.

If, in view of the whole situation, his weight against the German line does not compensate for the expenditure of energy necessary to get him there, when the same energy could be spent in ways that would actually count against Germany, then sending him would be sentimental folly.

We are not fighting with a check book now. This loan to the Allies means that we are furnishing them, on virtually their own terms, with the products of our labor—the food, cotton, guns, powder, and so on, they need. We are literally working for them. So long as our situation and theirs are such that we can serve best in the commissary department, we should accept the less thrilling rôle cheerfully, while steadily and vigorously preparing to assume the fighting rôle just as soon as we can do it effectually.

Censorship

THE morning newspapers announced that President Wilson had appointed a press censor. That afternoon we were told—in the very strictest confidence—that a United States cruiser had just sunk a German sea raider within gun range of New York Harbor. The information came straight from an officer of the Navy; so there was no question about it.

But, of course, the newspapers could not print it—censorship, you know.

Such is the first effect of even printing the word "censor" in newspaper headlines. At that time there was no censorship. The President had appointed Mr. Creel to advise with the newspapers in a general way as to what it would be expedient for them to print about the war.

Very likely there will be a real censorship, with actual power to prevent publication of matter that is deemed injurious to public welfare. But the more censorship there is, the more room there will be for the circulation of wild and disturbing inventions, and the more nervous the public will be lest something of much importance is happening that it is kept in the dark about. Any censorship must, to some degree, impair the public's confidence in the printed information presented to it.

The very least censorship we can possibly get along with is the best.

Chairman Creel undoubtedly understands this.

Paying the Interest

AT THREE and a half per cent the yearly interest on our five-billion-dollar war loan will come to a hundred and seventy-five million dollars—nearly one-third as much as we spend on the public schools; and it is notorious that the public schools need more money.

This annual interest charge is less than sixty per cent of the sum Senator Aldrich declared could be saved at Washington if the Federal Government were run as economically as it might well be without at all impairing its efficiency.

Since that declaration, expenditures of the Federal Government have decidedly increased; but there has been no real effort to check the waste that everybody knows to exist there.

The Government is calling for economy everywhere else. It is urging elimination of waste in every other spot. The President's war proclamation to the people says: "It is evident to every thinking man that our industries, on the farms, in the shipyards, in the mines, in the factories, must be made more efficient than ever; and that they must be more economically managed."

What, then, about the organization at Washington that will have the spending of more than four billion dollars of public wealth—raised by taxation and borrowing—in the coming year?

Shall the Departments still be ill-organized? Shall they still contain a great many unpensioned and undischargeable valetudinarian placeholders? Shall members of Congress block bills that would save millions but interfere with their personal patronage? Shall a scientific scheme of waterway improvements and public building supplant the pork barrel?

The story is well known. Is it to be continued under these circumstances?

A Man Who Bit

THE following letter has lain for some time on our desk because we really could not think of anything pertinent to say to it:

"We have been hearing a great deal about the opportunities for American trade in China. We are told that to develop those opportunities is a national obligation and a patriotic duty.

"If American trade in China, or anywhere else on the globe, is developed, it will be due finally to individual effort. It will be because individual Americans, operating alone or through private corporations, invest their capital there, buy Chinese securities, build warehouses, establish branch offices, send salesmen and resident agents.

"A good many years ago I used to hear the same things about Mexico that I now hear about China. I heard that to develop the opportunities for American business relations with Mexico was a national obligation. I bit. I invested capital in Mexico and assisted in establishing a business there.

"When Mexicans began destroying the capital and shooting up the business, I was told, in the press and from Washington, that I was only a piratical gambler engaged in 'exploiting' the Mexican people; that I had taken a long chance in expectation of winning a long profit; and, as my motive was a purely selfish one, I was entitled to no consideration.

"Will American trade in China, or anywhere else, ever be developed except through the selfish desire of individuals to make a profit?

"How can American capital and enterprise—in China or Pennsylvania—construct railroads, open up mines, build mills and sell goods without exploiting the country—that is, making a profit out of it?"

Getting Better

ONLY a few years ago, as history runs, war was regarded as a legitimate opportunity to pillage a nation. Patriots who were in a position to do the pillaging, by furnishing the government supplies, were quite expected to charge all the traffic would bear.

Civil War graft and jobbery are well known. They were known at the time. Somebody, somewhere, reports that a delegation waited upon Lincoln, with proof of jobbery in army contracts; and he replied: "I know all that, and much more; but I can't stop it without checking the war."

Certainly men were patriotic in those days; but they regarded the world primarily as a place for the individual to hustle in—and grab such opportunities as might come his way by any means short of a slung shot and jimmy.

The Government announces that no individual shall profit by this war, so far as profiting can be prevented; and everybody accepts the announcement as a matter of course.

A different attitude would be almost unanimously regarded as intolerable.

A social sense has evolved. A feeling of human solidarity has saturated our minds, so that we hardly think of arguing about it. That is why it has been so easy for European democracies to go to lengths of state socialism for war purposes which would have struck any responsible statesman of fifty years ago with amazement.

It remains to push this sense of solidarity decisively across international lines, so that another such crime against all human society as this war is will be fairly impossible. That step is going to be much easier than statesmen who still think internationally in the terms of 1860 now imagine.

A Footnote for Mr. Kipling

WE NOW heartily forgive England for detaining our ships and reading our mail; but it is a bit difficult to forgive the self-righteous misapprehension of the United States which her unofficial poet laureate recently handed us in doubtful rime. Greeting a new ally by throwing the cold slops from last year's vessels of wrath into his face is hardly neighborly. That so representative an Englishman utterly fails to comprehend that the United States is standing just where it stood last year—only that Germany has pushed a different set of conditions in front of it—is somewhat discouraging.

We are not in the least aware of having found our soul through the Kaiser's forcing us into a war that we wished to avoid. We are not at all aware of ever having lost that article.

A Debt to the Allies

ON A FAIR reckoning, if the war lasts a year we shall probably owe the Allies three billion dollars; for in a year of warfare we shall probably have profited by their experience to that extent. The mistakes they made in the first year of war, and which they are now aware of and can show us how to avoid, no doubt run into ten figures.

Their experience is such a preparation for us as Germany would have been unable to achieve before the war opened. They now know much better how to conduct a modern war than Germany knew in 1914. Their present equipment, matched against Germany's of three years ago, would have smashed it as Germany hoped to smash half-ready France and Russia. All this dearly bought experience is now available to us. In a thousand details we know just what to do, where we should have been groping in the dark if left to ourselves.

We are at war with Germany, but the Allies are doing all the actual fighting; and that condition will continue for many months. The precise terms under which we coöperate, by furnishing the products of our labor in the form of food, munitions, ships, and so on, are immaterial now—whether we call them three and a half per cent at twenty years or set down some other figures. But our account with the Allies is open at both ends. If it should turn out that they are winning the war on the Western Front, while we are only getting ready, we should make a very liberal settlement of the book account.

If You See a U-Boat

THE place to hunt German submarines is where the hunting is best, as Admiral Jellicoe pointed out, and that is as near as possible to their base.

No doubt we shall have rumors of German U-boats and raiders all along the Atlantic Coast; and very likely we shall have some realities of that nature. But we must not have any repetition of the performance of 1898, when some coast cities clamored for the whole Atlantic Fleet, at a time when Cervera's squadron, in fact, was two thousand miles away. Indeed, 1898 is largely important now as a reminder of what we must not do.

The country's immediate and pressingly important job is to strike at the submarines in the most effectual possible way. Whatever risks are involved must be assumed cheerfully. If it is better strategy, in the opinion of those most competent to judge, to send every bottom the Government can command into the English Channel, let every bottom go. No one imagines that so sweeping a move will be advisable; but the protection of any point on the Atlantic Coast, from New York Harbor to Clamhunters' Landing, is to be decided strictly by its relations to the whole naval strategy and in view of the main object of combating submarines most effectually. Local preferences are to have no consideration; and the less lay advice offered to the Navy, the better.

If you see a U-boat, notify the police and go about your business.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

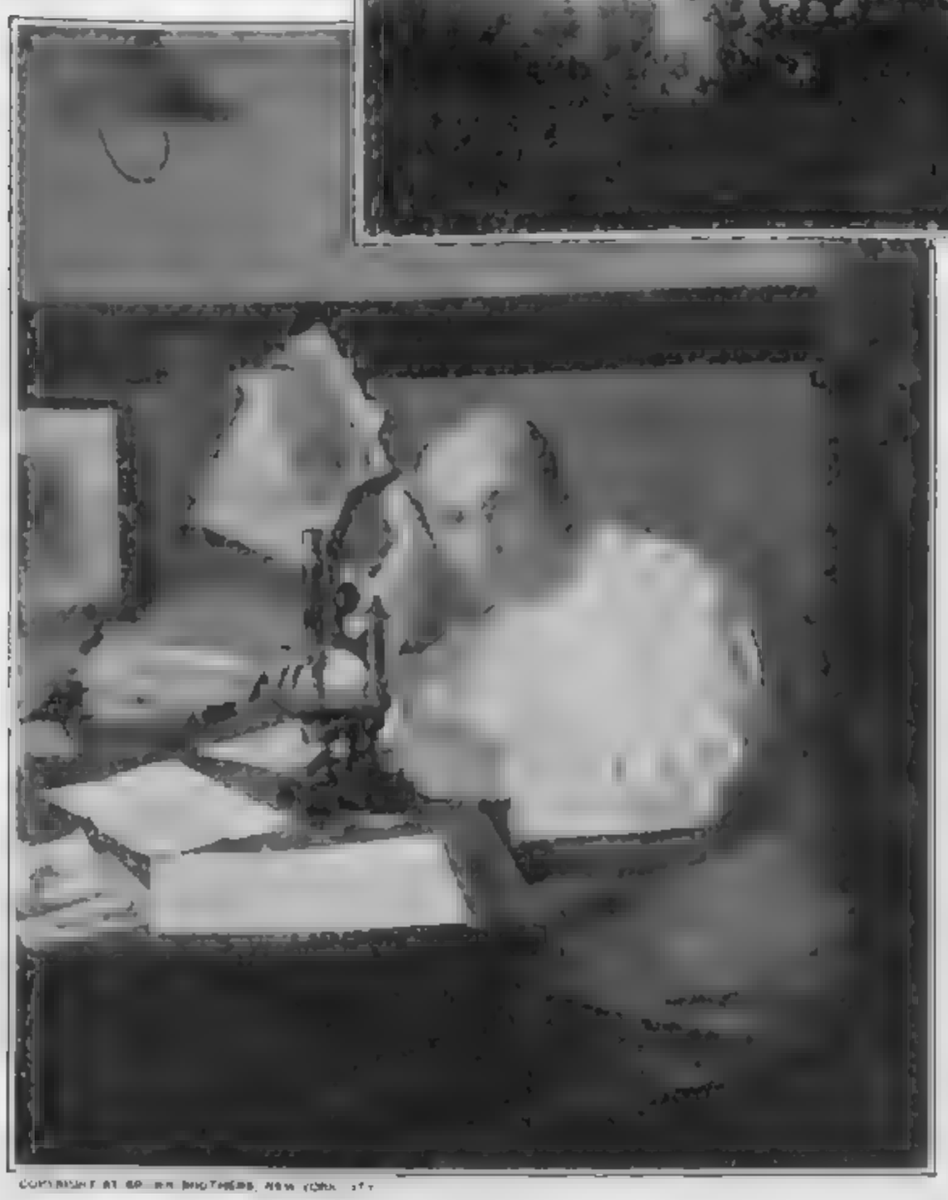
Hugh L. Scott

AS CHIEF OF STAFF, General Scott is responsible for planning to meet the military needs of all situations that may arise as a result of our war with Germany, and will be in charge of carrying out any plans for military training that Congress adopts. It may seem contradictory to say that this foremost American soldier is perhaps best known for his accomplishments as a peacemaker, but it is none the less true. He early made a reputation for himself as bearer of the American olive branch during the Indian campaigns, and he lived up to this reputation later in the Philippines and still more recently in Mexico. When a people goes to war behind leaders such as President Wilson and General Scott, they can do so confident that their cause is just.

Alexis Carrel

POSSIBLY many of the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST may fail to recognize the photograph shown below as that of Dr. Alexis Carrel, the famous surgeon, but there will be few among them who have not heard something of the new Carrel-Dakin treatment that has written a new page into surgical history during the present war. Doctor Carrel and Doctor Dakin are leaving their hospital on the French Front and returning to the United States, where they will take charge of a unit hospital to be started under the direction of the Rockefeller Institute, for the purpose of demonstrating to army surgeons, public health officers and Red Cross nurses the latest methods in surgical efficiency. No country can be said to be really unprepared that has available the resources of experience that such men as Doctor Carrel and Mr. Hoover are bringing home to us.

PHOTO FROM H. L. HANSEN, GLACIER PARK, MONTANA



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Arthur Woods

THE peaceful-looking gentleman shown in the lower right-hand corner, about to step into his automobile, though he wears no uniform or decorations is the commander of an army of 11,000 trained men.

Police Commissioner Woods, whose story was told by Edwin Lefèvre in a recent issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, has furnished this country a remarkable example of how the police force can be taken out of politics and prepared in times of peace for all the emergencies of war. Among the nuts that his department has undertaken to crack are such questions as the control of food supplies, protection against alien enemies and the formation of a home-defense league. New York is to be congratulated.

Other cities please copy!

Mary Roberts Rinehart—Herself

By Herself

WRITERS ought not to have any particular characteristics. As a matter of fact, a lot of them do not. And this is as it should be, because what are we but mirrors, sometimes clouded with the breath of life, but rather more frequently only reflecting, not too well, our times, our customs, the thought of the moment.

We record interesting events and therefore become interesting. So a writer is his work and his work is the writer, and nothing else is of any importance.

I like this, because it relieves me of the necessity of telling such nonessentials as dates. I gave my birth-year once, when I was filled with pride at being asked for it, to Who's Who in America, and I have lived to regret it. The only thing of importance—and that chiefly to me—is that I have lived hard since, have worked hard and played hard. And I think I shall die hard, because I love life so well.

(Concluded on Page 34)

The True Character of Our Navy

By Commander Stanford E. Moses

To-Day Our Navy Constitutes Perhaps the Most Typically American Group of its Size Anywhere

THE United States of America has become a great workshop of war. In this great factory we hope to build, on sure foundations, a lasting peace. This war machine is a complex establishment of many parts; and one part is the navy.

Every American is a stockholder in this organization for the production of peace. Every able-bodied young American may become a worker in the ranks. Whether in the army, in the navy or in the industrial reserves, every patriotic American now turns his eyes to the crucial problems of the present and asks himself what he can do to play a worthy part.

We have been born to liberty and freedom. For these great blessings we have not fully paid.

Nothing worth having is without its cost. We now should gladly pay with loyal service for these liberties, and to maintain the freedom of the seas. All civilization is warring for those rights that we Americans inherited from our forefathers.

One of the great factors in any war we wage must be the navy. In a great country like ours—so vast, so young, so rapidly growing, and so absorbed with its own internal problems—the navy has been comparatively little known.

Inland, between the mountain ranges, in the great cities of the plains, and villages, and on the farm lands of the Middle West, our navy has seemed almost a plaything; a thing of spotless ships, salutes and uniforms; of officers and seamen and marines.

And the Naval Academy, with its healthy, boyish midshipmen, is seen only in its playtime. Inland, and not so far from the seacoasts as the mountain ranges or the plains, our navy has been almost a stranger in its native land. But, broadly speaking, from the days of Paul Jones and Decatur down to the present day, the navy has been held by the people of the United States close to the heart of the nation in every time of crisis.

The Teachings of Admiral Mahan

THE people have looked upon the navy with generous appreciation and respect, though its true character has been little understood, except by a few.

Fortunately for the navy, and also for the country—because their fates are bound together—a clearer realization now begins to dawn upon America as to the true character of the navy.

It is our most truly American institution. Built in our own seaports from our own materials, manned by Americans from every state, and named for our states and cities, the navy is representative of the country.

It may not be considered very military as to form, but it contains the stuff and the substance of America. The spirit of the service burns a steady flame, passed on by steady hands from year to year, and from war to war. It is the spirit of discipline and duty that guides the navy on its steady course, and animates every man who wears the uniform, from the oldest admiral to the youngest apprentice.

There is no glamour in naval life for those who live it. It is a life of many pleasant places; but these are as oases in the deserts. It is a life assured of many hardships and privations, and of self-sacrifice. But, still, it is a life that any earnest man may make a life of honor; a life worth while and worthy, useful to himself and to his country, and to his fellow men.

England and Germany, taught by the late Admiral Alfred T. Mahan, have taken to heart the lessons of the past, and have learned to estimate in its true and paramount proportion the influence of sea power upon history. Had America heeded as Europe has heeded the voice of this American naval officer, we should to-day be better prepared to meet this greatest crisis in our national life.

Alfred Thayer Mahan was the greatest graduate of our Naval Academy at Annapolis. Almost unknown during his lifetime to the masses of his fellow countrymen, his name and fame may yet become immortal. In naval affairs he has been for a generation the oracle of England. "Always the seer is the sayer"; and England lives through her quick appreciation of the truth to which Mahan first gave expression, and she holds a strangling grip on Germany with her fleet. Except for Mahan, the navy of England would not have been prepared for the part it has had to play.

And what of our navy? Where do we stand to-day? These are questions millions of Americans must be asking themselves. This is not merely a matter in which all Americans may be interested, it is one in which, sooner or later, they must be interested, for war is at our doors and danger threatens.

What, then, is the true character of our navy? The navy understands itself, and a few staunch friends understand it; but that is not enough. The country, as a whole, should understand it—stripped of all glamour, seeing its daily problems, and understanding its steadfast purpose, which is to prepare through years of peace for the final day of battle.

The true character of anything is the sum of all its qualities, good and bad. It has been said that character is what a person or thing really is, as distinguished from what it is generally thought to be. This is the distinction that must be drawn in order to arrive at a just appreciation of the true character of our navy.

Ships and Men

NOW the whole problem of the navy, like "All Gaul," is divided into three parts: Ships; men; and the proper employment of the ships and men. Or the three parts of the navy problem may be designated as material, personnel, and operations. The trident of Neptune is symbolic; and someone has said—perhaps it was Napoleon—"The trident of Neptune is the scepter of the world."

Nelson said that ships are to men as one to three; and Napoleon—once more Napoleon—said that the moral factor is to the material as three to one. The three great factors in a successful navy are the ships, the men, and the spirit in which they are employed.

The problem of getting the ships is the simplest, and need not be discussed. The problem of employment of the ships and men is one too complex for laymen. It is like the practice of medicine or the practice of law; the employment of the ships and men of the navy is the naval profession. But midway between the first, the simplest, problem of getting the ships and the third and final problem of using the ships and men—the problem the navy itself must solve—comes the second problem, of getting the men.

Most readers imagine that if the navy wants men, as a factory wants "hands," the Navy Department is as free to enlist recruits as a factory is to take on new men. Such an impression is quite erroneous. The number of officers and men who may be commissioned or recruited for the navy is fixed by law; and there are many necessary restrictions as to age and citizenship, and physical and mental qualifications.

The rates of pay for the navy are also fixed by law, and are relatively low. Private business is more flexible than government business; but even commercial establishments often discover that this problem of getting skilled labor is the controlling consideration when sudden expansion is attempted.

The navy of the United States is now facing the greatest expansion in material and in men that it has ever undertaken. This great expansion of the navy comes when all the resources of the country are so taxed by the abnormal demands of the European war that material and labor are to be had only at premium prices.

These factors greatly complicate the problem. If the navy could be recruited under the easy standards of the merchant service it could very easily be kept up to the limits allowed by law. In 1916 nearly ninety thousand men applied for enlistment; but only twenty-one thousand of these applicants could be accepted—less than a fourth of the total number.

There are good reasons for the high standards maintained by the navy. It requires time and effort to make an efficient man-of-war's man out of a raw recruit. The navy, therefore, endeavors to assure itself that applicants possess the necessary qualities and stamina for the required development before they are accepted.

(Continued on Page 32)

In the Days of the Old Navy

RALLYING TO THE REPUBLIC

FROM four to five hundred people are changing to Republic Tires *every day*.

Our records show a spontaneous and very large increase of new Republic customers everywhere.

To one unfamiliar with the facts, this trend toward Republic Tires might seem sudden and surprising.

The truth is that it is merely a climax and a culmination of years of steady growth.

It is especially due to what people have learned in the past year about the Prōdium Process of compounding rubber.

The American people are seldom stampeded—in tire-buying especially—by the mere promise of an improved process.

But when they have seen it proven—as it has been proven that the Prōdium Process makes Republic Tires tougher and stronger—they go over to the improved product almost in a body.

That is exactly what is happening in the case of Republic Tires.

The word has gone from user to user during a period of twelve months, that Republic Tires do last longer.

This word-of-mouth advertising has been very much more effective than anything we might have said.

When one user tells another that Republic Tires wear down evenly and slowly, like a piece of steel, the hearer is convinced.

The volume of those convinced runs now into hundreds of thousands.

With the last doubt removed, there has grown up almost over night, a transfer of patronage to Republic that *now* approaches the proportions of a stampede.

We are trebling the size and capacity of the Republic plants.

But for a year to come, all the Republic Tires we can supply the dealer will be snapped up as soon as they are received.

Republic Black-Line Red Inner Tubes have a reputation for freedom from trouble

The Republic Rubber Company, Youngstown, Ohio
Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire

REPUBLIC TIRES

(Continued from Page 30)

If unfit men are enlisted, one of two undesirable things may happen: Either the service will acquire men who are a drag upon its efficiency, or else the pension roll must bear the burden.

The number of men, otherwise physically fit, who are rejected for the one fault of defective teeth would go a long way toward filling all vacancies in the navy. But military service, especially when a crisis comes, makes severe demands upon the physique; and sound teeth are good physical insurance.

It is said that a recruit who was refused enlistment in the British Army because of defective teeth protested vigorously that he wanted to shoot the enemy—not bite him. But experience has taught that men who are not physically fit may fail to reach the firing line.

Getting men for the navy cannot be correctly measured by the standards of private employment. A better comparison is to be found in the employment of labor at navy yards.

At our navy yards the workmen are not enlisted men. They are employed under civil-service rules. When navy yards are established near large industrial and commercial centers the supply of labor in the adjacent commercial establishments forms the reservoir from which the yard workmen are recruited. At the Philadelphia Navy Yard, for example, located in a community said to compass the greatest body of skilled artisans to be found in any place on the globe, the supply of labor, except in periods of abnormal industrial activity, has always been ample in quantity and excellent in quality.

On the West Coast, near Seattle, the Puget Sound Naval Station was established in a wilderness. There the problem of supplying the required labor was quite different; but the problem solved itself, as such problems always do, under the laws of supply and demand. A community has gradually grown up round the Puget Sound Naval Station, and from this community or through its agencies the necessary labor is supplied.

Green But Game

It is the same with recruiting the navy. The larger our merchant marine, the larger body of seagoing men upon which the navy can draw. Without an adequate merchant marine, recruiting is a more gradual process, and largely one of education. This campaign of education or publicity accounts for the cost of recruiting. The more gradual process of recruiting from the interior has advantages that far outweigh its cost.

The West Coast knows the navy—knows it perhaps more intimately than the East Coast does; knows it with that freedom and friendliness which are characteristic of the West. The inland states, as a whole, can know the navy only by hearsay. If the men who enlist from the inland states return to their homes with good accounts of the navy and of themselves, these men may reënlist and return to the navy, and bring others with them. If they take to their homes some unattractive impression of life in the navy, then they and their friends will keep out of it.

Whatever the picture of life in the navy may be, it is due to two elements: First, the actual impress of the navy itself; and, second, the character of the person receiving the impression. On one ship forty men were recently paid off together, having completed their four years' enlistment. These forty men had come from twenty-one different states and were then returning to their homes. In this manner, gradually, as in the case of the Puget Sound Naval Station, communities which had previously known nothing of the navy will supply their quota of men.

There is great risk in recruiting men from the interior, but it tends to Americanize the navy. The risk is mutual. Men who sign a binding contract and put on the naval uniform before they have ever seen salt water take a chance with Fate. The working conditions and the strictly regulated life they must lead may really be as much of a misfit as the first uniform seems to be. In spite of statements to the contrary, it is a fact that recruiting officers make every effort to explain to inexperienced applicants for enlistment the actual conditions of life in the navy. But to a novice such conditions can never be explained; the life must be lived in order to be understood.

Voyagers to Europe whose first trip was a stormy one will appreciate this fact. The navy finds that some men who enlist are by nature, habits and training so constituted that they can never be made efficient man-of-war's men. And, conversely, some men find the navy, by its requirements and conditions, so constituted that they never wish to be man-of-war's men. But it is surprising and gratifying to find how rapidly and well recruits from inland states fall in with the demands of life so strangely new. Great numbers return to their homes upon the expiration of their first enlistment with a petty officer's rating badge upon the arm and an honorable discharge in pocket. The general public has no conception of the merit or the meaning of these things.

Every practicable test that time and experience have proved is applied to the selection of the best men for promotion.

There was a story current in the navy several years ago that illustrates how utterly unfamiliar the requirements of navy life are to the inland recruit; and, at the same time, this story emphasizes the note of manly courage and spirit in the recruit, which outweighs every other consideration. This story is typical of many incidents, trivial in themselves, which throw a clear light upon the true character of our navy.

A battleship was at target practice, firing heavy shot at short range at a canvas target mounted on a wooden raft. The ship steamed across one side of a triangle, with the target at the opposite point of the triangle, and fired rapidly as she went. A number of shots pierced the canvas screen and sent great fountains of water into the air; some missed; and some sent up a rain of splintered timber from the wooden raft. No man could have lived for a minute in that blast of plunging shot and flying wreckage.

Following the firing ship, as closely as it was safe to do so, came the repair party in a steam launch and a cutter, with spare parts and material for repairing a damaged target, or for setting a new screen, if necessary. The repair party also carried sundry pots of paint of different colors. As soon as the firing ship completed her run and turned away from the target the repair party's duty was to dash up to the raft, repair the damage, record the score, and "paint out the hits." This painting out the hits meant marking with fresh paint round the holes—red for the first run, green for the second run, and other colors for successive runs, until a new target should be required.

On this occasion a petty officer with a keen sense of humor was in charge of the repair party, which is usually made up of experienced men. His eye caught sight of a very raw recruit, just harvested from a Western farm. The boy's cheek had blanched a little at the first roar of the guns, and the havoc wrought by the hail of shell was enough to terrify any novice. The work at the raft was really dangerous, with a choppy open sea and the launches plunging like bronchos tethered to the target.

When the work of the repair party had been completed after the end of the first run, a warning whistle from the battleship signaled them to get out of danger. The firing flag was up, the ship was approaching the firing point and there was no time to lose. But the practical joker will have his joke.

The petty officer in charge of the repair party winked slowly and meaningly at some of the men, and said to the new recruit:

"Now, Smith, you take this pot of green paint and stand here on the raft, with a brush in your hand, with one eye on the target and your other eye on the ship. And as fast as new holes show up in the screen you paint a green ring round each hole; and don't get in the way of the shell."

Smith, quite aghast, said:

"For the love of Mike! Do you mean for me to stay here on this raft while that ship is shooting at me? No man could live a minute."

The petty officer answered hurriedly:

"Don't get such a false idea of your own importance; the ship will be shooting at the target—not at you. The profession of arms is a dangerous calling, my son, and every man must take his chance."

Smith turned a little paler, but a gleam came into his eyes. He had seen some of the older sailors smiling, but it was serious business to him. He said, so simply that no repetition of the story can ever show the heroism of it:

"Oh, well; if this is what I enlisted for I'll play the game. But the recruiting officer forgot to tell me about this. Here is my mother's address."

He had actually begun to write his home address on a leaf from the score book, when a second warning whistle came from the battleship, and the coxswain called "Shove off!" Someone caught Smith by the collar and yanked him into the moving boat as the repair launch sped clear of the target raft. The laugh was general at Smith's expense; but the petty officer in charge did not join in. That night, on deck, he said quietly to Smith:

"You stick to this job and you'll make good, my son."

Traditions of the Navy

In the days of the old navy, in Decatur's time, and for many years thereafter, our navy was truly American only in its officers; the crews were polyglot. On one of our men-of-war it is said that one of the few real Yankees in the crew hung out a sign between two guns: "American spoken here." To-day our navy, officers and men, constitutes perhaps the most homogeneous and typically American group of its size to be found anywhere.

Generally speaking, all that has been said on the subject of applications for enlistment in the rank and file is true regarding applicants for appointment to the Naval Academy, except that the proportion of applicants to vacancies at Annapolis is larger. As an actual example, there were recently fifty applicants for one of the vacancies at the Naval Academy. If the real value of an appointment as midshipman could be brought home to all the schoolboys in the United States the number of applicants would be enormously increased.

An appointment as midshipman offers a boy a fine education, fine physical instruction, and training that develops the characteristics of a type. This training is the inheritance of the navy from its earliest days. The Naval Academy, along with the education and physical instruction, seeks to mold the character of midshipmen into a manhood of that higher type which has been handed on and on, from Paul Jones and Decatur to Farragut and Dewey.

When a newly entered class of midshipmen assembles at the Naval Academy for the first time, these midshipmen form a group of more than usual interest. Looking ahead and trying to imagine the pages of our country's history where naval officers must in every generation play their part, we can see these boys. Then they will have grown to manhood. Years will have lent experience to their training for the parts they must play. But it is in those crowded hard-working years at the Naval Academy that the character is formed which shapes the course of their maturer years.

These boys have been sifted, selected and examined, and found qualified; and they are drawn from every congressional district of the United States and from the ranks of the younger enlisted men of the navy. From the very day when the midshipmen first enter the Naval Academy it becomes the aim of every officer stationed at

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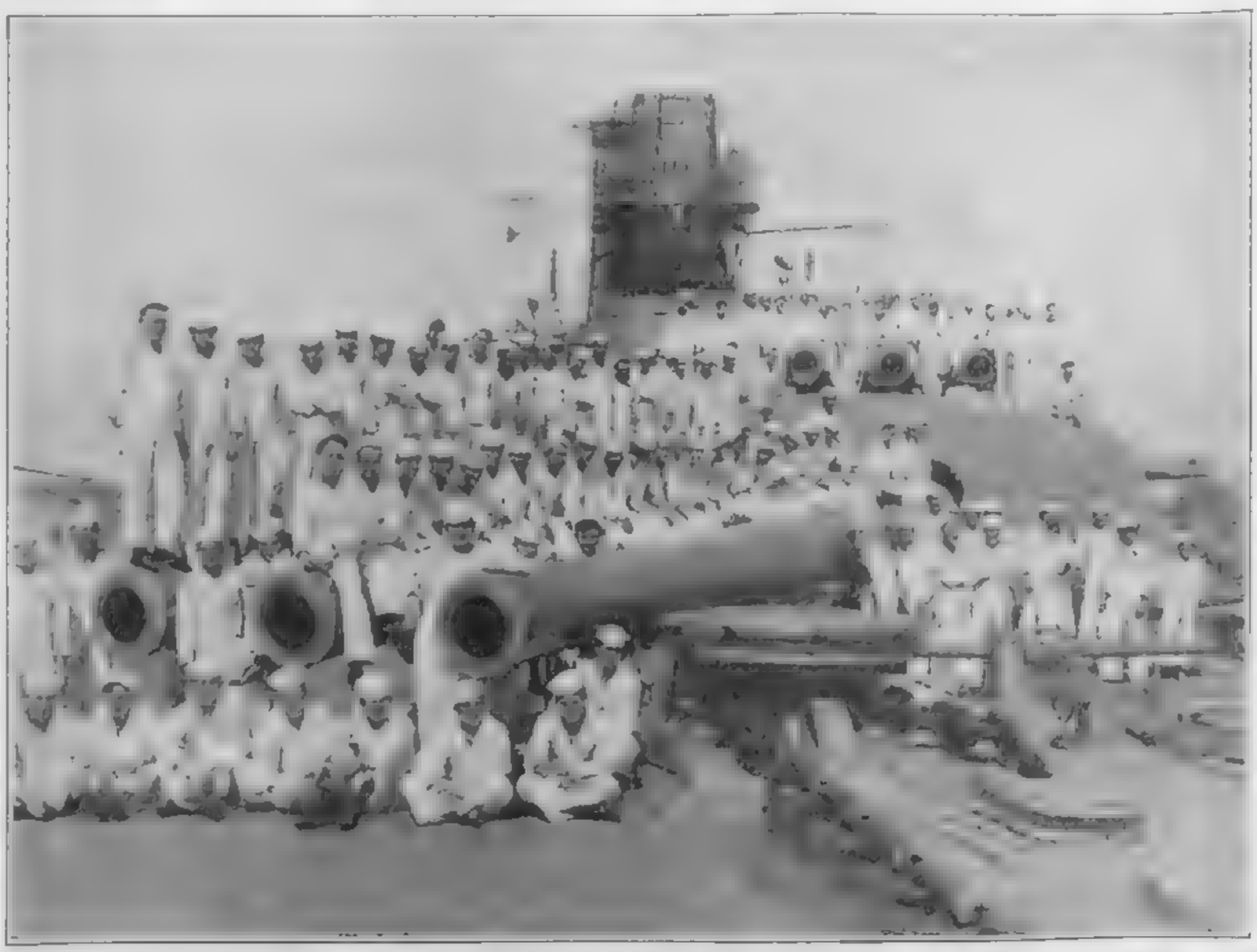
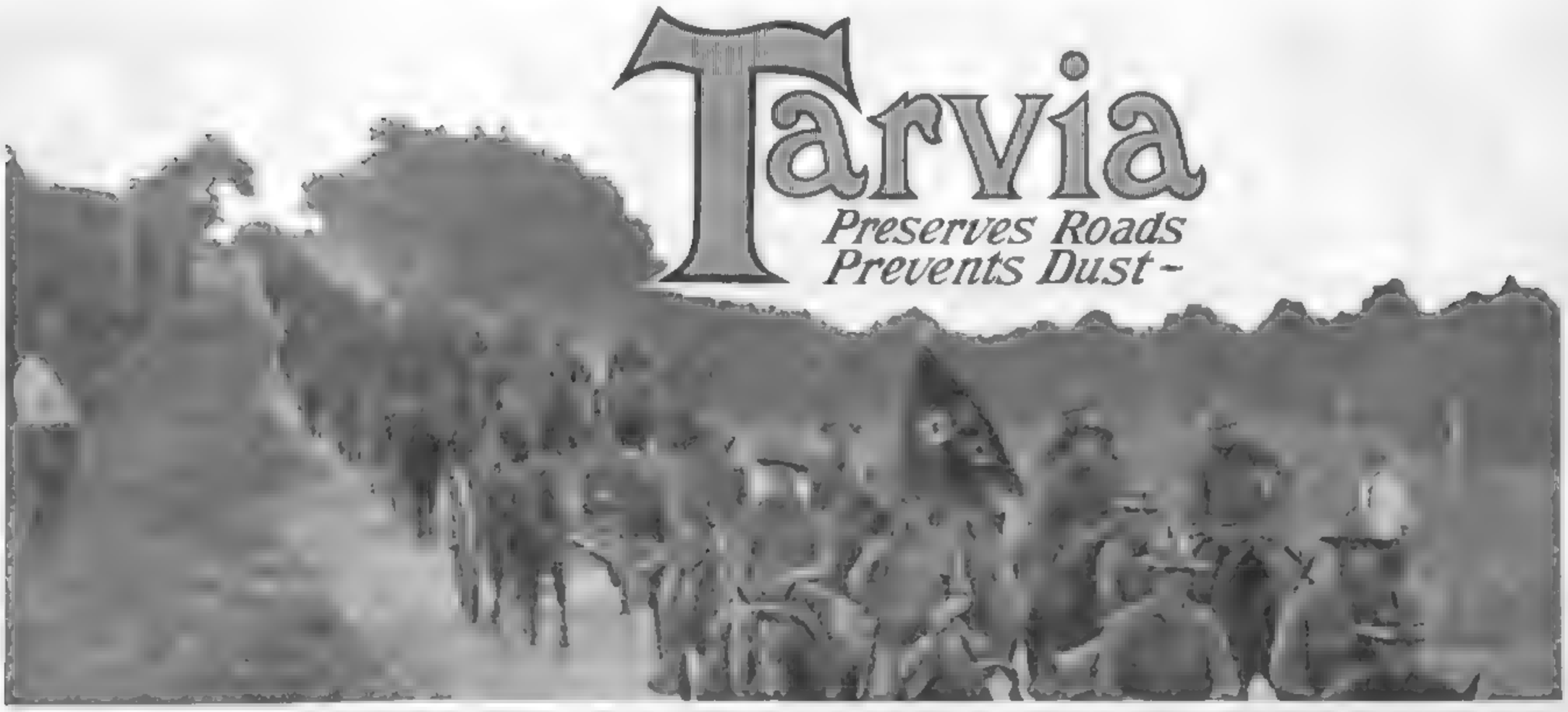


Two Triple Gun Turrets and Their Crews



"Marching Through Texas"

How a great state learned its "good roads" lesson from the soldier boys of Uncle Sam!

ALL Texas now knows that "good roads" pay! All Texas has now learned the difference between really "*good* roads" and roads that were supposed to be good.

When Uncle Sam's boys came to camp in Texas and tramped up and down its southern highways, many a supposed-to-be good road went to pieces under foot and hoof and auto-truck tire.

Roads that got the equivalent of *years* of travel in a few *hours* had to be "good roads" to stand the terrific strain.

And the roads that did stand up under the test became quickly famous throughout the state.

That's why, everywhere you go in Texas, you find them talking about, reading and writing about, and building, "*The Kind of Roads that Stood the Army Test!*"

And that means TARVIA ROADS!

The Great Troop Movement!

Here is what the Gainesville *Daily Register* had to say about a part of the great army maneuvers near Fort Sam Houston:

"This army movement, the greatest since the Civil War, was twelve miles long and required four hours to pass a given point.

"It consisted of 15,000 infantrymen, 275 heavily loaded five-ton motor-trucks, 600 wagons and 6,000 horses, in addition to all the field artillery, machine guns, mountain batteries and other equipment.

Troops passing over Tarvia-treated Government post-road, Travis County, Texas, Sept 23, 1916.

"It would seem that the passing of this division twice over the road would be a severe test, but this was not all the punishment it received.

"In order that the troops might have fresh supplies, the old way of carrying three days' rations was discontinued, and they were supplied by daily motor-truck service direct from Fort Sam Houston. This kept a string of trucks constantly in service between the two points.

Terrific Wear and Tear

"Also, the 6,000 horses were driven over a portion of the Tarviated surface twice daily for five days, to which should be added the ordinary traffic, which averages 1,500 automobiles per day, many horse-driven wagons, etc.

"The entire post-road is about eighty miles in length, built of gravel, and was constructed under the supervision of a Government engineer who was assigned to the work.

"Eleven miles of this road are in Travis County. This portion was completed and accepted in February, 1916, only seven months before, and at the time of the troop movement was in process of being surfaced.

"Only thirty-six hours before the troops passed over it, eight miles had been Tarviated under the Finley Method and three miles were still with a gravel surface.

How The Tarvia Roads Stood Up

"It is remarkable that while the graveled portion was so badly damaged that it required 100 cubic yards of gravel to the mile to put it in condition to be surfaced, the Tarviated section withstood this remarkable traffic without apparent damage."

The Austin *American* of September 23d reported the event as follows:

"The post-road recently Tarviated resisted the hoof-beats and apparently has not been damaged by the unusual wear to which it is being subjected."

Judge Wm. Von Rosenberg and the Commissioners of Travis County were so well pleased with the way the surfaced section withstood the traffic that on October 13th they let a contract to the Finley Method Company for 8.3 miles more of this work, making a total of 23.3 miles of their roads in Travis County.

Travis County Tarvia-treated post-road after troops had been over it.

Help Your Town Profit by This Example!

The success of Tarvia in Texas has been duplicated all over the country.

In all sections and under all conditions of climate, weather and traffic, Tarvia roads have demonstrated

1st—That good roads pay.

2d—That good roads are within easy financial reach of every community.

Get your neighbors together and talk over this "good roads" question. Write to the Tarvia "Good Roads Bureau" for expert and practical information and suggestions. You will be surprised to know how easy it is to bring good roads to a community if a few enterprising citizens decide to go after them.

There are several grades of Tarvia and a dozen methods of using the product.

Special Service Department

In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities The Barrett Company has organized a Special Service Department, which keeps up to the minute on all road problems. If you will write to the nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity, the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers. This service is free for the asking.

If you want *better roads* and *lower taxes*, this Department can greatly assist you.

Illustrated booklet describing the various Tarvia treatments free on request.

New York Chicago Philadelphia
Cleveland Cincinnati Pittsburgh
Kansas City Minneapolis Nashville

The Barrett Company

Boston St. Louis
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The World's favorite-
Blaisdell
Colored Pencils
All the world uses and endorses Blaisdell 151 Blue Pencil. It is universally popular because it
blue pencils combined.
Smooth-writing, long
"NICK"
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SOME USERS AND USES
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Actuaries—For preliminary tabular work, distinguishing totals.
Bankers and Brokers—Checking accounts, approving records,
Bookkeepers—Checking tabulations, writing office memorandums, etc
Builders and Contractors—Checking blue-prints, marking on
Card Writers—Lettering and coloring show-cards, price tickets, etc.
Copywriters—Making preliminary layouts, noting colors desired, etc
Draftsmen—Coloring sketches, checking specifications, etc
Editors and Writers—Revising manuscript, correcting proofs, etc
Farmers—Keeping stock records, marking eggs, etc.
Leather Workers—Laying out and checking work, marking hides, etc
Metal Workers—Marking on metal, laying out work, checking jobs, etc
Merchants—Checking invoices, lettering and coloring signs and show-cards, marking prices on wood, metal, glass, etc.
Office Men—Routing work through office
For systematic checking the 16 colors
Opticians—For marking optical centers (use Blaisdell China and Glass Marking Pencils)
Receiving and Shipping Clerks—Checking orders
Sales Managers—
Surveyors—Marking on wood, checking drawings, etc.
Blaisdell Colored Pencils
are guaranteed to give satisfaction. You will find them wherever pencils are sold. Look for the name "Blaisdell" on the pencil—it protects you from
PULL
Blaisdell
Pencil Company

(Concluded from Page 32)

Annapolis not merely to instruct these boys but also to train them for leadership. They must have education in order to understand the material they will be called upon to handle. But they must have training in order to fit them for the more difficult task of handling men.

In things relating to education only, the Naval Academy follows as closely as it can the generally accepted standards of other schools, keeping in view the technical and specialized requirements of the naval profession. But in other respects the training and life of a midshipman diverge sharply from the course prescribed for students at other schools and universities. In other schools, West Point excepted, discipline is relaxed outside of the classrooms and study halls; but for the midshipman, the ensign and admiral, the demands of discipline are always present.

The commandant of midshipmen sees, in the newest Plebe in that first assembly, an embryo lieutenant, a younger brother officer, who must receive, along with his education, the ideals and the spirit which go to form the character of the navy.

Physical fitness in midshipmen is even more necessary than it is for enlisted men, because the enlisted man's contract with the navy and the navy's contract with the man may expire within four years or less; but the midshipman, almost without exception, when entering the Naval Academy enters the navy as a career and as his life's work. In addition to the physical requirements, midshipmen must have the necessary mental qualifications to fit them for the higher task of leadership to which their training destines them.

The fact that the allowed number of midshipmen is not found on the rolls of the Naval Academy is due to the rigid requirements for admission and for retention. The necessity for these requirements as to physical and mental fitness has been explained. All these reasons have survived most careful study, trial and experiment since Bancroft founded this institution, which is now ranked by foreign critics as the foremost of its kind.

Our Government wisely seeks to get the finest and fittest type of boy. Our public-school system and this policy of our Government enable the poorest boy in America to enter the Naval Academy and win his commission without a handicap of any kind. Whether their parents are rich or poor, all midshipmen receive, during their first year at the Naval Academy, from their own pay the same amount of spending money—one dollar a month. They lead a simple life of hard and healthful discipline.

Service in the navy is not merely a livelihood or a profession—it is both of these things; but if it were these and nothing more, if it lacked a higher spirit, then it could never hope to be successful in war. Unless the navy has a sense of responsibility higher than the letter of a contract, unless there is unity of thought and feeling between the officers and men, unless they work together as members of one body with a spirit in the work, then the navy will fail in its task.

It has never failed in the past. There have been individual failures; but the navy, as a whole, has reflected credit upon the country, and has always been typically American in its faults and in its strength.

This has been true in every generation—not only in the days of Decatur but also before his time, and since. It was equally true in the days of Paul Jones, Perry and Farragut. And since the Civil War, in all the changes of material, from sail to steam and electricity, while changing the rank and file from aliens to American citizens, there have been graduated from the Naval Academy thousands of officers, of whom the late Admiral Dewey was one of the most conspicuous examples of the development of a type that illustrates the true character of our navy.

With the honorable record of a hundred years behind it, with the opportunity now offered to defend our country and to help in the establishment of peace, let us have faith that the navy will prove equal to its task. Let us feel assured that the navy sees, even more clearly than the nation sees it, the responsibility which demands high courage, devotion to duty, self-sacrifice, efficiency and victory.

LE RABOUIN—SOLDIER OF FRANCE

(Concluded from Page 13)

He told me it was to be yours, and *voilà*, I shall be your man of affairs. I shall arrange it all. And you shall leave this hole, *pardon*, and your shirts, and become a madame of leisure. You can nurse, *hein*, or anything you please; but you will be your own mistress.

"It is very simple, and now I must be off to arrange it."

Chou-chou listened open-mouthed. She could not say anything.

"Eh, you are surprised," chuckled Le Rabouin, becoming quite at his ease. "And well you may be. And now good-by. I shall come back to-night and we shall eat—I have not eaten for years. All will be well. Leave it to old Le Rabouin.

Chou-chou caught his hand impulsively.

"Le Rabouin—the devil," she said sadly, then smiled wanly. "No, that name is dead. Say rather, the angel, my friend."

And as the newly baptized soldier of France was closing the door behind him, he caught a glimpse of such dawning tenderness in her eyes, such promise of what might be, that as he came down into the street again he knew that henceforth all the world was his friend, and that if he came through it safely Out There, he would never be alone again.

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART—HERSELF

(Concluded from Page 29)

Three hundred words is rather few to describe a career. But with two hundred and ninety-seven less many a man has tied himself up for life. And when I was eighteen it took only one. However, I am not writing romance, but autobiography.

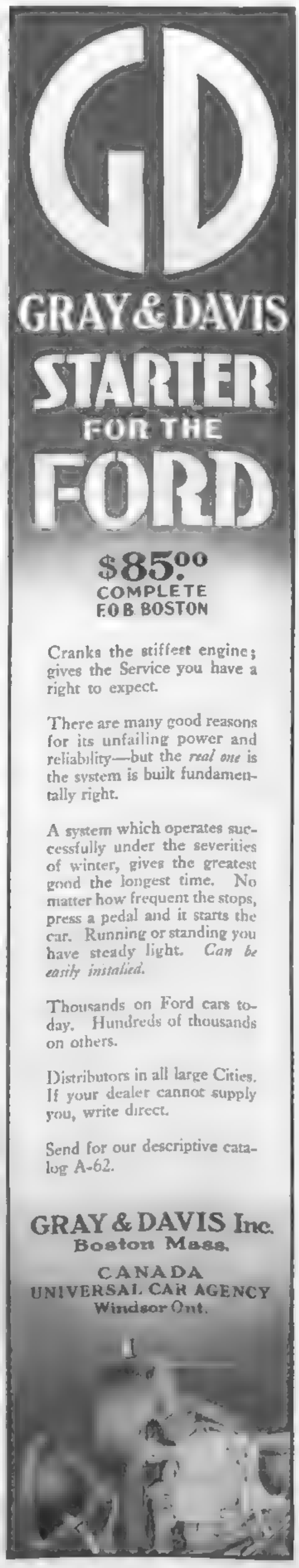
Once a man wrote to me, describing himself. He said: "I love a wood fire, an open-faced apple pie and a pretty girl." I felt that I knew him! To use his descriptive methods, I have three sons (ages nonessential), an incorrigible habit of work, a wandering disposition, and astigmatism, although I am too vain for glasses.

I have written a number of books, far too many, I am sure. I actually do not know how many. And I have traveled in strange places, and play wretched golf. Also I love a horse and a dog. I am about dogs as I am about the books I write, a trifle given to overdoing it.

And when I lay down my pen for good I want to be remembered as a wife and mother, and not as the most prolific writer of my time.

And isn't this a good place to deny that I drew my early inspiration from Nick Carter? And that I make a million dollars a year?—because the income-tax people hear these rumors and can be very annoying. And that I never went to the Front at the war, but wrote my stuff from London? And that I am an elderly spinster, and dowdy? And that my first story was bought because I had a new hat when I saw the editor?

I am an Episcopalian, a Suffragist, a brunette, I cannot sing, and I use a fountain pen!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There are many good reasons for its unfailing power and reliability—but the real one is the system is built fundamentally right.
A system which operates successfully under the severities of winter, gives the greatest good the longest time. No matter how frequent the stops, press a pedal and it starts the car. Running or standing you have steady light. Can be easily installed.
Thousands on Ford cars today. Hundreds of thousands on others.
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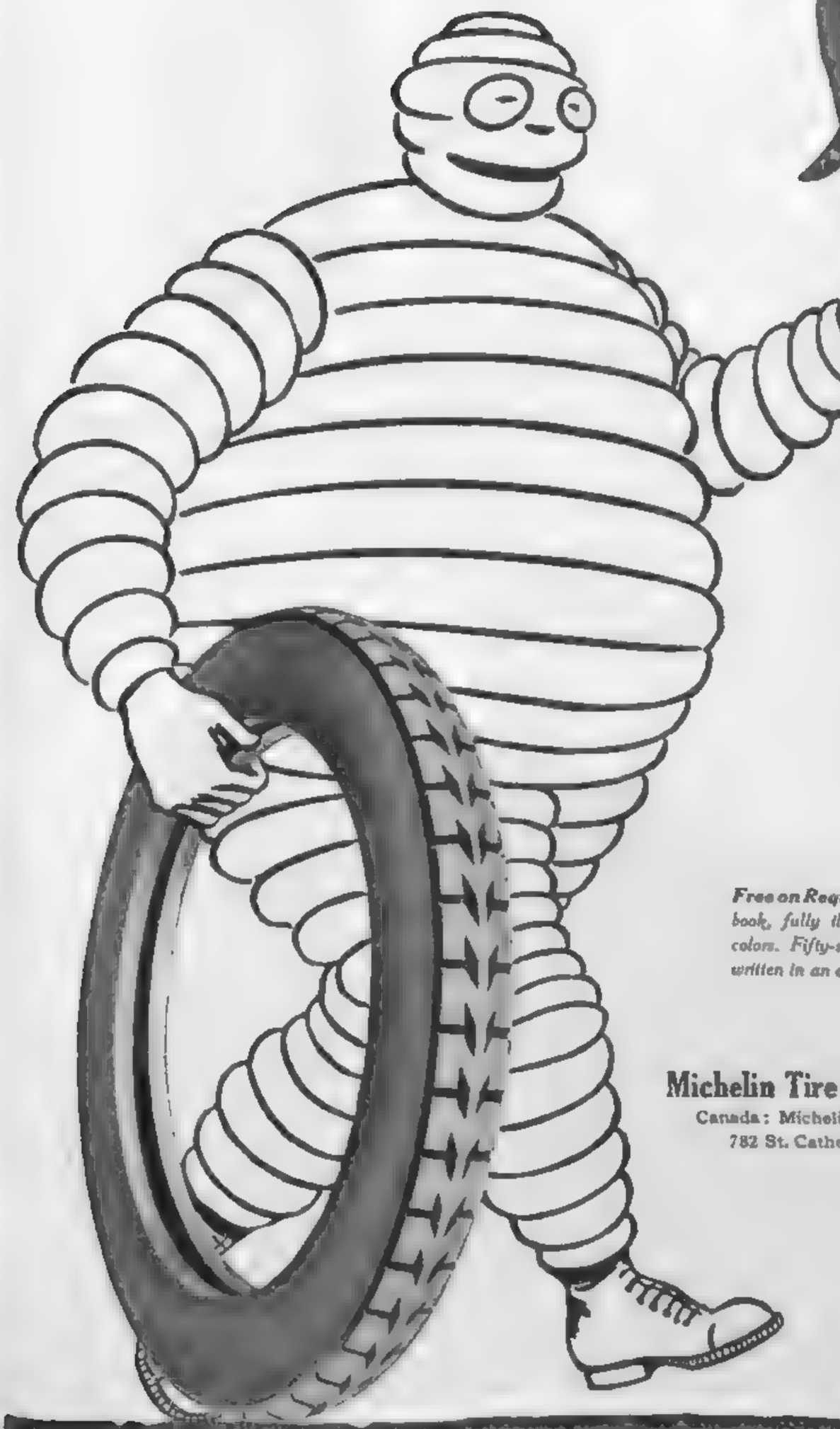
MICHELIN TIRES



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35	. . .	33.55	5.30
36	35.50	35 50	6.15
34 x 4½	43.30	43.30	7.60
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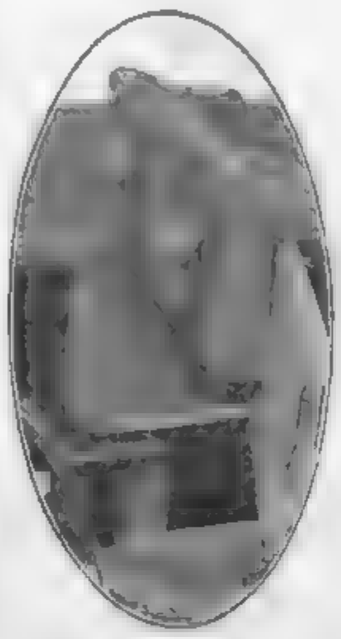
are coming into more general use every day. Once people bore the discomfort of soiled motor cushions more or less patiently because they didn't know a remedy. Now they dress their cars in bright, smooth-fitting Gordon Covers and laugh at the dust and grime of travel.



Cover for back of seat showing pockets and pocket in door cover

WRITE for our booklet, showing Gordon Seat Covers in actual shades and tints.

You can't have made adequate allowance for the beauty of these covers until you see this book.

It shows 24 distinctive fabrics and gives prices for *all cars* in each fabric. Special prices quoted for linen and other washable materials.

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These covers are a luxury in summer because of their fresh, smooth coolness and a protection in winter from the chill of cold cushions. Save wear on upholstery and protect motor togs from grease and dirt. Add, too, to the resale value of a used car—actually put money in your pocket when you turn in your present model toward a newer one.

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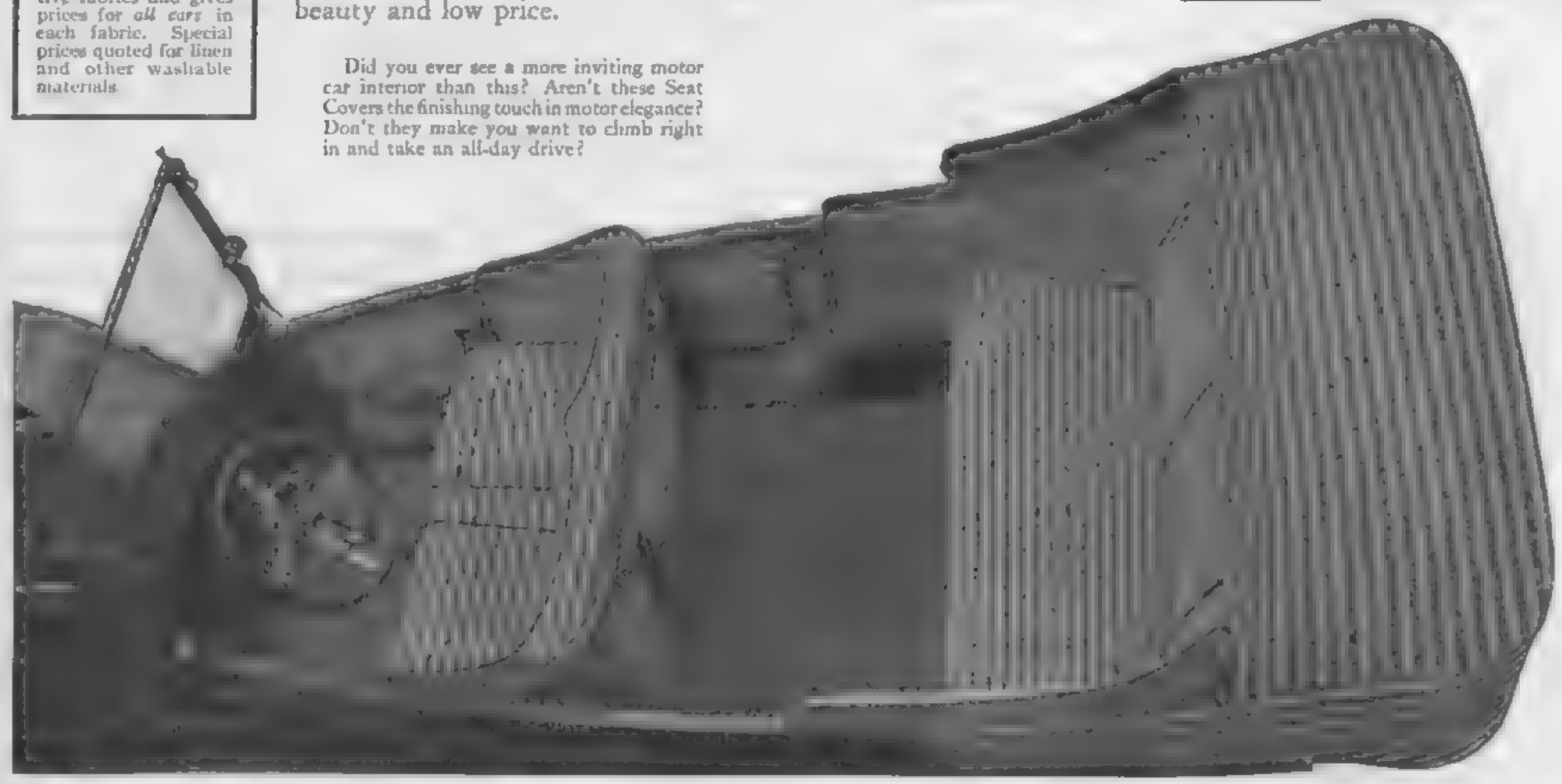
Did you ever see a more inviting motor car interior than this? Aren't these Seat Covers the finishing touch in motor elegance? Don't they make you want to climb right in and take an all-day drive?



The J. P. Gordon Company, Naghten & Fourth Sts., Columbus, Ohio

BAB'S BURGLAR

(Continued from Page 9)

I had learned to drive it and it could not be returned. Also she knew my Income, which was not princly although sufficient.

But she urged me to take my Check Book and go to the sail.

Now, if I have a weakness, it is for fine under things, with ribbon of a pale pink and everything maching. Although I spent but fifty-eight dollars and sixty-five cents on the *Trousseau* that day, I felt uneasy, especialy as, just afterwards, I saw in a window a costume for a woman *chauffeur*, belted lether coat and leggings, skirt and lether cap.

I gave a check for it also, and on going home hid my Check Book, as Hannah was always snooping around and watching how much I spent. But luckily we were packing for the country, and she did not find it.

During that evening I reflected about marrying Leila off, as the familey was having a dinner and I was sent a tray to my Chamber, consisting of scrambeled eggs, baked potatos and junket, which considering that I was engaged and even then coleeting my *Trouseau*, was to juvenile for words.

I decided this: that Leila was my sister and therfore bound to me by ties of Blood and Relationship. She must not be married to anyone, therfore, whom she did not love or at least respect. I would not doom her to be unhappy.

Now I have a qualaty which is well known at school, and frequently used to obtain holadays and so on. It may be Magnatism, it may be Will. I have a very strong Will, having as a child had a way of lying on the floor and kicking my feet if thwarted. In school, by fixing my eyes ridgidly on the teacher, I have been able to make her do as I wish, such as not calling on me when unprepared, et cetera.

Full well I know the danger of such a Power, unless used for good.

I now made up my mind to use this Will, or Magnatism, on Leila, she being unsuspicious at the time and thinking that the thought of Marriage was her own, and no one else's.

Being still awake when the familey came upstairs, I went into her room and experamented while she was taking down her hair.

"Well?" she said at last. "You needn't stare like that. I can't do my hair this way without a Swich."

"I was mearly thinking," I said in a lofty tone.

"Then go and think in bed."

"Does it or does it not concern you as to what I was thinking?" I demanded.

"It doesn't greatly concern me," she replied, wraping her hair around a kid curler, "but I darsay I know what it was. It's writen all over you in letters a foot high. You'd like me to get married and out of the way."

I was exultent yet terrafied at this result of my Experament. Allready! I said to my wildly beating heart. And if thus in five minutes what in the entire summer?

On returning to my Chamber I spent a pleasant hour planing my maid-of-honor gown, which I considered might be blue to mach my eyes, with large pink hat and carrying pink flours.

The next morning father and I breakfasted alone, and I said to him:

"In case of festivaty in the familey, such as a Wedding, is my Allowence to cover clothes and so on for it?"

He put down his paper and searched me with a piersing glanse. Although pleasant after ten A. M. he is not realy paternal in the early morning, and when Mademoiselle was still with us was quite hateful to her at times, asking her to be good enough not to jabber French at him untill evening when he felt stronger.

"Whose Wedding?" he said.

"Well," I said. "You've got to Daughters and we might as well look ahead."

"I intend to have to Daughters," he said, "for some time to come. And while we're on the subject, Bab, I've got somthing to say to you. Don't let that romantic head of yours get filled up with Sweethearts, because you are still a little girl, with all your airs. If I find any boys mooning around here, I'll—I'll shoot them."

Ye gods! How intracate my life was becoming! I engaged and my masculine parent convercing in this homacidal manner! I withdrew to my room and there, when Jane Raleigh came later, told her the terrable news.

"Only one thing is to be done, Jane," I said, my voice shaking. "Tom must be warned."

"Call him up," said Jane, "and tell him to keep away."

But this I dare not do.

"Who knows, Jane," I observed, in a forlorn manner, "but that the telephone is wached? They must suspect. But how? *How?*"

Jane was indeed a *fidus Achates*. She went out to the drug store and telephoned to Tom, being careful not to mention my name, because of the clerk at the soda fountain listening, saying mearly to keep away from a Certain Person for a time as it was dangerous. She then mearly mentioned the word "revolver" as meaning nothing to the clerk but a great deal to Tom. She also aranged a meeting in the Park at 3 P. M. as being the hour when father signed his male before going to his club to play bridge untill dinner.

Our meeting was a sad one. How could it be otherwise, when to loving Hearts are forbiden to beat as one, or even to meet? And when one or the other is constantly saying:

"Turn your back. There is some one I know coming!"

Or:

"There's the Peter's nurse, and she's the worst talker you ever heard of." And so on.

At one time Tom would have been alowed to take out their Roadster, but unfortunately he had been forbiden to do so, owing to having upset it while taking his Grandmother Gray for an airing, and was not to drive again until she could walk without cruches.

"Won't your people let you take out a car?" he asked. "Every girl ought to know how to drive, in case of war or the *chauffeur* leaving ——"

"—— or taking a Grandmother for an airing!" I said coldly. Because I did not care to be criticized when engaged only a few hours.

However, after we had parted with mutual Protestations, I felt the desire that every engaged person of the Femanine Sex always feels, to apear perfect to the one she is engaged to. I therfore considered whether to ask Smith to teach me to drive one of our cars or to purchase one of my own, and be responsable to no one if muddy, or arrested for speeding, or any other Vicissatude.

On the next day Jane and I looked at automobiles, starting with ones I could not aford so as to clear the air, as Jane said. At last we found one I could aford. Also its lining mached my costume, being tan. It was but six hundred dollars, having been more but turned in by a lady after three hundred miles because she was of the kind that never learns to drive but loses its head during an emerjency and forgets how to stop, even though a Human Life be in its path.

The Salesman said that he could tell at a glanse that I was not that sort, being calm in danger and not likly to chace a chicken into a fense corner and murder it, as some do when excited.

Jane and I consulted, for bying a car is a serious matter and not to be done lightly, especialy when one has not consulted one's familey and knows not where to keep the car when purchaced. It is not like a dog, which I have once or twice kept in a clandestine manner in the stabel, because of flees in the house.

"The trouble is," Jane said, "that if you don't take it some one will, and you will have to get one that costs more."

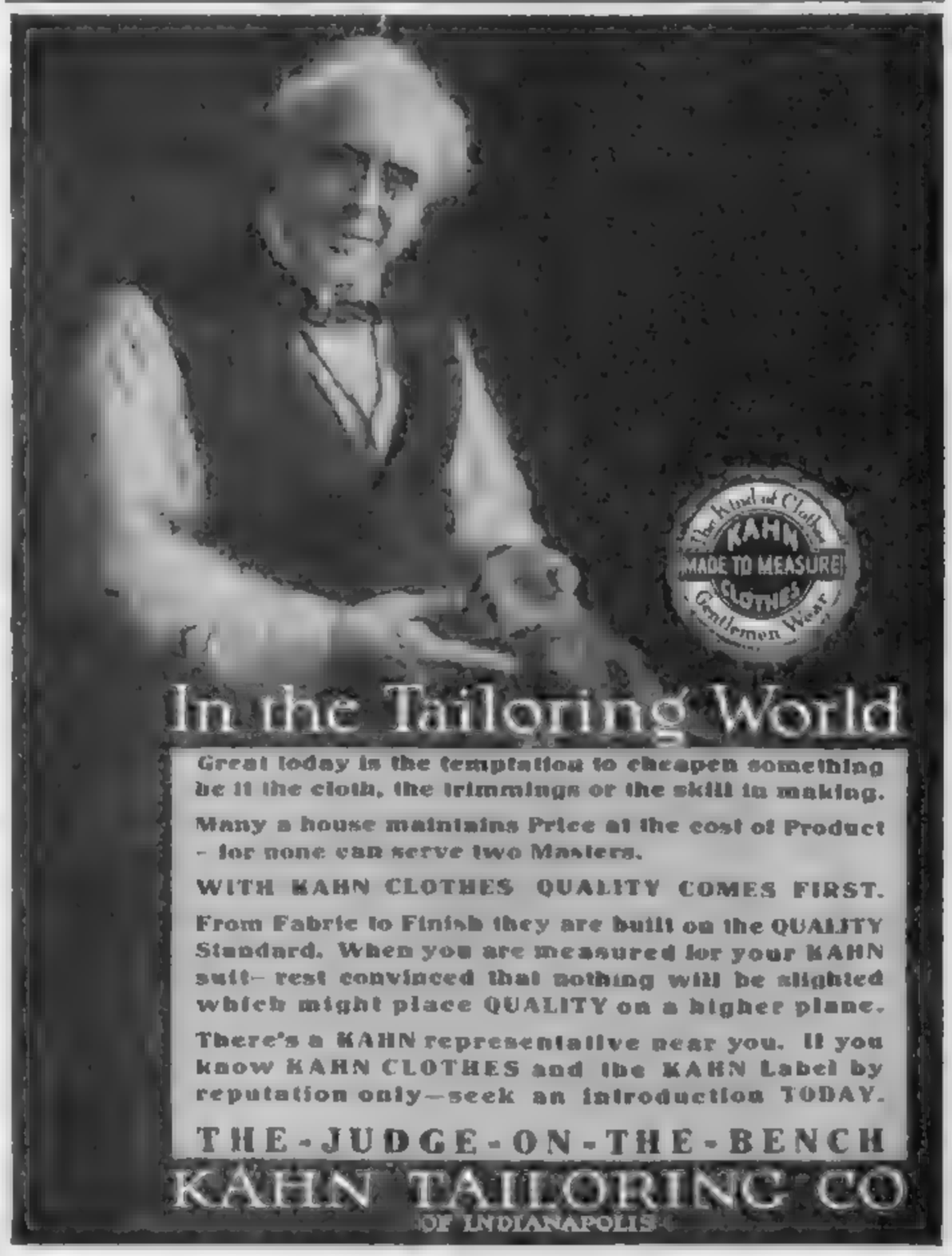
True indeed, I reflected, with my Check Book in my hand.

Ah, would that some power had whispered in my ear "No. By purchacing the above car you are endangering that which lies near to your Heart and Mind. Be warned in time."

But no sign came. No warning hand was outstretched to put my Check Book back in my pocket book. I wrote the Check and sealed my doom.

How weak is human nature! It is terrable to remember the wrapture of that moment, and compare it with my condition now, with no Allowence, with my faith gone and my heart in taters. And with, alas, another year of school.

As we were going to the country in but a few days, I aranged to leave my new possesion, mearly learning to drive it meanwhile, and having my first lesson the next day.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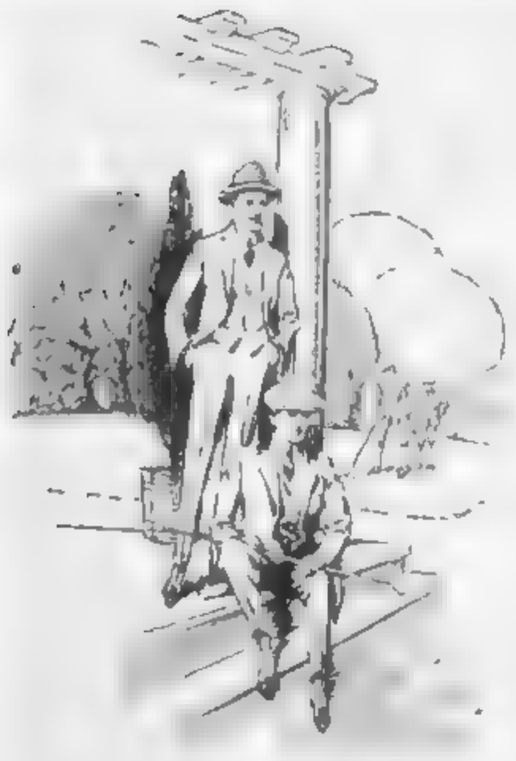

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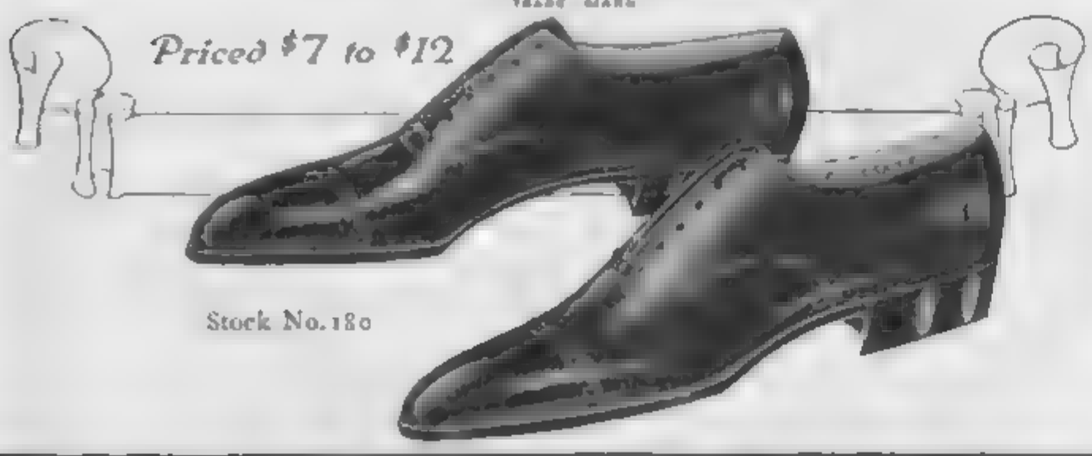

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"Dearest," Jane said as we left. "I am thriled to the depths. The way you do things is wonderfull. You have no fear, none whatever. With your father's Revenge hanging over you, and to secrets, you are calm. Perfectly calm."

"I fear I am reckless, Jane," I said, wistfully. "I am not brave. I am reckless, and also desparate."

"You poor darling!" she said, in a broken voice. "When I think of all you are suffering, and then see your smile, my Heart aches for you."

We then went in and had some ice cream soda, which I paid for, Jane having nothing but a dollar, which she needed for a manacure. I also bought a key ring for Tom, feeling that he should have somthing of mine, a token, in exchange for the Frat pin.

I shall pass over lightly the following week, during which the familey was packing for the country and all the servants were in a bad humer. In the mornings I took lessons driveing the car, which I called the Arab, from the well-known song, which we have on the phonograph;

From the Dessert I come to thee,
On my Arab shod with fire.

The instructer had not heard the song, but he said it was a good name, because very likly no one else would think of having it.

"It sounds like a love song," he observed.

"It is," I replied, and gave him a steady glanse. Because, if one realy loves, it is silly to deny it.

"Long ways to a Dessert, isn't it?" he inquired.

"A Dessert may be a place, or it may be a thirsty and emty place in the Soul," I replied. "In my case it is Soul, not terratory."

But I saw that he did not understand.

How few there are who realy understand! How many of us, as I, stand thirsty in the market place, holding out a cup for a kind word or for some one who sees below the surface, and recieve nothing but indiference!

On Tuesday the Grays went to their country house, and Tom came over to say good-bye. Jane had told him he could come, as the familey would be out.

The thought of the coming seperation, although but for four days, caused me deep greif. Although engaged for only a short time, allready I felt how it feels to know that in the vicinaty is some one dearer than Life itself. I felt I must speak to some one, so I observed to Hannah that I was most unhappy, but not to ask me why. I was dressing at the time, and she was hooking me up.

"Unhappy!" she said, "with a thousand dollars a year, and naturaly curly hair! You ought to be ashamed, Miss Bab."

"What is money, or even hair?" I asked, "when one's heart aches?"

"I guess it's your stomache and not your heart," she said. "With all the candy you eat. If you'd take a dose of magnezia tonight, Miss Bab, with some orange juise to take the taste away, you'd feel better right off."

I fled from my chamber.

I have frequently wondered how it would feel to be going down a staircase, dressed in one's best frock, low neck and no sleeves, to some loved one lurking below, preferably in evening clothes, although not necesarily so. To move statuesqly and yet tenderly, apearing indiferent but inwardly seathing, while below pasionate eyes looked up as I floated down.

However, Tom had not put on evening dress, his clothes being all packed. He was taking one of father's cigars as I entered the library, and he looked very tall and adolcsent, although thin. He turned and seeing me, observed:

"Great Scott, Bab! Why the raiment?"

"For you," I said in a low tone.

"Well, it makes a hit with me all right," he said.

And came toward me.

When Jane Raleigh was first kissed by a member of the Other Sex, while in a hammick, she said she hated to be kissed until he did it, and then she liked it. I at the time had considered Jane as flirtatous and as probably not hating it at all. But now I knew she was right, for as I saw Tom coming toward me after laying father's cigar on the piano, I felt that *I could not bear it.*

And this I must say, here and now. I do not like kissing. Even then, in that first embrase of to, I was worried because I could smell the varnish burning on the piano. I therfore permited but one chased salute on the cheek and no more before removing the cigar, which had burned a large spot.

"Look here," he said, in a stern manner, "are we engaged or aren't we? Because I'd like to know."

"If you are to demonstrative, no!" I replied, firmly.

"If you call that a kiss, I don't."

"It sounded like one," I said. "I suppose you know more than I do what is a kiss and what is not. But I'll tell you this—there is no use keeping our amatory affairs to ourselves and then kissing so the butler thinks the fire whissle is blowing."

We then sat down, and I gave him the key ring, which he said was a dandy. I then told him about getting Sis married and out of the way. He thought it was a good scheme.

"You'll never have a chance as long as she's around," he observed, smoking father's cigar at intervals. "They're afraid of you, and that's flat. It's your Eyes. That's what got me, anyhow." He blue a smoke ring and sat back with his legs crossed. "Funny, isn't it?" he said. "Here we are, snug as weavils in a cotton thing-un-a-gig, and only a week ago there was nothing between us but to brick walls. Hot in here, don't you think?"

"Only a week!" I said. "Tom, I've somthing to tell you. That is the nice part of being engaged—to tell things that one would otherwise bury in one's own Bosom. I shall have no secrets from you from henceforward."

So I told him about the car, and how we could drive together in it, and no one would know it was mine, although I would tell the familey later on, when to late to return it. He said little, but looked at me and kept on smoking, and was not as excited as I had expected, although interested.

But in the midst of my Narative he rose quickly and observed:

"Bab, I'm poizoned!"

I then perceived that he was pale and hagard. I rose to my feet, and thinking it might be the cigar, I asked him if he would care for a peice of chocolate cake to take the taste away. But to my greif he refused very snapily and without a Farewell slamed out of the house, leaving his hat and so forth in the hall.

A bitter night ensued. For I shall admit that terrable thoughts filled my mind, although how perpetrated I knew not. Would those who loved me stoop to such depths as to poizon my afianced? And if so, whom?

The very thought was sickning.

I told Jane the next morning, but she pretended to beleive that the cigar had been to strong for him, and that I should remember that, although very good-hearted, he was a mear child. But, if poizon, she suggested Hannah.

That day, although unerved from anxiety, I took the Arab out alone, having only Jane with me. Except that once I got into reverce instead of low geer, and broke a lamp on a gentleman behind, I had little or no trouble, although having one or to narrow escapes owing to putting my foot on the gas throttle instead of the break.

It was when being backed off the pavment by to Policemen and a man from a milk wagon, after one of the aforsaid mistakes, that I first saw he who was to bring such wrechedness to me.

Jane had got out to see how much milk we had spilt—we had struck the milk wagon—and I was getting out my check book, because the man was very nasty and insisted on having my name, when I first saw him.

He had stopped and was looking at the gutter, which was full of milk. Then he looked at me.

"How much damages does he want?" he said in a respectful tone.

"Twenty dollars," I replied, not considering it flirting to mearly reply in this manner.

The Stranger then walked over to the milkman and said:

"A very little spilt milk goes a long way. Five dollars is plenty for that and you know it."

"How about me getting a stitch in my chin, and having to pay for that?"

I beleive I have not said that the milk man was cut in the chin by a peice of a bottle.

"Ten, then," said my friend in need.

When it was all over, and I had given two dollars to the old woman who had been

(Continued on Page 41)

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WARNER-LENZ

The Man-Made Daylight of Warner-Lenz

The Blinding Glare of Ordinary Lens

The Golden Rule of Motordom

Not Law Alone—But Reason

The law now says, "No glaring headlights"—in many cities and in several whole states.

But reason decreed it before law. Every motorist knows their dangers and their faults.

They blind the coming driver. They blind the passer-by. And they blind the user, save for one narrow space ahead.

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They are merely makeshifts, used only when compulsory. At no time do they give a right light. In times of emergency, on or off, the light is entirely wrong.

350,000 Drivers—16 Makers
Have Adopted Warner-Lenz

The solution is the Warner-Lenz. The authorities in hundreds of cities have approved it, and not one has disapproved. The engineers of 16 great car makers, after tests and comparisons, have made Warner-Lenz standard equipment.

Because of its safety, its legality and light these makers pay us seven times what other lenses cost.

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They combine 176 lenses in one. They utilize your whole light, but diffuse it. They light the road like daylight, from 300 to 500 feet ahead. They light a spread of nearly 180 degrees—about your visual angle.

They light your nearby roadside. They light your turns. They light without blinding pedestrians or drivers of coming cars. They light the road superbly, in a manner legal everywhere you go. You can always use your full light.

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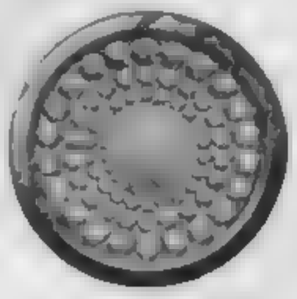
Prices of Warner-Lenz
Per Pair

Diameter in inches	East of Rockies
5 to 9, inclusive,	$3.50
9¼ to 10½, inclusive,	4.00
10¾ to 12, inclusive,	5.00

West of Rockies 50c per pair extra

Please Note

If your dealer hasn't them and will not get them for you, write us and give name and model of your car.



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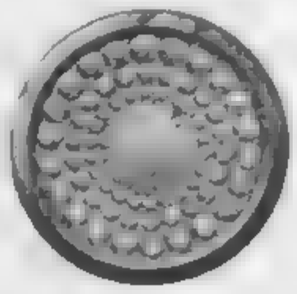

THE WARNER-LENZ COMPANY
918 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

WARNER-LENZ

(Continued from Page 38)

in the milk wagon and was knocked out although only bruized, I went on, thinking no more about the Stranger, and allmost running into my father, who did not see me.

That afternoon I realized that I must face the state of afairs, and I added up the Checks I had made out. Ye gods! Of all my Money there now remaind for the ensuing year but two hundred and twenty nine dollars and forty five cents.

I now realized that I had been extravagant, having spent so much in six days. Although I did not regard the Arab as such, because of saving car fare and half soleing shoes. Nor the *Trouseau*, as one must have clothing. But facial masage and manacures and candy et cetera I felt had been wastefull.

At dinner that night mother said:

"Bab, you must by yourself some thin frocks. You have absolutely nothing. And Hannah says you have bought nothing. After all a thousand dollars is a thousand dollars. You can have what you ought to have. Don't be to saving."

"I have not the interest in clothes I once had, mother," I replied. "If Leila will give me her old things I will use them."

"Bab!" mother said, with a piersing glanse, "go upstairs and bring down your Check Book."

I turned pale with fright, but father said:

"No, my dear. Suppose we let this thing work itself out. It is Barbara's money, and she must learn."

That night, when I was in bed and trying to divide $229.45 by 12 months, father came in and sat down on the bed.

"There doesn't hapen to be anything you want to say to me, I suppose, Bab?" he inquired in a gentle tone.

Although not a weeping person, shedding but few tears even when punished in early years, his kind tone touched my heart, and made me lachrymoze. Such must always be the feelings of those who decieve.

But, although bent, I was not yet broken. I therfore wept on in silence while father patted my back.

"Because," he said, "while I am willing to wait until you are ready, when things begin to get to thick I want you to know that I'm around, the same as usual."

He kissed the back of my neck, which was all that was visable, and went to the door. From there he said, in a low tone:

"And by the way, Bab, I think, since you bought me the Tie, it would be rather nice to get your mother somthing also. How about it? Violets, you know, or—or somthing."

Ye gods! Violets at five dollars a hundred. But I agreed. I then sat up in bed and said:

"Father, what would you say if you knew some one was decieving you?"

"Well," he said, "I am an old Bird and hard to decieve. A good many people think they can do it, however, and now and then some one gets away with it."

I felt softened and repentent. Had he but patted me once more, I would have told all. But he was looking for a mach for his cigar, and the opportunaty passed.

"Well," he said, "close up that active brain of yours for the night, Bab, and here are to 'don'ts' to sleep on. Don't break your neck in—in any way. You're a reckless young Lady. And don't elope with the first moony young idiot who wants to hold your hand. There will quite likly be others."

Others! How heartless! How cynicle! Were even those I love best to worldly to understand a monogamous nature?

When he had gone out, I rose to hide my Check Book in the crown of an old hat, away from Hannah. Then I went to the window and glansed out. There was no moon, but the stars were there as usual, over the roof of that emty domacile next door, whence all life had fled to the neighborhood of the Country Club.

But a strange thing caught my eye and transfixed it. There on the street, looking up at our house, now in the first throes of sleep, was the Stranger I had seen that afternoon when I had upset the milk wagon against the Park fense.

III

I SHALL now remove the familey to the country, which is eazier on paper than in the flesh, owing to having to take china, silver, bedding and edables. Also porch furnature and so on.

Sis acted very quear while we were preparing. She sat in her room and knited, and was not at home to Callers, although there were not many owing to summer and every one away. When she would let me in, which was not often, as she said I made her head ache, I tried to turn her thought to marriage or to nursing at the war, which was for her own good, since she is of the kind who would never be happy leading a simple life, but should be married.

But alas for all my hopes. She said, on the day before we left, while packing her jewel box:

"You might just as well give up trying to get rid of me, Barbara. Because I do not intend to marry any one."

"Very well, Leila," I said, in a cold tone. "Of course it matters not to me, because I can be kept in school untill I am thirty, and never come out or have a good time, and no one will care. But when you are an old woman and have not employed your natural function of having children to support you in Age, don't say I did not warn you."

"Oh, you'll come out all right," she said, brutaly. "You'll come out like a sky rocket. You'd be as impossable to supress as a boil."

Carter Brooks came around that afternoon and we played marbels in the drawing room with moth balls, as the rug was up. It was while sitting on the floor eating some candy he had brought that I told him that there was no use hanging around, as Leila was not going to marry. He took it bravely, and said that he saw nothing to do but to wait for some of the younger crowd to grow up, as the older ones had all refused him.

"By the way," he said. "I thought I saw you running a car the other day. You were chasing a fox terier when I saw you, but I beleive the dog escaped."

I looked at him and I saw that, although smiling, he was one who could be trusted, even to the Grave.

"Carter," I said. "It was I, although when you saw me I know not, as dogs are always getting in the way."

I then told him about the pony cart, and the Allowence, and saving car fare. Also that I felt that I should have some pleasure, even if *sub rosa*, as the expression is. But I told him also that I disliked decieving my dear parents, who had raised me from infansy and through meazles, whooping cough and shingles.

"Do you mean to say," he said in an astounded voice, "that you have *bought* that car?"

"I have. And paid for it."

Being surprized he put a moth ball into his mouth, instead of a gum drop.

"Well," he said, "you'll have to tell them. You can't hide it in a closet, you know, or under the bed."

"And let them take it away? Never."

My tone was firm, and he saw that I meant it, especialy when I explained that there would be nothing to do in the country, as mother and Sis would play golf all day, and I was not alowed at the Club, and that the Devil finds work for idle hands.

"But where in the name of good sense are you going to keep it?" he inquired, in a wild tone.

"I have been thinking about that," I said. "I may have to by a portible garage and have it set up somwhere."

"Look here," he said, "you give me a little time on this, will you? I'm not naturaly a quick thinker, and somhow my brain won't take it all in just yet. I suppose there's no use telling you not to worry, because you are not the worrying kind."

How little he knew of me, after years of calls and conversation!

Just before he left he said:

"Bab, just a word of advise for you. Pick your Husband, when the time comes, with care. He ought to have the solidaty of an elephant and the mental agilaty of a flee. But no imagination, or he'll die a lunatic."

The next day he telephoned and said that he had found a place for the car, a shed on the Adams' place, which was emty, as the Adams's were at Lakewood. So that was fixed.

Now my plan about the car was this: Not to go on indefanitely decieving my parents, but to learn to drive the car as an expert. Then, when they were about to say that I could not have one as I would kill myself in the first few hours, to say:

"You wrong me. I have bought a car, and driven it for —— days, and have killed no one, or injured any one beyond bruizes and one stich."

I would then disapear down the drive, returning shortly in the Arab, which, having been used —— days, could not be returned.

MAKES GOOD COOKS BETTER!

No matter how good a cook you are *now*, you improve in *skill*—and in *thrift*—when you replace your wasteful *one*-fuel range with a three-fuel *Universal*.

Gives you the fuel you want, *when you want it*—saves fuel and material—keeps your kitchen warm in winter, cool in summer—frees you from kitchen worry and flurry.

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Has 4 coal lids and 4 gas burners—all on top. Full-sized 18-inch oven, spring balanced door, oven thermometer and many other splendid, up-to-date features.

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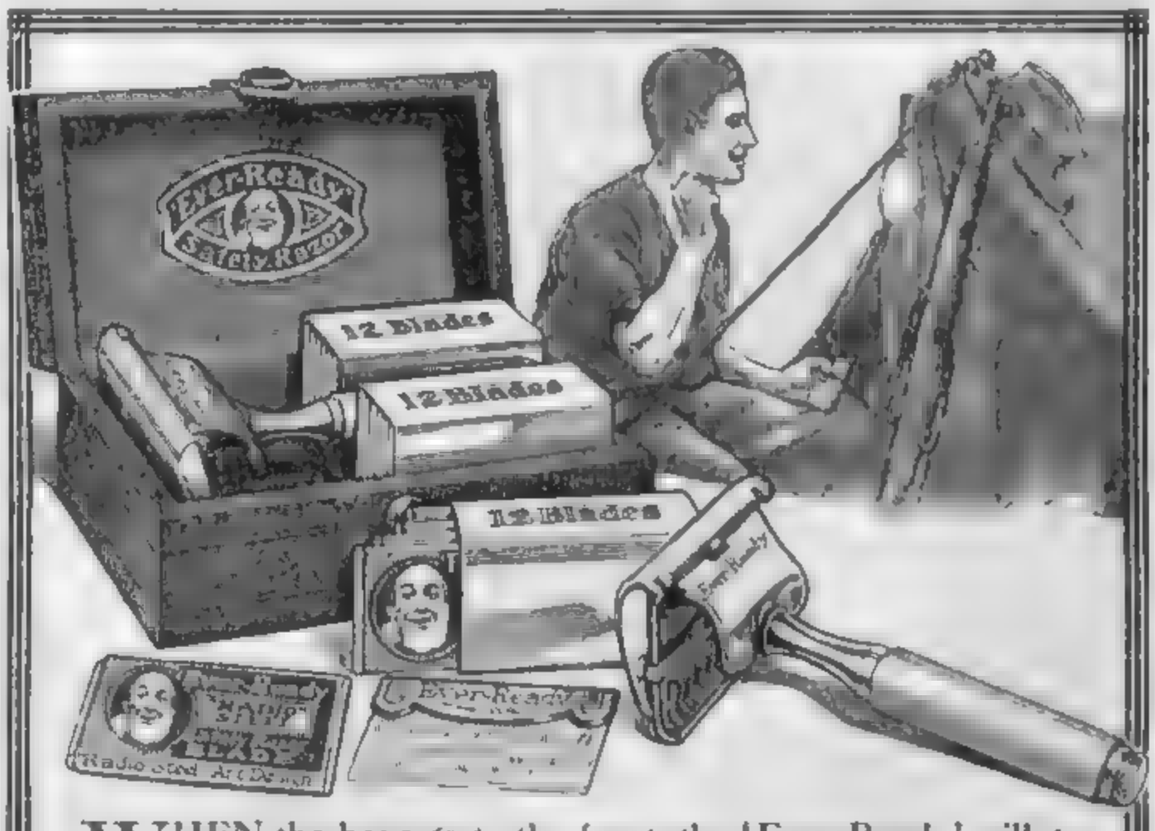
UNIVERSAL STOVES AND FURNACES



WHEN the boys go to the front, the 'Ever-Ready' will go with them. The Army and Navy must be clean shaven. For quick, efficient service you can't beat the 'Ever-Ready'. The stiffer the stubble or the more tender the skin, the more keenly the 'Ever-Ready' is appreciated.

If you've a dear one in the service on land or sea, give him an 'Ever-Ready'. The twelve hair-tested "Radio" Blades in each dollar outfit are each good for numerous velvety shaves. And each blade is triply protected against moisture by its wrapper. The whole outfit is so compact that it takes up but little space.

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'Ever-Ready' $1 with 12 Radio Blades

A Good Face Powder

to know about is one that has given satisfaction to millions of women for over half a century. Simply ask for

Henry Tetlow's

Swan Down

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

For the Complexion

Get your favorite shade—white, pink, flesh, cream or brunette. It isn't expensive and it is pure. Your druggist has it.

HENRY TETLOW CO. Established 1849 Philadelphia, Pa.

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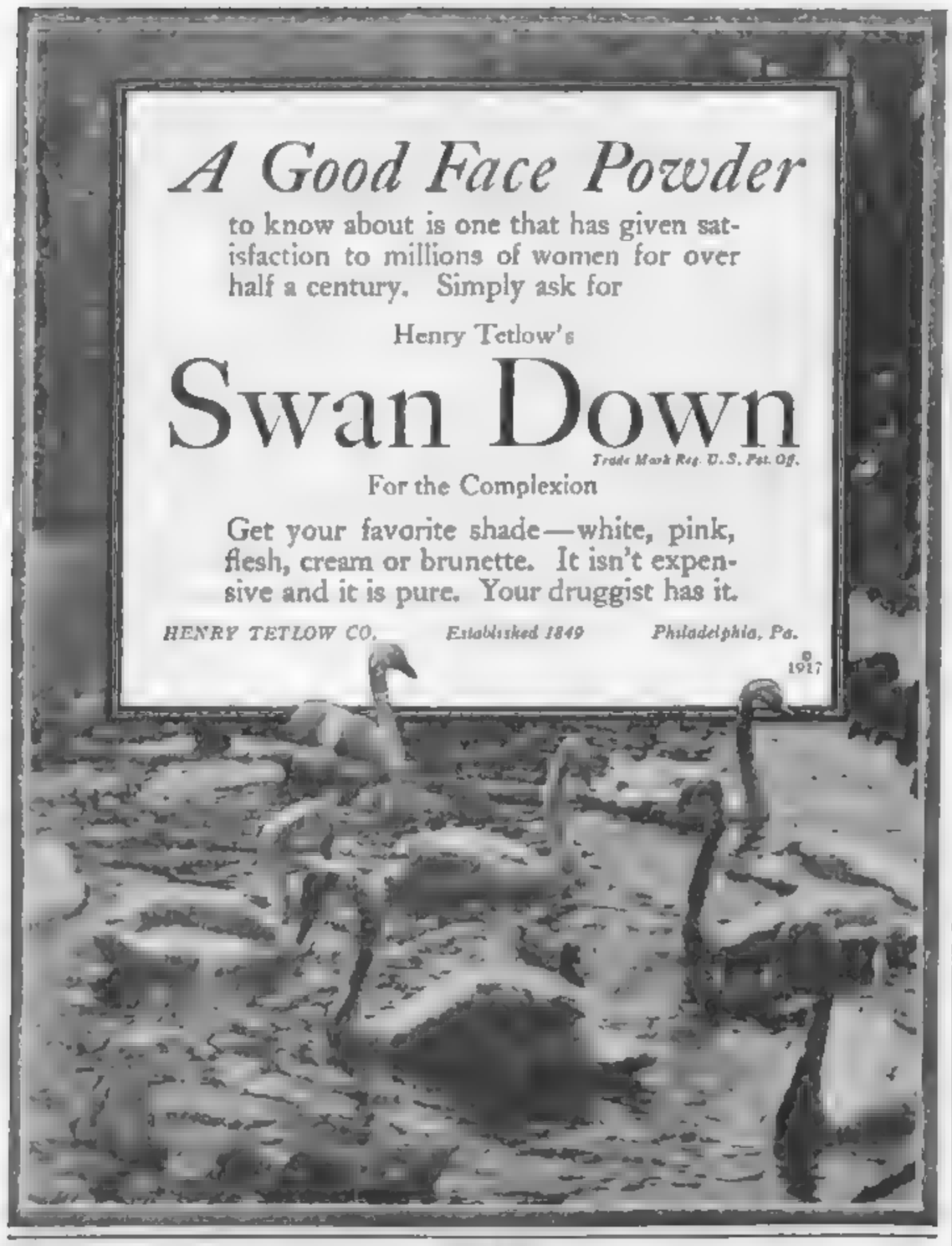

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St. Paul, Minn.

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GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY
Glacier National Park

GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

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Please send me [illegible] Descriptive Glacier National Park and Lake Chelan literature free.
Name _____
Address _____
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All would have gone as aranged had it not been for the fatal question of Money.

Owing to having run over some broken milk bottles on the ocasion I have spoken of, I was obliged to by a new tire at thirty-five dollars. I also had a bill of eleven dollars for gasoline, and a fine of ten dollars for speeding, which I paid at once for fear of a Notice being sent home.

This took fifty six dollars more, and left me but $183.45 for the rest of the year, $15.28 a month to dress on and pay all expences. To add to my troubles mother suddenly became very fussy about my clothing and insisted that I purchace a new suit, hat and so on, which cost one hundred dollars and left me on the verge of penury.

Is it surprizing that, becoming desparate, I seized at any straw, however intangable?

I paid a man five dollars to take the Arab to the country and put it in the aforsaid shed, afterwards hiding the key under a stone outside. But, although needing relaxation and pleasure during those sad days, I did not at first take it out, as I felt that another tire would ruin me.

Besides, they had the Pony Cart brought every day, and I had to take it out, pretending enjoyment I could not feel, since acustomed to forty miles an hour and even more at times.

I at first invited Tom to drive with me in the Cart, thinking that mearly to be together would be pleasure enough. But at last I was compeled to face the truth. Although protesting devotion until death, Tom did not care for the cart, considering it juvenile for a college man, and also to small for his legs.

But at last he aranged a plan, which was to take the Cart as far as the shed, leave it there, and take out the car. This we did frequently.

I am not one to cry over spilt milk. But I am one to confess when I have made a mistake. I do not beleive in laying the blame on Providence when it belongs to the Other Sex, either.

It was on going down to the shed one morning and finding a lamp gone and another tire hanging in taters that I learned the Truth. He who should have guarded my interests with his very Life, including finances, had been taking the Arab out in the evenings when I was confined to the bosom of my famuley, and using up gasoline et ceters besides riding with whom I knew not.

Eighty three dollars and 45 cents less thirty five dollars for a tire and a bill for gasoline in the village of eight dollars left me, for the balance of the year, but $43.45, or $3.62 a month! And still a lamp missing.

I sat on the running board and would have shed tears had I not been to angry.

It was while sitting thus, and deciding to return the Frat pin as costing to much in gasoline and patients, that I percieved Tom coming down the road. His hand was tied up in a bandige, and his whole apearance was of one who wishes to be forgiven.

Why, oh, why, must women of my Sex do all the forgiveing?

He stood in the doorway so I could see the bandige and would be sorry for him. But I apeared not to notice him.

"Well?" he said.

I was silent.

"Now look here," he went on, "I'm darned lucky to be here and not dead, young lady. And if you are going to make a fuss, I'm going away and join the Ambulanse in France."

"They'd better not let you drive a car if they care anything about it," I said, coldly.

"That's it! Go to it! Give me the Devil, of course. Why should you care that I have a broken arm, or almost?"

"Well," I said, in a cutting manner, "broken bones mend themselves and do not have to be taken to a Garage, where they charge by the hour and loaf most of the time. May I ask, if not to much trouble to inform me, whom you took out in my car last night? Because I'd like to send her your pin. I'd go on wearing it, but it's to expencive."

"Oh, very well," he said. He then brought out my key ring, although unable to take the keys off because of having but one hand. "If you're as touchy as all that, and don't care for the real story, I'm through. That's all."

I then began to feel remorceful. I am of a forgiving Nature naturaly and could not forget that but yesterday he had been tender and loving, and had let me drive almost half the time. I therfore said:

"If you can explain I will listen. But be breif. I am in no mood for words."

Well, the long and short of it was that I was wrong, and should not have jumped to conclusions. Because the Gray's house had been robed the night before, taking all the silver and Mr. Gray's dress suit, as well as shirts and so on, and as their *chauffeur* had taken one of the maids out *incognito* and gone over a bank, returning at seven A. M. in a hired hack, there was no way to follow the theif. So Tom had taken my car and would have caught him, having found Mr. Gray's trowsers on a fense, although torn, but that he ran into a tree because of going very fast and skiding.

He would have gone through the windshield, but that it was down.

I was by that time mollafied and sorry I had been so angry, especialy as Tom said:

"Father ofered a hundred dollars reward for his capture, and as you have been adviseing me to save money, I went after the hundred."

At this thought, that my *fiancee* had endangered his hand and the rest of his person in order to acquire money for our ultamate marriage, my anger died.

I therfore submitted to an embrase, and washed the car, which was covered with mud, as Tom had but one hand and that holding a cigarette.

Now and then, Dear Reader, when not to much worried with finances, I look back and recall those halycon days when Love had its place in my life, filling it to the exclusion of even suficient food, and rendering me immune to the questions of my familey, who wanted to know how I spent my time.

Oh, magic eyes of afection, which see the beloved object as containing all the virtues, including strong features and intellagence! Oh, dear dead Dreams, when I saw myself going down the church isle in white satin and dutchess lace! O Tempora O Mores! Farewell.

What would have happened, I wonder, if father had not discharged Smith that night for carrying passengers to the Club from the railway station in our car, charging them fifty cents each and scraching the varnish with golf clubs? I know not.

But it gave me the idea that ultamately ruined my dearest hopes. This was it. If Smith could get fifty cents each for carrying passengers, why not I? I was unknown to most, having been expatriated at school for several years. But also there were to stations, one which the summer people used, and one which was used by the so-called locals.

I was desparate. Money I must have, whether honestly or not, for mother had bought me some things and sent me the bill.

"Because you will not do it yourself," she said. "And I cannot have it said that we neglect you, Barbara."

The bill was ninety dollars! Ye gods, were they determined to ruin me?

With me to think is to act. I am always like that. I always, alas, feel that the thing I have thought of is right, and there is no use arguing about it. This is well known in my Institution of Learning, where I am called impetuus and even rash.

That night, my familey being sunk in sweet slumber and untroubled by finances, I made a large card which said: "For Hire." I had at first made it "For Higher," but saw that this was wrong and corected it. Although a natural speller, the best of us make mistakes.

I did not, the next day, confide in my betrothed, knowing that he would object to my earning Money in any way, unless perhaps in large amounts, such as the stock market, or, as at present, in Literature. But being one to do as I make up my mind to, I took the car to the station, and in three hours made one dollar and a fifteen cent tip from the Gray's butler, who did not know me as I wore large gogles.

I was now embarked on a commercial enterprize, and happier than for days. Although having one or to narrow escapes, such as father getting off the train at my station instead of the other, but luckily getting a cinder in his eye and unable to see until I drove away quickly. And one day Carter Brooks got off and found me changeing a tire and very dusty and worried, because a new tube cost five dollars and so far I had made but six-fifteen.

I did not know he was there until he said:

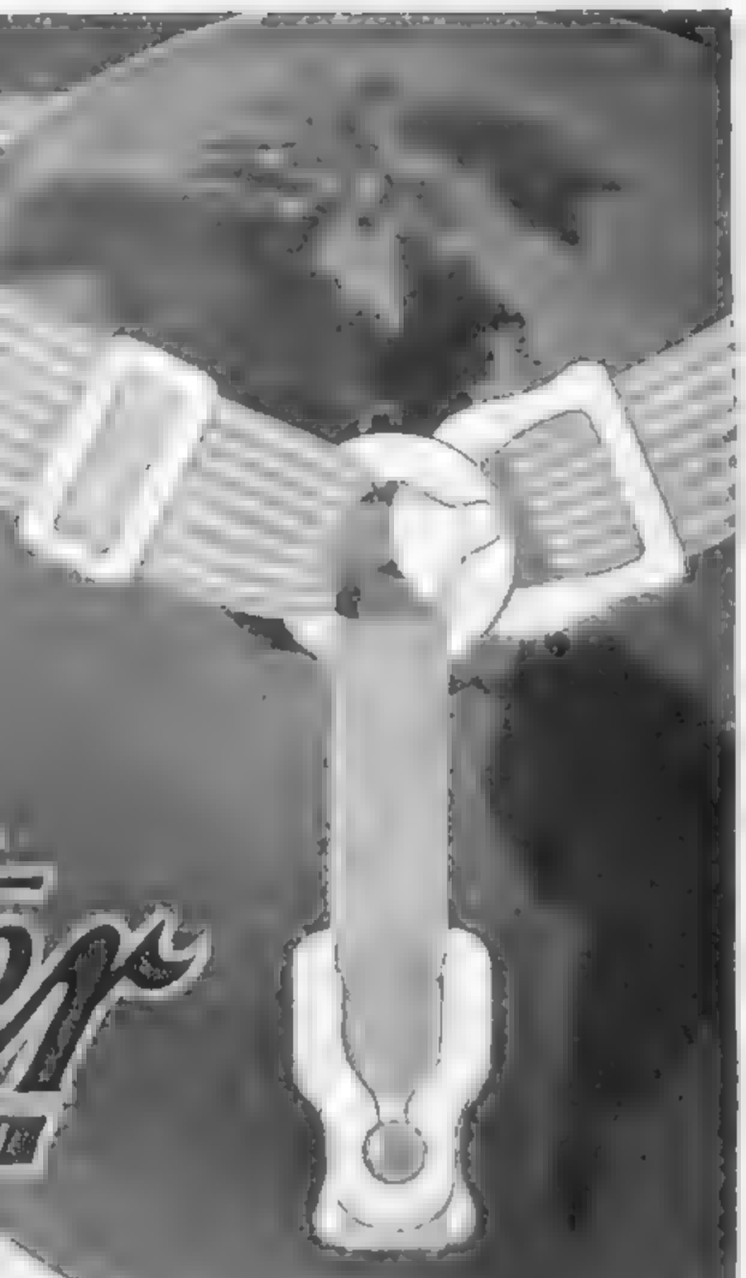
"Step back and let me do that, Bab."

He was all dressed, but very firm. So I let him.

"Now," he said at last, "jump in and take me somewhere near the Club. And tell me how this happened."

(Continued on Page 45)

A Modern Garter For Men and Women



No Metal—Beautiful Fittings

The Ivory Garter is the garter for up-to-date people. It is just as different as the athletic underwear is to the old-fashioned underwear. It is as light as a silk sock, has no pads nor metal—doesn't bind, and is exceedingly comfortable. When you wear the Ivory Garter you do not know you have a garter on your leg

Woman's Ivory Shirt-Waist Belt

White metal stud holder, three-quarters inch wide. Keeps shirt-waist down and prevents shirt-waist from pulling out of skirt. No metal to rust and discolor the waist

No. 9020. Price 20 cts. each

Woman's Corset Garter

or Sew-on with "Ivory" Fittings

Of extra fine elastic web, with ornamental ends. Has three ivory fittings, no metal where it touches the leg

No. 7035
Satin Finish
Price 35 cts
Per pair

Ivory Garter

REGISTERED U. S. & FOREIGN

The "Sock Suspender" That Doesn't Bind

is so scientifically constructed that while it takes the pressure off the leg, it holds the sock up. The Ivory Garter does away with leg discomfort. It is made from very best materials—a finished product No stitches are taken in the elastic, which makes it last longer Although all materials are going up Ivory Garter well-known quality shall not vary. The Ivory Garter is a "super" garter—there are many reasons why it is worn around the world.

Woman's Negligee Garter

Here is a garter for woman that [illegible] no metal to rust and discolor—no need to [illegible] over ankle. It is recommended by those who have used it because it cannot rust. In these colors: white, [illegible], tan, black, medium blue, lilac and pink.

Woman's Negligee Garters

No. 5035
Silk, Ribbon Bow
Price 35 cts.

No. 5050
Silk, Without Bow
Price 50 cts.

No. 5025 *Silk Finish, Without Bow.* Price 25 cts

Dealers: Here is a great garter. Your customers will appreciate your supplying them Ivory Garters They appeal to all who love comfort. Order through your jobber or direct.

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Silk, Elaborate Satin Ribbon Bow
Price $1 50

No. 5100
Silk, Handsome Satin Ribbon Bow
Price $1 00

No. 5075
Satin Ribbon Bow
Price 75 cts.

Ivory Arm Band

This is the best and most convenient arm band ever offered the public. Fitted with a slide it can be made larger or smaller as desired

No. 3025 Silk Finish Price 25 cts.

Ivory Golf Garter

Those that wear golf stockings will appreciate the Ivory Golf Garter [illegible] will not have to bend over to put it over his foot [illegible] over the top of the stocking

No. 4050 Silk. Price 50 cts.
No. 4025 Silk Finish
Price 25 cts.

Man's Side Garter

This garter is made for the benefit of those who cannot wear garters around their [illegible] woollen yarns. It will please elderly men also. Generally worn outside of leg, but are worn sometimes a pair to each leg as a double grip.

No. 1850 Silk Price 50 cts
No. 1825 *Silk Finish.* Price 25 cts

For Children

No metal except [illegible] Cannot scratch skin or poison a wounded leg Won't tear hose. Convenient and durable. Most satisfactory garter for children made Mercerized hole, three-quarter [illegible] Sky, grey, tan, black, medium blue, lilac and pink

No. 8025. Price 25 cts.

Man's Garters

Double Grip Ivory Garter

For those who like a double grip this is the best of its kind. The [illegible] are without a pad—most clean and sanitary.

No. 6060 Silk
Price 50 cts
No. 6025 *Silk Finish*
Price 25 cts.

Standard Ivory Garter

This is the most popular garter It is so light of weight that it needs not to be drawn tight about the leg. Clasp on outside of leg.

No. 2050 Silk
Price 50 cts.
No. 2025 Silk Finish
Price 25 cts.

Guarantee

The Ivory Garter is guaranteed absolutely and unqualifiedly. If you do not get complete satisfaction, take the garter back to your dealer and get your money back; or mail in to us for replacement, plus your postage.

Points of Superiority

1—No Metal
2—Only one-half ounce per pair
3—No Corrosion—(Blood Poison avoided)
4—No Pads
5—Doesn't Bind
6—Is Comfortable
7—Does not Tear Socks
8—Does not Scratch the Leg
9—No Cords
10—Wears Longest
11—Looks Good
12—Is Guaranteed

Can't Rust

No Blood Poison

The Conaphore.
Smooth front surface. Easily cleaned. Does not clog with dust or mud.

Right Through the Fog

See the car with the Conaphores speeding along through the fog at 25 to 30 miles an hour. Cars with ordinary headlights creep along behind a blinding blur.

Pierces Fog and Dust Without Back-glare

The Only Automobile Headlight Glass that Does

One foggy night ten cars left the Exmoor Country Club, Chicago. Nine of them—equipped with ordinary headlights—crept nervously along at 10 miles an hour behind a blinding blur.

Only one car could make any speed in the fog. It sped along at 25 miles per hour. Its headlights shot a low, strong, golden beam through the fog for several hundred feet. This car sped along this golden path swiftly and safely. It was equipped with Conaphores.

How Noviol Glass Causes Light to Pierce Fog

The Conaphore is a new scientific headlight glass which pierces fog and dust without back-glare. It is the *only* headlight glass that can do this. The reason the Conaphore has this exclusive fog-piercing feature is that it is made of Noviol Glass.

Noviol Glass is a patented golden-tint glass. It was invented and perfected by scientists in the laboratories of the Corning Glass Works. This company is the largest manufacturer of technical glass in the world. It makes practically all the signal glass used on all American railroads.

Noviol Glass absorbs the blue and violet rays that are the chief cause of back-glare. This does not decrease the efficiency of the light, but increases it. Only motorists who have ridden behind Conaphores in a heavy fog can realize what this wonderful feature means.

No Glare. Light never more than 42 inches above road.

Wonderful Range in Clear Weather

On foggy nights the Conaphore is the only headlight glass that gives range without back-glare. On clear nights it has a range of 500 feet or more and [illegible] The light is on the road—where you want it—not in the side-light. Because of the golden-tint of the Noviol [illegible] the bushes, ditches, etc., along the roadside stand out clearly.

In design the Conaphore is scientific, yet simple. It has a smooth outer surface which never gets clogged with dust or snow, and a series of horizontal corrugations on the inner face. These corrugations bend down the light and shoot it out in a long beam, never more than 42 inches above the road. Thus all state and city no-glare laws are complied with.

Also Made in Clear Glass

Conaphores are made of clear glass as well as Noviol Glass. Clear glass Conaphores are equally efficient in giving long range and preventing glare, but lack the golden tint which [illegible] Noviol Glass of eliminating back glare and penetrating fog or dust. We strongly recommend the Noviol.

Easy to Install

You will find the Conaphore easy to install. Simply take out the glass now in your headlight and put the Conaphore in its place. Sizes are made to fit all cars. In ordering give name, model and year of your car and diameter of your present headlight glass. All progressive [illegible] now sell Conaphores. Put a pair on your car today. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

Price List

Noviol Glass	Per Pair	Clear Glass	Per Pair
3 to 4¾ inches inclusive	$1 00	3 to 4¾ inches inclusive	$0 80
5 to 6¾ inches inclusive	2 40	5 to 6¾ inches inclusive	1 60
7 to 8¾ inches inclusive	3 50	7 to 8¾ inches inclusive	2 50
8¾ to 10 inches inclusive	4 50	8¾ to 10 inches inclusive	3 00
10¾ to 11¾ inches inclusive	6 00	10¾ to 11¾ inches inclusive	4 00

Prices 25 cents more per pair west of Rocky Mountains.
Sizes vary by steps of ¼ inch.

CONAPHORE SALES DIVISION
EDWARD A. CASSIDY CO., Inc., Managers
280 Madison Avenue, New York City
CORNING GLASS WORKS

CONAPHORE

(Continued from Page 42)

"I am a bankrupt, Carter," I responded in a broken tone. "I have sold my birthright for a mess of porridge."

"Good heavens!" he said. "You don't mean you've spent the whole business?"

I then got my Check Book from the tool chest, and held it out to him. Also the unpaid bills. I had but $42.45 in the Bank and owed $90.00 for the things mother had bought.

"Everything has gone wrong," I admitted. "I love this car, but it is as much expence as a large familey and does not get better with age, as a familey does, which grows up and works or gets married. And Leila is getting to be a Man-hater and acts very strange most of the time."

Here I almost wept, and probably would have, had he not said:

"Here! Stop that, or I——" He stopped and then said: "How about the engagement, Bab? Is it a failure to?"

"We are still plited," I said. "Of course we do not agree about some things, but the time to fuss is now, I darsay, and not when to late, with perhaps a large familey and unable to seperate."

"What sort of things?"

"Well," I said, "he thinks that he ought to play around with other girls so no one will suspect, but he does not like it when I so much as sit in a hammick with a member of the Other Sex."

"Bab," he said in an ernest tone, "that, in twenty words, is the whole story of all the troubles between what you call the Sexes. The only diference between Tommy Gray and me is that I would not want to play around with any one else if—well, if engaged to anyone like you. And I feel a lot like looking him up and giveing him a good thrashing."

He paid me fifty cents and a quarter tip, and offered, although poor, to lend me some Money. But I refused.

"I have made my bed," I said, "and I shall occupy it, Carter. I can have no companion in misfortune."

It was that night that another house near the Club was robed, and everything taken, including groseries and a case of champane. The Summer People got together the next day at the Club and offered a reward of two hundred dollars, and engaged a night watchman with a motorcycle, which I considered silly, as one could hear him coming when to miles off, and any how he spent most of the time taking the maids for rides, and broke an arm for one of them.

Jane spent the night with me, and being unable to sleep, owing to dieting again and having an emty stomache, wakened me at 2 A. M. and we went to the pantrey together. When going back upstairs with some cake and canned pairs, we heard a door close below. We both shreiked, and the familey got up, but found no one except Leila, who could not sleep and was out getting some air. They were very unpleasant, but as Jane observed, families have little or no gratitude.

I come now to the Stranger again.

On the next afternoon, while engaged in a few words with the station hackman, who said I was taking his trade although not needing the Money—which was a thing he could not possably know—while he had a familey and a horse to feed, I saw the Stranger of the milk wagon, et cetera, emerge from the one-thirty five.

He was about to pass me, but saw my card, and said:

"How much to take me up the Greenfield Road?"

"Where to?" I asked in a pre-emptory manner.

He then looked at a peice of *mauve note paper*, and said:

"To a big pine tree at the foot of Oak Hill. Do you know the Place?"

Did I know the Place? Had I not, as a child, rolled and even turned summersaults down that hill? Was it not on my very ancestrial acres? It was, indeed.

Although suspicious at once, because of no adress but a pine tree, I said nothing, except mearly:

"Fifty cents."

"Suppose we fix it like this," he suggested. "Fifty cents for the trip and another fifty for going away at once and not hanging around, and fifty more for forgeting me the moment you leave?"

I had until then worn my gogles, but removeing them to wipe my face, he stared, and then said:

"And another fifty for not running into anything, including milk wagons."

I hesatated. To dollars was to dollars, but I have always been honest, and above reproach. But what if he was the Theif, and now about to survey my own home with a view to entering it clandestinely? Was I one to assist him under those circumstanses?

However, at that moment I remembered the Reward. With that amount I could pay everything and start life over again, and even purchace a few things I needed. For I was allready wearing my *Troseau*, having been unable to get any plain every day garments, and thus frequently obliged to change a tire in a crepe de chine petticoat, et cetera.

I yeilded to the temptation. How could I know that I was sewing my own destruction?

IV

LET us, dear reader, pass with brevaty over the next few days. Even to write them is a repugnent task, for having set my hand to the Plow, I am not one to do things half way and then stop.

Every day the Stranger came and gave me to dollars and I took him to the back road on our place and left him there. And every night, although weary unto death with washing the car, carrying people, changeing tires and picking nails out of the road which the hackman put there to make trouble, I but pretended to slumber, and instead sat up in the library and kept my terrable Vigil. For now I knew that he had dishonest designs on the sacred interior of my home, and was but biding his time.

The house having been closed for a long time, there were mise everywhere, so that I sat on a table with my feet up.

I got so that I fell asleep almost anywhere but particularly at meals, and mother called in a doctor. He said I needed exercize! Ye gods!

Now I think this: if I were going to rob a house, or comit any sort of Crime, I should do it and get it over, and not hang around for days making up my mind. Besides keeping every one tence with anxiety. It is like diveing off a diveing board for the first time. The longer you stand there, the more afraid you get, and the farther (further?) it seems to the water.

At last, feeling I could stand no more, I said this to the Stranger as he was paying me. He was so surprized that he droped a quarter in the road, and did not pick it up. I went back for it later but some one else had found it.

"Oh!" he said. "And all this time I've been beleiveing that you—well, no matter. So you think it's a mistake to delay to long?"

"I think when one has somthing Right or Wrong to do, and that's for your conscience to decide, it's eazier to do it quickly."

"I see," he said, in a thoughtfull manner. "Well, perhaps you are right. Although I'm afraid you've been getting one fifty cents you didn't earn."

"I have never hung around," I retorted. "And no Archibald is ever a sneak."

"Archibald!" he said, getting very red. "Why, then you are ——"

"It doesn't matter who I am," I said, and got into the car and went away very fast, because I saw I had made a dreadfull Slip and probably spoiled everything. It was not untill I was putting the car up for the night that I saw I had gone off with his overcoat. I hung it on a nail and getting my revolver from under a board, I went home, feeling that I had lost two hundred dollars, and all because of familey pride.

How true that "pride goeth before a fall"!

I have not yet explained about the revolver. I had bought it from the gardner, having promised him ten dollars for it, although not as yet paid for. And I had meant to learn to be an expert, so that I could capture the Criminle in question without assistance, thus securing all the reward.

But owing to nervousness the first day I had, while practicing in the chicken yard, hit the gardner in the pocket and would have injured him severely had he not had his garden scizzers in his pocket.

He was very angry, and said he had a bruize the exact shape of the scizzers on him, so I had had to give him the ten plus five dollars more, which was all I had and left me stranded.

I went to my domacile that evening in low spirits, which were not improved by a conversation I had with Tom that night after the familey had gone out to a Club dance.

He said that he did not like women and girls who did things.

Doing the cutting better and quicker, making seams stronger and faster, sewing on buttons tighter and swifter, and performing every other operation in clothes-making more efficiently, with a saving of time, and at less cost—that's scientific tailoring, the result of which is: that Clothcraft Clothes—ready-to-wear—yield the utmost in fit, looks and wear that can be given men and young men at moderate prices.

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Clothes $12 to $25

SERGE SPECIALS
"5130" Blue, $16.50
"6130" Gray, $16.50
"4130" Blue, $20.00
"3130" Gray, $20.00
Made by
The Joseph & Feiss Co.
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THE CLOTHCRAFT STORE
IN YOUR TOWN

THE STEIN-BLOCH
Belter

The Belter is an American style which doesn't cling to foreign coat-tails. It sets off the figure with youthful smartness, making it seem trim, tall and well-put-together.

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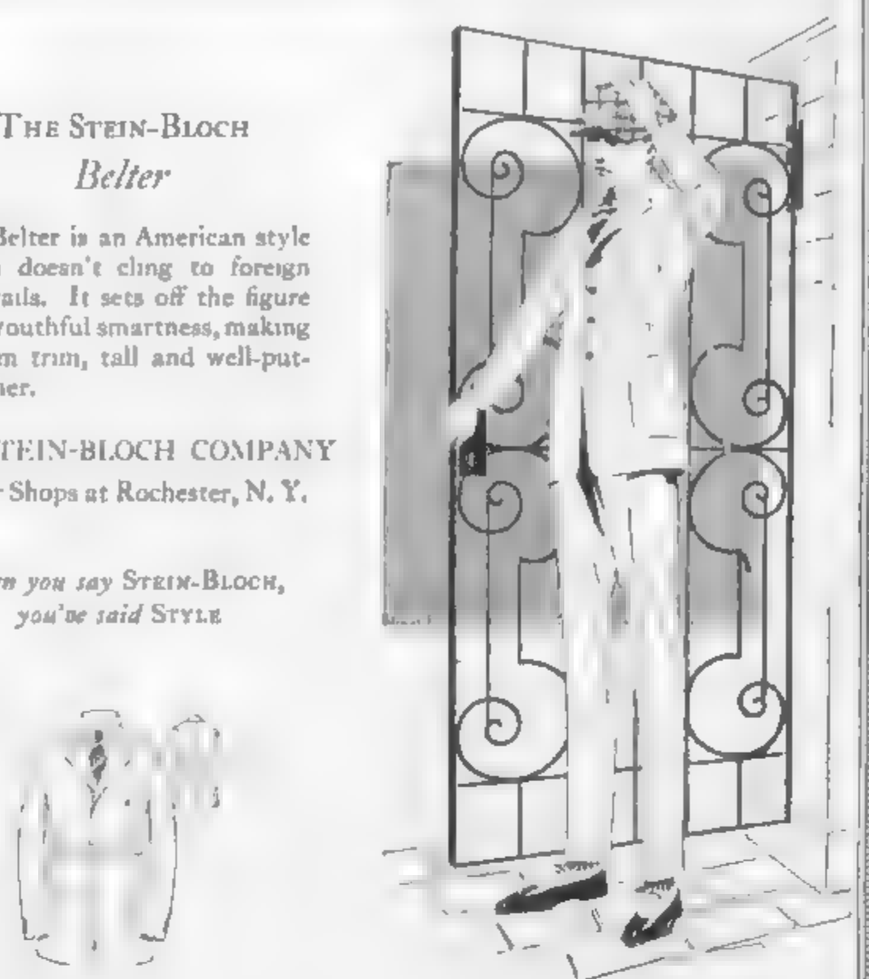

Stein-Bloch
Smart Clothes

Vitralite
THE LONG LIFE WHITE ENAMEL

THE porcelain-like white of Vitralite, *the Long-Life White Enamel*, is *more* than beautiful in any room. Its permanence is such that it lasts longer than ordinary paint on *exterior* work. Imagine then the *long life* of its beauty when used inside the house!

The smooth, pure white surface of Vitralite will not crack, peel off, nor turn yellow. It is water-proof and may therefore be washed again and again with soap and water.

Vitralite is not expensive, as it covers so much surface, whether you are just "painting-up" the porch furniture or employ a painter to do your house.

In addition to the white, Vitralite is being made in a number of authoritative tints, now so much in vogue.

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

LIKE in Vitralite, "beauty is more than kin deep" in 61 Floor Varnish — the floor varnish that stands abuse. It is water proof and heat proof. On your floors it will demonstrate its superb resistance to the constant tramp of many feet and the boisterous play of the kiddies. The only care a "61" floor requires is an ordinary washing whenever you feel it needs it.

Send for Descriptive Booklets and sample panels finished with Vitralite and "61" Floor Varnish.

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PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

P&L Varnish Products are made for a great variety of purposes and sold by paint and hardware dealers everywhere.

Used by painters, specified by architects. Write us about your varnishing problems.

"I like femanine girls," he said. "A fellow wants to be the Oak and feel the Vine clinging to him."

"I am afectionate," I said, "but not clinging. I cannot change my nature."

"Just what do you mean by afectionate?" he asked, in a stern voice. "Is it afectionate for you to sit over there and not even let me hold your hand? If that's afection, give me somthing else."

Alas, it was but to true. When away from me I thought of him tenderly, and of whether he was thinking of me. But when with me I was diferent. I could not account for this, and it troubled me. Because I felt this way. Romanse had come into my life, but suppose I was incapable of loving, although loved?

Why should I wish to be embrased, but become cold and fridgid when about to be?

"It's come to a Show-down, Bab," he said, ernestly. "Either you love me or you don't. I'm darned if I know which."

"Alas, I do not know," I said in a low and pitious voice. I then buried my face in my hands, and tried to decide. But when I looked up he was gone, and only the sad breese wailed around me.

I had expected that the Theif would take my hint and act that night, if not scared off by learning that I belonged to the object of his nefarius designs. But he did not come, and I was wakened on the library table at 8 A. M. by George coming in to open the windows.

I was by that time looking pale and thin, and my father said to me that morning, ere departing for the office:

"Haven't anything you'd like to get off your chest, have you, Bab?"

I sighed deeply.

"Father," I said, "do you think me cold? Or lacking in afection?"

"Certainly not."

"Or one who does not know her own mind?"

"Well," he observed, "those who have a great deal of mind do not always know it all. Just as you think you know it some new corner comes up that you didn't suspect and upsets everything."

"Am I femanine?" I then demanded, in an anxious manner.

"Femanine! If you were any more so we couldn't bear it."

I then inquired if he prefered the clinging vine or the independant tipe, which follows its head and not its instincts. He said a man liked to be engaged to a clinging Vine, but that after marriage a Vine got to be a darned nuaance and took everything while giveing nothing, being the sort to prefer chicken croquets to steak and so on, and wearing a boudoir cap in bed in the mornings.

He then kissed me and said: "Just a word of advise, Bab, from a parent who is, of course, extremely old but has not forgoten his Youth entirely. Don't try to make yourself over for each new Admirer who comes along. Be yourself. If you want to do any making over, try it on the boys. Most of them could stand it."

That morning, after changeing another tire and breaking three finger nails, I remembered the overcoat and, putting aside my scruples, went through the pockets. Although containing no Burglar's tools, I found a *sketch of the lower floor of our house, with a cross outside one of the library windows!*

I was for a time greatly excited, but calmed myself, since there was work to do. I felt that, as I was to capture him unaided, I must make a Plan, which I did and which I shall tell of later on.

Alas, while thinking only of securing the Reward and of getting Sis married, so that I would be able to be engaged and enjoy it without worry as to Money, coming out and so on, my Ship of Love was in the hands of the wicked, and about to be utterly destroyed, or almost, the complete finish not coming untill later. But

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

This is the tragic story. Tom had gone to the station, feeling repentant probably, or perhaps wishing to drive the Arab, and finding me not yet there, had conversed with the hackman. And that person, for whom I have nothing but contempt and scorn, had observed to him that every day I met a young gentleman at the three-thirty train and took him for a ride!

Could Mendasity do more? Is it right that such a Creature, with his pockets full of nails and scandle, should vote, while intellagent women remain idle? I think not.

When, therfore, I waved my hand to my *fiancee*, thus showing a forgiving disposition, I was met but with a cold bow. I was heart-broken, but it is but to true that in our state of society the female must not make advanses, but must remain still, although suffering. I therfore sat still and stared hautily at the water cap of my car, although seathing within, but without knowing the cause of our rupture.

The Stranger came. I shrink in retrospect from calling him the Theif, although corect in one sense. I saw Tom stareing at him banefully, but I took no notice, mearly getting out and kicking the tires to see if air enough in them. I then got in and drove away.

The Stranger looked excited, and did not mention the weather as customery. But at last he said:

"Somehow I gather, Little Sister, that you know a lot of things you do not talk about."

"I do not care to be adressed as 'Little Sister,'" I said in an icy tone. "As for talking, I do not interfere with what is not my concern."

"Good," he observed. "And I take it that, when you find an overcoat or any such garment, you do not exhibit it to the familey, but put it away in some secluded nook. Eh, what?"

"No one has seen it. It is in the car now, under that rug."

He turned and looked at me intently.

"Do you know," he observed, "my admiration for you is posatively beyond words!"

"Then don't talk," I said, feeling still anguished by Tom's conduct and not careing much just then about the reward or any such mundane matters.

"But I *must* talk," he replied. "I have a little plan, which I darsay you have guest. As a matter of fact, I have reasons to think it will fall in with—er—plans of your own."

Ye gods! Was I thus being asked to compound a felony? Or did he not think I belonged to my own familey, but to some other of the same name, and was therfore not suspicious.

"Here's what I want," he went on in a smooth manner. "And there's Twenty five dollars in it for you. I want this little car of yours tonight."

Here I almost ran into a cow, but was luckaly saved, as a Jersey cow costs seventy-five dollars and even more, depending on how much milk given daily. When back on the road again, having but bent a mud guard against a fense, I was calmer.

"How do I know you will bring it back?" I asked, stareing at him fixedly.

"Oh, now see here," he said, straightening his necktie, "I may be a Theif, but I am not that kind of a theif. I play for big steaks or nothing."

I then remembered that there was a big dinner that night and that mother would have her jewelery out from the safe deposit, and father's pearl studs et cetera. I turned pale, but he did not notice it, being busy counting out Twenty five dollars in small bills.

I am one to think quickly, but with precicion. So I said:

"You can't drive, can you?"

"I do drive, dear Little—I beg your pardon. But I think, with a lesson now, I could get along. Now see here, Twenty five dollars while you are asleep and therfore not gilty if I take your car from wherever you keep it. I'll leave it at the station and you'll find it there in the morning."

Do not be surprized, oh reader, that I agreed, or that I took the filthy lucre. For I knew then that he would never get to the station, and the reward of two hundred, plus the Twenty five, was already mine mentaly.

He learned to drive in but a short time, and I took him to the shed and showed him where I hid the key. He said he had never heard before of a girl owning a Motor and her parents not knowing, and while we were talking there Tom Gray went by in the station hack and droped somthing in the road.

When I went out to look *it was the key ring I had given him.*

I knew then that all was over and that I was doomed to a single life, growing more and more meloncholy until Death releived my sufferings. For I am of a proud nature, to proud to go to him and explain. If he was one to judge me by apearances I was through. But I ached. Oh, how I ached!

The Theif did not go further that day, but returned to the station. And I? I was

(Continued on Page 49)

How the San-Tox Nurse can help You

"To make shaving easier? How?" asks the man.

By taking the harshness from shaving, to be sure.
By using San-Tox toilet purities, to be certain.

"To make 'beautifying' safer? How?" asks the woman.

By using San-Tox purities again. By using them again and again.

So — San-Tox Shaving Lotion for the masculine face; it is tonic, reviving life to the new-shaved skin; just as San Tox After-Shave Talc is cool ing, soothing comfort.

So — San-Tox Cold Cream for the feminine face. It cleanses, conserves, blandishes the skin; just as Enchantment Complexion Powder protects and perfects it.

Mustn't there be a reason for the San-Tox druggist's invariable offer of purchase money returned for any prep aration which is not thor oughly effective?

And — think — there are 125 San-Tox preparations, on which that offer stands good. They're sold at the Sign of the Nurse by San-Tox druggists, who are purity druggists all.

The cheerful face of this San-Tox Nurse is the San-Tox symbol of Purity. Look for it in San-Tox druggists' windows and on all San-Tox preparations

SAN-TOX FOR PURITY
De Pree Chicago

San-Tox
After Shave Talcum
San-Tox SHAVING LOTION
San-Tox COLD CREAM
San-Tox ENCHANTMENT COMPLEXION POWDER

San-Tox

The price remains the same!

Styleplus Clothes $17

Men who stand out from the crowd combine two qualities—Personality and Brains.

Both of these qualities are expressed in their clothes. It is the style, the fit, the clean-cut attractive appearance of a man's apparel that stamp him with authority, with personality. And it is his ability to buy the most in quality, style and wear for the least money that stamps him as a man of brains. This is the kind of man who buys Styleplus Clothes $17.

Especially now, when prices are so high, this man is keen to recognize the exceptional opportunity offered in Styleplus. In spite of the higher cost of practically everything, ***the price of Styleplus is still the same!***

Our business has doubled in volume and our manufacturing costs have decreased. We concentrate scientifically on this one-price suit. Hence we are able to maintain our price, our all-wool or wool-and-silk fabrics, our correct style and fine workmanship, and our Guarantee of your full satisfaction.

The Styleplus Store near you has a fine variety of summer showings for your selection. Why not make it today?

Style plus all-wool fabrics + perfect fit + expert workmanship + guaranteed wear

One of the leading stores in nearly every town and city sells Styleplus. Look for the Styleplus window display. Look for the Styleplus label in the coat. If there is not a Styleplus store in your town, ask your favorite dealer to order a Styleplus suit for you.

Write us for free copy of "The Styleplus Book."

Trade Mark Reg.

Styleplus Clothes $17

"The same price the nation over"

(Price in Cuba $23)

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HENRY SONNEBORN & CO., INC. Founded 1849 BALTIMORE, MD.

(Continued from Page 46)

not idle, beleive me. During the remainder of the day, although a broken thing, I experamented to find exactly how much gas it took to take the car from the station to our house. As I could not go to the house I had to guess partly, but I have a good mind for estimations, and I found that two quarts would do it.

So he could come to the house or neaby, but he could not get away with his ill-gotten gains. I therfore returned to my home and ate a nursery supper, and Hannah came in and said:

"I'm about out of my mind, Miss Bab. There's trouble coming to this familey, and it keeps on going to dinners and disregarding all hints."

"What sort of trouble?" I asked, in a flutering voice. For if she knew and told I would not recieve the reward, or not solely.

"I think you know," she rejoined, in a suspicious tone. "And that you should assist in such a thing, Miss Bab, is a great Surprize to me. I have considered you flitey, but nothing more."

She then slapped a cup custard down in front of me and went away, leaving me very nervous. Did she know of the Theif, or was she mearly refering to the car, which she might have guest from grease on my clothes, which would get there in spite of being carful, especialy when changeing a tire?

Well, I have now come to the horrable events of that night, at writing which my pen almost refuses. To have dreamed and hoped for a certain thing, and then by my own actions to frustrate it was to be my fate.

"Oh God! that one might read the book of fate!"—Shakspeare.

As I felt that, when everything was over, the people would come in from the Club and the other country places to see the captured Criminle, I put on one of the frocks which mother had ordered and charged to me on that Allowence, which was by that time *non est.* (Latin for dissapated. I use dissapated in the sense of spent, and not debauchery.)

By that time it was nine o'clock, and Tom had not come, nor even telephoned.

I sat on the Terrace and waited, knowing full well that it was to soon, but nervous anyhow. I had before that locked all the library windows but the one with the X on the sketch, also putting a nail at the top so he could not open them and escape. And I had the key of the library door and my trusty weapon under a cushion, loaded the weapon, of course, not the key. I then sat down to my lonely vigil.

At eleven P. M. I saw a surpetitious Figure coming across the lawn, and was for a moment alarmed, as he might be coming while the familey and the jewels, and so on, were still at the Club.

But it was only Carter Brooks, who said he had invited himself to stay all night, and the Club was sickning, as all the old people were playing cards and the young ones were paired and he was an odd man.

He then sat down on the cushion with the revolver under it, and said:

"Gee whiz! Am I on the Cat? Because if so it is dead. It moves not."

"It might be a Revolver," I said, in a calm voice. "There was one lying around somwhere."

So he got up and observed: "I have conscientous scruples against sitting on a poor, unprotected gun, Bab." He then picked it up and it went off, but did no harm except to put a hole in his hat which was on the floor.

"Now see here, Bab," he observed, looking angry, because it was a new one—the hat. "I know you, and I strongly suspect you put that Gun there. And no blue eyes and white frock will make me think otherwise. And if so, why?"

"I am alone a good deal, Carter," I said, in a wistfull manner, "as my natural protecters are usualy enjoying the flesh pots of Egypt. So it is natural that I should wish to be at least fortified against trouble."

He then put the revolver in his pocket, and remarked that he was all the protecter I needed, and that the flesh pots only seemed desirable because I was not yet out. But that once out I would find them full of indigestion, headaches, and heartburn.

"This being grown-up is a sort of Promised Land," he said, "and it is always just over the edge of the World. You'll never be as nice again, Bab, as you are just now. And because you are still a little girl, although 'plited,' I am going to kiss the tip of your ear, which even the lady who ansers letters in the newspapers could not object to, and send you up to bed."

So he bent over and kissed the tip of my ear, which I considered not a sentamental spot and therfore not to be fussy about. And I had to pretend to go up to my chamber.

I was in a state of great trepadation as I entered my Residense, because how was I to capture my prey unless armed to the teeth? Little did Carter Brooks think that he carried in his pocket, not a Revolver or at least not mearly, but my entire future.

However, I am not one to give up, and beyond a few tears of weakness, I did not give way. In a half hour or so I heard Carter Brooks asking George for a whisky and soda and a suit of father's pajamas, and I knew that, ere long, he would be

In pleasing Dreams and slumbers light.
—Scott.

Would he or would he not bolt his door? On this hung, in the Biblical phraze, all the law and the profits.

He did not. Crouching in my Chamber I saw the light over his transom become blackness, and soon after, on opening his door and speaking his name softly, there was no response. I therfore went in and took my Revolver from his bureau, but there was somthing wrong with the spring and it went off. It broke nothing, and as for Hannah saying it nearly killed her, this is not true. It went into her matress and wakened her, but nothing more.

Carter wakened up and yelled, but I went out into the hall and said:

"I have taken my Revolver, which belongs to me anyhow. And don't dare to come out, because you are not dressed."

I then went into my chamber and closed the door firmly, because the servants were coming down screaming and Hannah was yelling that she was shot. I explained through the door that nothing was wrong, and that I would give them a dollar each to go back to bed and not alarm my dear parents. Which they promised.

It was then midnight, and soon after my familey returned and went to bed. I then went downstairs and put on a dark coat because of not wishing to be seen, and a cap of father's, wishing to apear as masculine as possable, and went outside, carrying my weapon, and very carful not to shoot it, as the spring seemed very loose.

It was a dark night, and I sat down on the verandah outside the fatal window, which is a French one to the floor, and waited. But suddenly my heart almost stopped. Some one was moving about *inside!*

It was indeed a cricis.

However, by getting in through a pantrey window, which I had done since a child for cake and so on, I entered the hall and was able, without a sound, to close and lock the library door. In this way, owing to nails in the windows, I thus had the gilty member of our *menage* so that only the one window remained, and I now returned to the outaide and covered it with a steady aim.

What was my horror to see a bag thrust out through this window and set down by the unknown within!

Dear reader, have you ever stood by and seen a home you loved looted, despoiled and deprived of even the egg spoons, silver after-dinner coffee cups, jewels and toilet articals? If not, you cannot comprehand my greif and stern resolve to recover them, at whatever cost.

I by now cared little for the Reward but everything for honor.

The second Theif was now aproaching. I sank behind a steamer chair and waited.

Need I say here that I meant to kill no one? Have I not, in every page, shown that I am one for peace and have no desire for bloodshed? I think I have. Yet, when the Theif apeared on the verandah and turned a pocket flash on the lether bag, which I percieved was one belonging to the familey, I felt indeed like shooting him, although not in a fatal spot.

He then entered the room and spoke in a low tone.

The Reward was mine.

I but sliped to the window and closed it from the outside, at the same time putting in a nail as mentioned before, so that it could not be raised, and then, raising my revolver in the air, I fired the remaining four bullets, forgeting the roof of the verandah which now has four holes in it.

Can I go on? Have I the strength to finish? Can I tell how the Theif cursed and tried to raise the window, and how every

(Concluded on Page 51)

"TASTE THE TASTE"

BASKET LUNCHEON 1
Deviled Ham Sandwiches
Waldorf Salad* Olives
Cheese Crackers
Raspberry Tarts Coffee
Sandwiches: Cut thin slices of bread, spread with *Underwood Deviled Ham*—not too thick—put together, trim crusts and wrap in waxed paper. Make some of [illegible] and some entire-wheat.
*Carry in fruit jar.

BASKET LUNCHEON 2
Deviled Ham Stuffed Eggs
Cold Fried Chicken
Lettuce Sandwiches Sweet Pickles
Chocolate Layer Cake Coffee*
Stuffed Eggs: Cut hard-cooked eggs in half. Remove yolks, mash thoroughly with equal bulk *Underwood Deviled Ham* and spoonful salad dressing. Fill egg centers and press halves together again. Wrap in waxed paper.
*Carry in Thermos bottle.

BASKET LUNCHEON 3
Deviled-Ham-and-Pimento Sandwiches
Cold Veal Loaf Salted Peanuts
Pickled Beets
Orange Cake Hermits
Sandwiches: Spread white or whole-wheat bread thinly with *Underwood Deviled Ham*. Then add a layer of canned pimento chopped fine.

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THERE'LL be one of these stay-at-home lunch-eon combinations if you have your eyes open for something that is glorious appetizing and supremely taste satisfying. These dishes that are glorified by the wonderful "salt-and-sugar-and-hickory smoke" ham taste of Underwood Deviled Ham.

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The more sinewy or stringy the muscle, the stronger it is.

It is a law of engineering that many small strings or strands made into a cable give the greatest possible strength and flexibility.

And nature exemplifies that law in the muscles of every living being.

* * *

That very law governs the construction of the *'Royal Cord' Tire.*

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Room with private bath—Double room	$5 to $8
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Two Connecting Rooms with Bath	
Two persons	$5 to $8
Three persons	$6 to $9
Four persons	$7 to $12

1026 rooms—634 with private bath

(Concluded from Page 49)

one came downstairs in their night clothes and broke in the library door, while carrying pokers, and knives, et cetera. And how, when they had met with no violence but only sulkey silense, and turned on the lights, there was Leila dressed ready to elope, and the Theif had his arms around her, and she was weeping? Because he was poor, although of good familey, and lived in another city, where he was a broker, my familey had objected to him. Had I but been taken into Leila's confidence, which he considered I had, or at least that I understood, how I would have helped, instead of thwarting! If any parents or older sisters read this, let them see how wrong it is to leave any member of the familey in the dark, especialy in *affaires de couer*.

Having seen from the verandah window that I had comitted an error, and unable to bear any more, I crawled in the pantrey window again and went up stairs to my Chamber. There I undressed and having hid my weapon, pretended to be asleep.

Some time later I heard my father open the door and look in.

"Bab!" he said, in a stealthy tone.

I then pretended to wake up, and he came in and turned on a light.

"I suppose you've been asleep all night," he said, looking at me with a searching glanse.

"Not lately," I said. "I—wasn't there a Noise or somthing?"

"There was," he said. "Quite a racket. You're a sound sleeper. Well, turn over and settle down. I don't want my little girl to lose her Beauty Sleep."

He then went over to the lamp and said: "By the way, Bab, I don't mind you're sleeping in my golf cap, but put it back in the morning because I hate to have to hunt my things all over the place."

I had forgoten to take off his cap!

Ah, well, it was all over, although he said nothing more, and went out. But the next morning, after a terrable night, when I realized that Leila had been about to get married and I had ruined everything, I found a note from him under my door.

Dear Bab: After thinking things over, I thunk you and I would better say nothing about last night's mystery. But suppose you bring your car to meet me tonight at the station, and we will take a ride, avoiding milk wagons if possible. You might bring your check book, too, and the revolver, which we had better bury in some quiet spot.

FATHER.

P. S. I have mentioned to your mother that I am thinking of buying you a small car. *Verbum sap.*

The next day my mother took me calling, because if the Servants were talking it was best to put up a bold front, and pretend that nothing had happened except a Burglar alarm and no Burglar. We went to Gray's and Tom's grandmother was there, *without her cruches.*

During the evening I dressed in a pink frock, with roses, and listened for a car, because I knew Tom was now alowed to drive again. I felt very kind and forgiving, because father had said I was to bring the car to our garage and he would by gasoline, although paying no old bills, because I would have to work out my own Salvation, but bying my revolver at what I paid for it.

But Tom did not come. This I could not beleive at first, because such conduct is very young and imature, and to much like fighting at dancing school because of not keeping step and so on.

At last, Dear Reader, I heard a machine coming, and I went to the entrance to our drive, standing in the shrubery to surprize him. I did not tremble as previously, because I had learned that he was but human, though I had once considered otherwise, but I was willing to forget.

How happy is the blameless Vestal's lot!
The World forgeting, by the World forgot.
—Pope.

However, the car did not turn into our drive, but went on. And in it were Tom, and that one who I had considered until that time my best and most intimite friend, Jane Raleigh.

Sans fiancee, *sans* friend, *sans* reward and *sans* Allowence. I turned and went back to my father, who was on the verandah and was now, with my mother and sister, all that I had left in the World.

And my father said: "Well, here I am, around as usual. Do you feel to grown-up to sit on my knee?" I did not.

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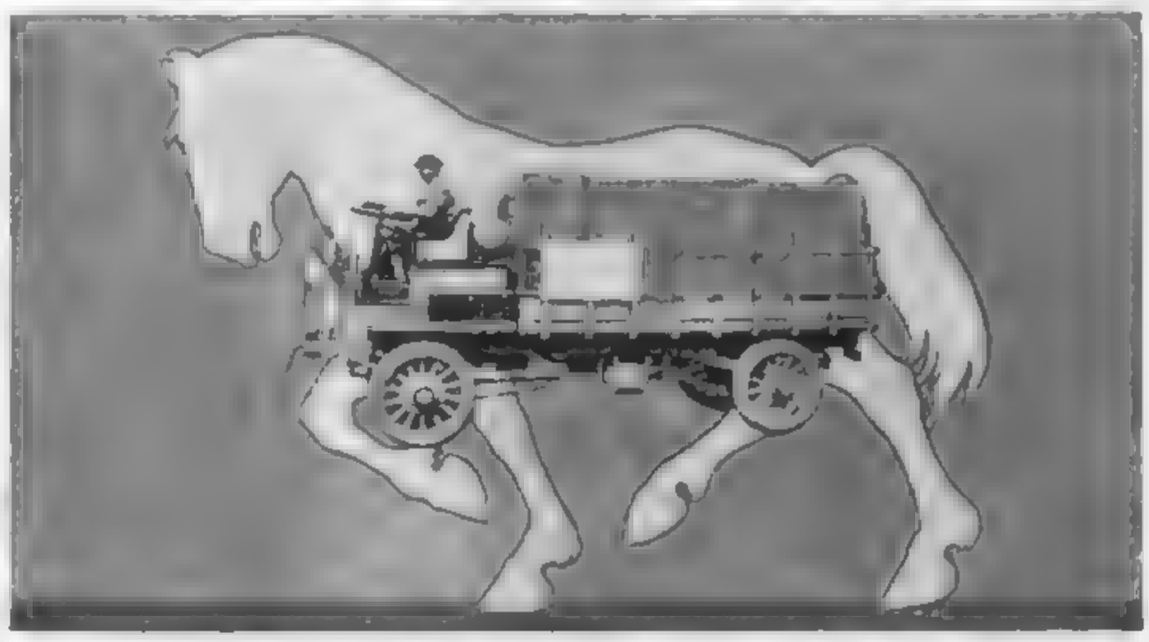

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I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO MY FLAG

(Continued from Page 15)

peeved—as thoroughly peeved as any boy of my age could be upon realizing that his mere parents, whom he has been wont to patronize, had hornswoggled him! My military dream commenced to fade; with a sinking heart I recalled having paid my respects to the Home Guard just before leaving home—something about their poltroonery in waiting for the enemy to appear, and my own desperate courage in presuming to seek him where he lived.

The thought of returning to that town without a uniform appalled me, for now the Home Guard would be certain to say that, after reaching the recruiting office, I had had cold feet. Moreover, all the girls who had been in my class at school had kissed me good-by; indeed, several kindly females had wept at the vision of a neighbor's boy sacrificed on the altar of patriotism, and I had been called a brave lad before my courage had been remotely tested.

Something had to be done or I was lost. Something was done, for a good soldier never admits failure and snatches victory out of the very jaws of defeat, as it were. I took the corporal into my confidence and in a low voice asked him if he could suggest something. He admitted a suggestion was not impossible. He made out a new application for enlistment, and on it the date of my birth showed as March 12, 1877. Incidentally I might remark that I first squawked on October 12, 1880! I am sorry I told that lie then; but, really, it seemed necessary to tell it. I knew I was making a false enlistment; but there was the Home Guard waiting to bawl me out, while from far Cavité the indomitable Dewey called for help, little realizing that, with the exception of the Bloody Fourteenth and a handful of other regulars, the best he was going to get was a gang of volunteers who couldn't be dog robbers; while I was going to soldier!

We returned to the recruiting station, the corporal made out a new application, and I was taken into another room, where I stripped down to a blush and was very carefully examined. With the exception of a scar on my shin, a relic of a burn from my first cigarette, I was without a blemish—that is, a visible blemish. The commissioned officer before whom I appeared next morning to take the oath noted my army birthday and accused me of it. But I stood pat, and he said that if I was satisfied he was, too; that I appeared to be a pretty husky young liar; and to hold up my hand and repeat after him the following: "I do hereby acknowledge . . . voluntarily enlisted . . . as a soldier . . . Army of the United States of America . . . bear true faith and allegiance . . . serve them honestly and faithfully against all their enemies whomsoever . . . obey the orders of the President . . . officers appointed over me . . . Rules and Articles of War . . . so help me God!"

A Little Buck Private

My hand fell. I was a Little Buck Private. The corporal took six of us who had just taken the oath out to the Bloody Fourteenth, encamped at Camp Merritt, near Golden Gate Park. If a prize had been offered for the worst camp site in California, Camp Merritt would have qualified easily. The sand was deep; we sank to our ankles in it; it got into our food and into our eyes and our hair and our blankets; when the northwest trade winds blew, as they blow all summer in San Francisco, the tent pegs pulled out and the tents collapsed on the soldiery; scraps of greasy paper, orange rinds and food would get buried in the sand one day and the breeze would expose them the next. The camp was devoid of sewers and drainage; and, since fully ninety per cent of all the soldiers encamped there were rookies, untrained in order, neatness and camp sanitation, and still resentful of strict discipline, there was plenty of sickness; in fact, when I went aboard the troopship three weeks later I carried a prize case of measles with me, and my family, having kissed me good-by at the gangplank, carried the disease home and distributed it among the neighbors.

Typhoid fever took a liberal toll; intestinal troubles quickly developed from the unusual food; and there was spinal meningitis a-plenty. Of course I didn't notice any of this then, but as I see it in retrospect, with the clearer vision of thirty-six, I know that camp was a monument to national stupidity. The nation's business was nobody's business; and we youngsters, who came with hearts beating high with all the generous, altruistic spirit of true Americanism, were abused and neglected by our fellow citizens. We didn't want the nation's cheers; we didn't want the fifteen dollars and sixty cents a month the nation paid us on foreign service, for we would have soldiered for nothing; we didn't want anything, I think, except arms and the opportunity to serve our country, and be comfortable and cared for before and after the fight. That is little enough to ask of one's country when the country asks one to die for it.

Let the Army Do It

I do not think this terrible thing will happen again. I do not think it can happen if we are given only one regiment of regulars to each concentration camp; for our regular army knows how and it isn't afraid of hard work. It has had nothing else for the past twenty years; the Bloody Fourteenth of to-day no more resembles the Bloody Fourteenth of my boyish allegiance than a white man resembles a mulatto.

All that is necessary for the country to accomplish successfully the gigantic task of equipping an army to fight Germany is for certain senators and congressmen to make up their minds that they don't know enough about the army to wad a gun; but that the army does know its business as few men ever do know their business, and if given the cash and the authority will do the job right.

We were taken first before the lieutenant colonel, who commanded the five companies of the regiment stationed at Camp Merritt, five other companies being already en route to the Philippines and two stationed in Alaska. The commanding officer looked us over critically and asked us what trade we had followed before enlisting. I think he was gauging our quality by our answers, for when the last man admitted that he had been a potato peddler in civil life, the C. O.'s eyebrows went up and he seemed distressed. Finally he said: "Well, I guess we'll make a soldier out of you," and told the corporal to take us to the adjutant, who refused to look at us and told the sergeant major to assign us to L Company.

So down to L Company we went and were duly delivered to L Company's first sergeant, whom I liked on sight; he, in turn, assigned us to tents and then took us to the company quartermaster sergeant, who issued to each of us a mess kit and one alleged blue woolen double blanket. I was very much disappointed at not receiving a uniform and a rifle and bayonet; neither did I get a haversack in which to carry my mess kit nor a blanket bag in which to carry my blanket. Also, knowing my California and the cold raw fog that rolls in from the ocean on summer nights and penetrates to the marrow of one's bones, I asked for another blanket. The quartermaster sergeant explained that he had only eight blankets on hand; and as he was certain of at least eight more recruits, but most marvelously uncertain of more blankets, he was playing no favorites, but trying to make everybody happy with one blanket each.

I did not like my tent mates. They were rude, untutored, unimaginative, unclean and odoriferous, being fresh from the cow country, where bathing is considered a luxury, but never a necessity.

I do not recall anything I had to face in the army that appalled me more than the knowledge that I had to sleep in the same tent with these fellows. Later, of course, when we were in the field in Luzon, and had been whipped into a compact, well-disciplined unit, totally surrounded by bathing facilities, you may be very certain these fellows bathed with reasonable regularity or showed a perfectly waterproof excuse for not doing so. Indeed, I recall one fellow who dreaded water as cats dread it; and, as a result, with the passage of time he became

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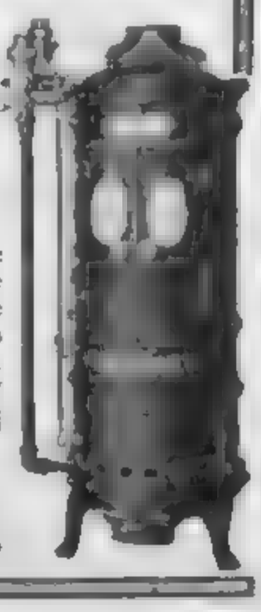

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as offensive as a billy goat and many complaints were registered against him. So he was ordered to bathe.

He paid no attention to the order and it was repeated. But he disobeyed again on the ground that such an order conflicted with the individual freedom guaranteed him under the Constitution; he claimed an unrestricted right to bathe when he felt like it. So the result was that the company commander detailed a corporal and four privates to escort him to an adjacent river. Arrived at the bank, they undressed him; then they undressed themselves—all but the corporal, who was there to boss the job and with loud and raucous cries they fell upon their victim and threw him into the river.

Then they followed; and with good old brown kitchen soap with plenty of lye in it, and with very coarse horse brushes, they scrubbed him until he screamed in agony. When he came forth his hide glowed as pink and clean as that of a millionaire's baby, and from that time forward he appeared to abandon any and all rights guaranteed him under the Constitution.

Once I had a Constitutional right that I thought I would assert: One morning at drill—I had just been returned to duty from hospital and was still too weak to keep up the cadence of one hundred and twenty steps to the minute—my tardiness got on the company commander's nerves, and presently, when the order Right Dress! was given, and my stomach bulged out and spoiled the otherwise perfect alignment of the company, the C. C. ran at me with his sword aimed at the geometrical center of my being.

He thought, of course, that I would naturally shrink back and right dress; but I didn't, and he miscalculated his own speed or the pressure of his point on my abdomen, for at any rate the sword point nicked me. When I went to bathe after drill I discovered blood! Ah! I had the C. C. Direct violation of Article Two of the Regulations: "Military authority will be exercised with kindness, firmness and justice. . . ." Also, I had him on Article Ninety-three, Articles of War: "Any person subject to military law who commits manslaughter, mayhem, arson, burglary, robbery, larceny, embezzlement assault with intent to do bodily harm "

Trouble With the Top Sergeant

Forthwith I called upon the company commander and respectfully made him aware of his crime; I even offered to show him the wound. He told me he was terribly sorry and asked me please to forgive him. Of course I had to forgive him; but he was so abjectly sorry I thought perhaps he was frightened at having drawn blood from a private—it was just a drop or two; so I struck him for a three-day pass. Alas! He gave me three days of kitchen police for my impudence—which was as it should have been! Nevertheless, he failed to cure me; for presently I discovered another Constitutional right that was being invaded, and I decided to assert it.

It appears that when I enlisted my service was to be for a period of three years or until the war with Spain was over. Of course a war is never officially ended until the treaty of peace has been signed, and by the time we had definitely buried the hatchet with Spain I had already gleaned considerable practical experience in a war in which I hadn't contracted to appear at all. I refer to the fuss with Aguinaldo.

Now, with the exception of my first battle, I had thoroughly enjoyed the first three months of the Filipino Rebellion. We had been living comfortably in trenches, under fire every day, having little outpost scraps at night and occasional reconnoissance forays, which gave us a continuous interest in life. I wasn't homesick; as a matter of fact, I didn't care if I never got home, for I was rapidly learning that it takes a fearful quantity of lead to kill a man—that our enemy was pitifully deficient in marksmanship.

In a little while I wouldn't even have been gun-shy; in fact, I had learned to love the service, and the harder and dirtier the job we had to do, the more fun it was to do it. I think we all felt that way about it. However, about this time I had the misfortune to address certain opprobrious remarks to the top sergeant, not knowing he had a boil under his arm; so, instead of giving me a day in the kitchen to mellow me, he gave me thirty!

(Continued on Page 57)

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BARRE QUARRIERS AND MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION

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(Continued from Page 54)

Now an army field kitchen in those days was fire in a field, and thirty days in the kitchen in the tropics, when one is already suffering from prickly heat, is equivalent to thirty days in Hades. Promptly my spirit broke and a low melancholia settled over me; I dwelt upon my wrongs, and, lo, I recalled that the war with Spain was over, and that I was being wrongfully and illegally held to pursue and kill a peace-loving peasantry. I had no business in that kitchen. I should be free. What right had that top sergeant to sentence me to thirty days in the kitchen, when, under the terms of my contract with Uncle Sam, I was entitled to my discharge and had been for some time?

I dug up a sheet of clean white paper and made formal application to the Secretary of War to be discharged from the service. And I stated my reason and claimed my right. Then I filed this remarkable document with the top sergeant, addressed to the company commander, and returned to the kitchen to await results.

I got them faster than I had anticipated. I was summoned before the company commander, who demanded crisply to know what the devil I meant; to which I replied respectfully that my communication to the Secretary of War was self-explanatory.

"Oh, very well," he answered; "if you feel that way about it I'll indorse my approval on your application. You realize, of course, that this letter must go through military channels; starting with the top sergeant, it jogs right along through me, the adjutant, the colonel, the brigade commander, the division commander, the departmental adjutant general, the adjutant general of the army, and finally up to the Secretary of War. Then it has to come all the way back, approved or rejected; and while it is on the road you will just naturally remain in the kitchen and contribute to the sum total of culinary knowledge."

So I said I guessed I wouldn't bother the Secretary of War, and withdrew my application. As I left the orderly tent I had an uncomfortable feeling that the company commander was bursting with laughter, but didn't dare laugh in my presence because he was an officer and a gentleman. In that moment I loathed him, though, as a matter of fact, he was one of the kindest, gentlest, squarest men in the world; he had the gift of gaining the confidence and affection of his men without relaxing discipline, and I think he looked upon us all as his boys. So, quite overlooking my own asininity and his many virtues, I resolved to discipline him.

The Worm Turns

The company cook was a corporal. He had no legitimate right to be, but he had gone on strike and declared that he had to be a corporal in order to exercise strict authority over the kitchen police, nearly all of whom were detailed for disciplinary purposes and, hence, were indolent and rebellious. So, rather than have him begin to ruin our food in case his wishes were opposed, the company commander broke another corporal and gave his chevrons to the cook, who thereupon became a tyrant. The cook, it appears, had quarreled with the quartermaster sergeant over the drawing of the rations; the company commander had sided with the cook—naturally—and roasted the quartermaster sergeant. Consequently, thereafter the company commander had been the cook's ideal of an officer and a gentleman, and when I had arrived in the kitchen this corporal cook had ordered me to constitute myself the company commander's chef!

The C. C. was "feeding with the line," and the cook declared that "Government straight" was not for a splendid gentleman like our officer. He declared that rank has its privileges; so I used to swap a can of salmon for half a dozen fresh eggs at a native store; I was wont to run miles in pursuit of Filipino chickens, to be served fried, with French fried potatoes; it was my job to get shot at while I invaded a field in the enemy's territory looking for a she caribao with a calf, and, when I found her, to rob the calf of his breakfast in order that the company commander might have fresh milk with his mush.

When we got rations of fresh beef or mutton from Australia I had to boil down about six pounds of it and make beef tea or mutton broth. Why, under the driving of that company cook our C. C. was being pampered to death!—and I was the Pampering Kid, for I was a good cook; and up to the day when the C. C. came between me and the Secretary of War I had taken considerable pleasure in pampering him. I think it was a labor of love. I resolved now to change all that.

I cooked him a tasty dinner that night, as usual, for the corporal cook's eagle eye was on me; but, watching my opportunity, I loaded onto a tray a chunk of cold canned salmon, a potato that had seen better days, a slab of sowbelly, and some greasy beans and bootleg coffee. And this unsavory supper I brought and laid before the company commander. He looked at it and then he looked at me. I met his gaze with a bovine stare of innocence. Then he said:

"What is the meaning of this?"

I replied:

"Equal rights to all and special privileges to none. I'm sick of that kitchen."

It was a dirty, foul blow. I realize it now. He sighed and said:

"I'll tell the first sergeant to excuse you from the kitchen."

"That being the case, sir," I replied, "I'll remove this mess and give you some regular food."

Then he laughed—forgot he was an officer and a gentleman, and remembered he was a human being. So I laughed and forgot my grouch, and right away he took advantage of my good nature. He complimented my cooking, and in a burst of generosity I said I'd continue to cook for him just the same; and he thanked me and had the good taste not to offer me any money, for that would have spoiled everything—and made a dog robber out of me. And I was never grouched on the service thereafter.

Life as a Rookie

I finished the campaign barefooted and shod only in caribao-hide sandals of my own manufacture; my hat was a rag; my green shirt had neither sleeves nor buttons; underclothing I had not had for eight months, and my brown fatigue trousers were fully ventilated fore and aft; my spleen was enlarged, my liver was a trifle reactionary, and my digestion was nothing to brag of; but—I was a soldier.

They had made one out of me in the field; they had taken my boyhood away from me and given me something else—what, I do not know; but it was good for me and served me well in after life. And when I turned in my Krag, which had lain at my side for a year, and saw the quartermaster sergeant hand it right out to a lubberly recruit—well, I knew then that I had learned to love the service and that it was going to be very hard to give it up.

However, I'm scouting ahead of my story. Having been assigned to my quarters at Camp Merritt, I made a meager noonday meal on Uncle Sam's fodder. I didn't like it, partly for its own sake and partly because I knew where it came from. The company kitchen was merely a greasy plank stretched between two greasy barrels. The cook, who was a symphony in grease and filth, worked under a greasy fly tent, and the flying sand and wood smoke, together with the acrimonious remarks of his displeased constituency, had ruined his disposition. God had never intended him for a cook; and, as a matter of fact, in civil life he had been a tinker and a sort of jack-leg carpenter. Indeed, he brought a chest of tools into the army with him, and, because he was such an amazing Handy Andy, subsequently he was made artificer. The happiness one could accord this man by giving him something difficult to mend was really touching; but if you wanted to plunge him into an abyss of misery all you had to do was to force him to boil a kettle of rice.

The Bloody Fourteenth wasted no time before commencing my education. As I recall it, I arrived in the camp at eleven-thirty A. M., and at one P. M. a corporal took us six rookies for a brisk stroll in Golden Gate Park. After locating a sequestered spot where civilians would not be likely to come and gape at us, he showed us how to assume the position and bearing of a soldier, initiated us into the true inwardness of "'Shun!" and "Hep! Hep!" and taught us how to salute with the hand and to step off on the left foot at the command of execution, which we learned to distinguish from the preparatory command. We got in, rather tired, at five o'clock, had a so-called supper at five-thirty and retreat roll call at sunset, when the flag came down over the lieutenant colonel's tent. That ended my first day in the army, and I went

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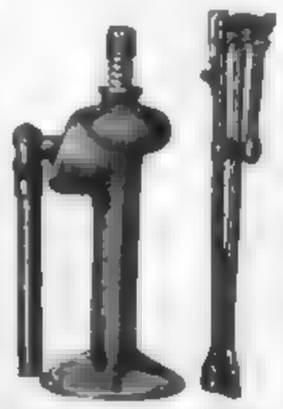

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down town and had something to eat. I think my appetite might have been better if the waiter had only known he was catering to the desires of a private in the Bloody Fourteenth. I wondered how soon I should get my uniform.

I returned to camp about nine o'clock, entered my tent—a trying ordeal—rolled up in my blanket and lay down on the sand. It was very hard and cold; I lay on a slope and had to dig a hole for my hips in order to be at all comfortable. The cold, wet ocean fog rolled in on schedule time, and I found, for the first time, that a bed on the sand, minus a pillow, is not conducive to complete rest.

I shivered with the cold; not a wink could I sleep, though I was very tired and sleepy; and that I escaped pneumonia that night can only be attributed to my share of the luck which followed the regiment all through the war. I think it quite probable that we had less sickness than many other regiments.

At five-thirty I was turned out for reveille roll call, and at six-thirty we were over in the park again reviewing what we had learned the day before. We had eight hours of squad drill that day, without arms, and that night I didn't go to a restaurant for supper. We had some stew that smelled good, and I was so hungry I couldn't wait to clean up and go down town. I forgot that the cook was dirty, and when he handed me a piece of bread his dreadful paw meant nothing in my young life. I wolfed about a loaf of bread, declared the stew to be excellent, and asked for more; army life, which had seemed a terrible mistake the night before, began to take on a more radiant hue, coincident with the taking off of a few pounds of superfluous fat and the development of a couple of hundred muscles I had not hitherto known I possessed.

I ached all over and was as stiff as a foundered horse next morning; but the corporal took the stiffness out of me with half an hour of setting-up exercises, and then ran me off to the park again for more 'shuns and heps.

Equipment Arrives

On the fourth day the quartermaster sergeant issued us the Krag-Jörgensen rifles, belts and bayonets he had been withholding since our arrival. That day we learned the manual of arms—pronounced "hums!" I was very glad I had the rifle, for, in the absence of my uniform, it was an announcement to the world that I was affiliated with the Bloody Fourteenth. And our luck held, for the next day the quartermaster sergeant uncorked himself of a haversack, a canteen and a blanket bag. Equipment was gradually arriving, it appeared; so we took heart of hope and did the manual of arms until our arms ached and the rifle became as heavy as a Krupp gun.

Meantime I had, of course, notified my parents of my great success in joining the Bloody Fourteenth. I was quite proud of my regiment and wrote the folks a history of it, gathered at random from the old noncoms. in our company. My third night in camp, therefore, was made comfortable by the arrival of a pillow and an extra blanket from an aunt, a basket of real food from a cousin, and an unnecessary number of tears from the immediate members of my family.

There was some wild talk of taking me out of the army on the ground that I was under age; but I craftily pointed out to them the dire penalties provided for conviction of fraudulent enlistment. So, following the first shock, they all decided to be real American citizens; other parents were letting their boys go, so why shouldn't I go? they argued. Besides, I might come back, though it was probable I should never get over the experience. Association with the roughs and toughs of the regular army would doubtless make a hoodlum of me if the Spaniards didn't kill me; but—God's will be done!

After three days spent in squad drill with the rifle we were pitchforked into company drill. I was still without a uniform, but I had bought a fifty-cent hickory shirt to wear at drill, and my Sunday suit now resembled my other suit. I was quite confident it wasn't going to be worth much to me when the war was over. At length, however, came a day when we were told to "put in" for clothing. In the line you never issue a requisition or make an indent. You always put in. So I put in.

(Continued on Page 61)

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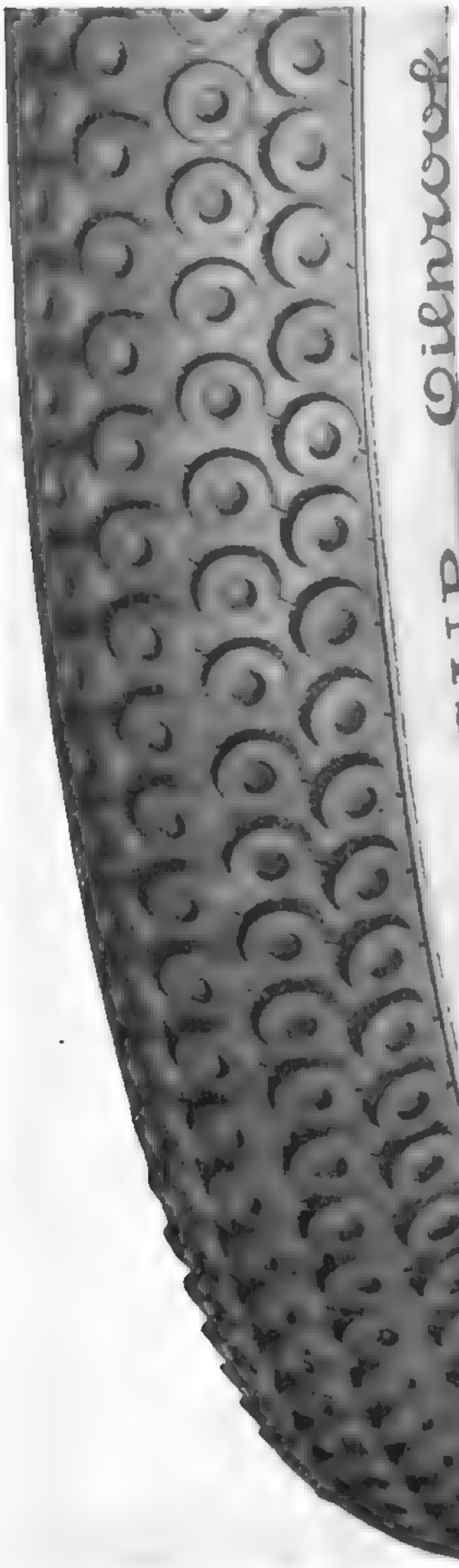

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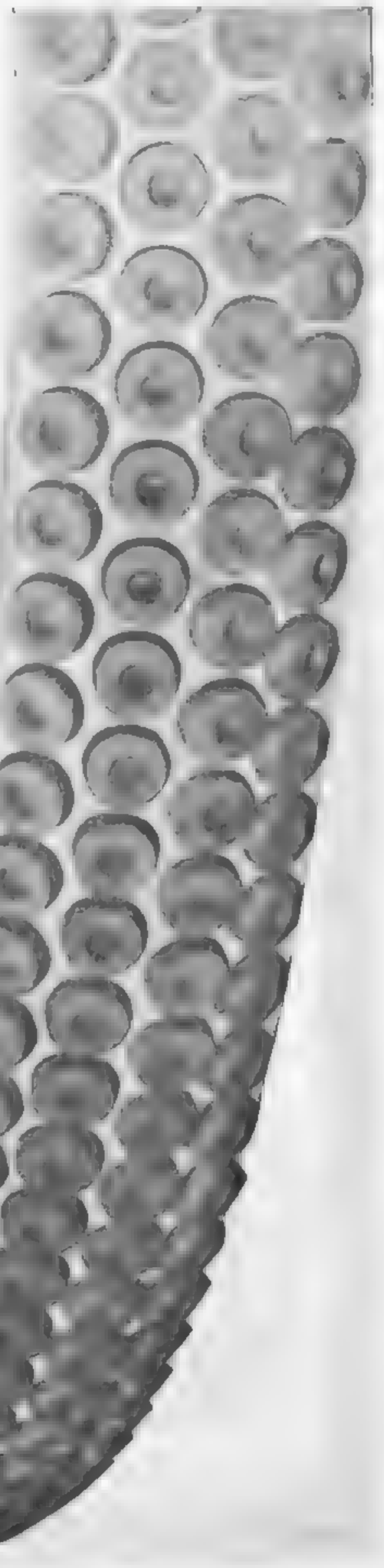

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(Continued from Page 58)

I was five feet six and a quarter inches tall at the time, and I was handed out a pair of blue trousers large enough for a color sergeant. When I called the attention of the quartermaster to the error he said I could have G Company's tailor take a reef in them here and there, or else wait for the next issue of clothing. So I kept the trousers; and at the suggestion of a wise old corporal I posted on the company bulletin board a proposition to trade anybody, sight unseen, a pair of new Number Five blue trousers for a pair of Number Three. I drew a customer, G Company's tailor made some alterations for a nominal fee, and at last, in truth and in fact, as the lawyers would say, I was one of the boys in blue! I was proud.

The very next morning I asked to be excused from morning drill in order that I might go down town and have my picture taken. I received the desired permission, for, of course, the company commander knew quite as well as I that if he refused me I should have gone anyhow!

About this time, also, I received a blast of publicity in the home paper and knew I was due for two columns on the front page when the regiment sailed for the Philippines. Of course the editor would run a half-tone cut of me in uniform; so you can see how desperate I was.

My first ten days in the army were ten days of aching muscles. But presently I was no longer track-sore; my shoulders came back, and my head just naturally remained erect on my shoulders, with the chin drawn slightly in; I didn't bend over when I walked; and I acquired a firm thirty-inch stride, and moved easily and elastically. From the old noncoms. I caught the *esprit de corps* of the regiment and learned its traditions. I had an enjoyable exchange of rights and lefts with a youth of my own age, because he hailed from Ohio, and openly sneered at the climate of California, and didn't think much of Native Sons.

A big Irish corporal interfered and the battle was a draw; we were both lectured on the impropriety of our conduct and parted, resolved to settle the issue later. We did. One night in the Philippines we fought for title to a cute little nipa shack my bunkie and I had, only the day before, stolen from an enemy outpost after first driving the enemy away. This Ohio youth wanted to horn in on a third interest and occupy the shack when my bunkie or I happened to be on outpost duty. So we went to it, and I marveled at the ease with which he dropped when I hit him; also, his blows didn't hurt me. I asked him what was wrong, and he cried a little and said he wasn't feeling well.

First Guard Duty

Thereupon we agreed to postpone hostilities, and in the interim I let him occupy the shack with me that night. About two o'clock in the morning he was threshing round, semidelirious; at sick call the same morning they took him away, and two days later he died of confluent smallpox. He was not a popular youth, and I think I was the only human being who wept for him. The knowledge that I had struck him haunted me for a long time, and never since that night have I resorted to blows to settle a difference of opinion.

The morning after I drew my uniform I was detailed for my first guard; and when the sergeant of the guard learned that this was my first experience he made me sit on a box and study the General Orders for a Sentry on Post. When I had learned them he heard my lesson for all the world like an old schoolmaster. At his suggestion I learned them backward, it being an old trick of officers of the day to make you say them backward, just to see whether you really know what you're talking about or are just repeating the lines parrotlike.

On that guard detail I had an extraordinary experience. One of my special orders was to prevent civilians from roosting on the board fence round the camp. They kept me fairly busy chasing them off, and the majority of civilians I met that day seemed to think they were obliged to salute me before speaking to me; so I wondered then, as I wonder now, why civilians do not take the trouble to learn something about the army. If there is anything more ridiculous than having a dear old lady come up to ask you a question and have her pass you out a ragged right-hand salute, I do not know what it is.

Well, the sergeant of the guard had impressed upon me the fact that I must not get fresh with civilians just because I was on guard; he enjoined me to be respectful and courteous and dignified at all times; and said that if I displayed my authority with unnecessary vehemence people would think I was a militiaman—than which, I judged from his remarks, nothing could be more dreadful.

I had been walking my post about an hour when I located a large man on the fence. I approached him with a propitiatory smile and said I was very sorry to have to ask him please to get off the fence. He wanted to know why, and I told him. A year later I should not have told him and he would not have asked. He would have known, the instant I said "Get off the fence, Bill!" that the time for argument had passed; that he would have to get off the fence promptly and voluntarily, or have something violent happen to him.

A Change of Mind

Well, the big man pulled a policeman's star on me and seemed to think that settled the question. I regretted that it didn't, because the sergeant of the guard hadn't told me to make any exception of policemen in civilian clothes. So again I asked him please to get off the fence, and he said he wasn't hurting the fence and called me a fresh little rookie.

I was dumfounded. Should I shoot him through the heart or bayonet him? I wondered, and while wondering I got cold feet. I feared to start something with a policeman, because he might finish it; so I fell back on the rule which says when in doubt play trumps. I called the corporal of the guard, and when he came I explained my predicament while the policeman sat there grinning.

"You goin' to get off that fence?" the corporal demanded tersely.

"Not on your life!" the copper answered.

Bing! He was off the fence, sprawling dazed and horrified on the other side of it.

I learned later how it happened. It seems the operation was—and doubtless still is—known as "Butts to the Front!" and is a form of attack when you desire neither to kill nor wound. If the buttplate of your gun takes the victim fairly between the eyes, and you have used reasonable force, victory will inevitably perch on your standards.

In these days of military preparedness and military camps I would earnestly exhort all my fellow citizens not to say "Why?" to a sentry, or argue with him at all. He gets very weary of explaining to people not entitled to explanations, and very frequently he himself doesn't know why and isn't interested in finding out. And never mistake courtesy on the part of a sentry as a sign of servility or lack of backbone, for courtesy is one of the things they teach you in the army—and they teach it first.

A few days later we had a sham battle out on the Presidio hills, with about five thousand troops engaged. It wasn't exciting, because we did not use blank cartridges, but just pulled the trigger at an imaginary enemy. Then we had our day on the target range and fired our ten shots each. I had been shooting squirrels with an old rifle since my tenth birthday, so I made forty-eight out of a possible fifty, and the company commander gave me a day off for doing it.

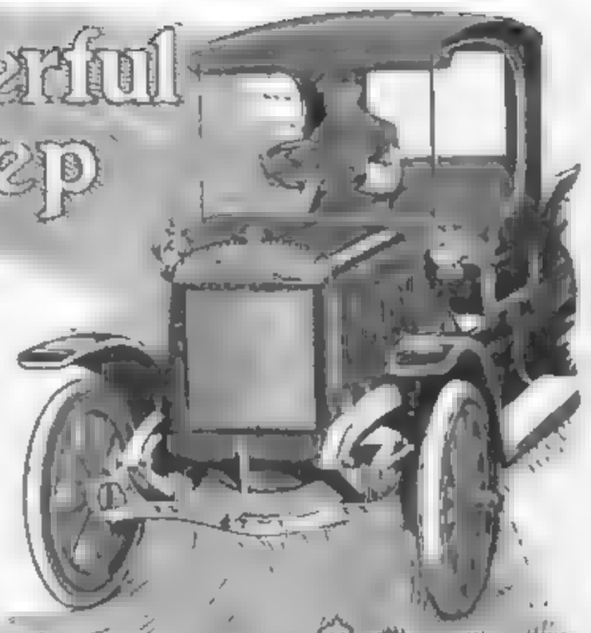
I noticed that the recruits from the country districts all shot fairly well at two hundred yards, doubtless they, like myself, had been shooting from the time they were big enough to rest an old musket over a log and disillusion a rabbit. Some of the men, however, were pathetically nervous, and their bullets struck the ground fifty to sixty yards from the muzzle of the rifle.

A man is not an easy target at three hundred yards; in fact, if he is running toward you or away from you, but particularly toward you, he is a mighty difficult target. Imagine the futility, therefore, of the fire of troops unskilled in the use of a rifle as against the fire of well-trained troops. At five hundred yards the untrained soldier merely wastes his ammunition; while at a thousand yards the trained soldier is a very deadly proposition, for he has learned discipline and will be under control at all times. Fire control and fire superiority are what win battles—not deathless bravery.

I had been in Camp Merritt almost thirty days, drilling eight hours a day, seven days

(Concluded on Page 63)

Rugged Powerful
Low Upkeep



Every inch of it a *truck*. There isn't a pleasure car unit in it. Built for years of brutal, rough and ready trucking.

The overhead valve motor is pure grit under a punishing load. It's as tireless as an ox and as rugged as a mule.

You've learned this about trucking: you don't need a freight car and you don't want a combination of cycle car and dump cart. What you want is a truck of moderate size, weight and cost that will operate at about half what a team of horses costs and which will handle an average load of a ton and a quarter under roughest possible conditions.

The Koehler is big enough for any load that can be handled economically on city streets or country roads. Every part in it, down to the last bolt, is designed for the racking strains of trucking. There isn't a pleasure car unit in a Koehler. The Koehler overhead valve motor is not a delicate, pleasure car engine, but has the weight of metal needed for real work.

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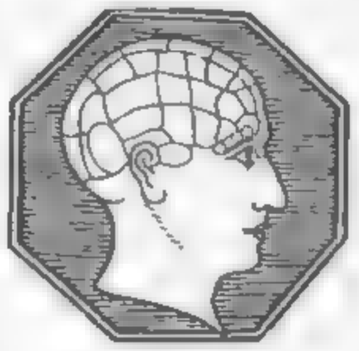
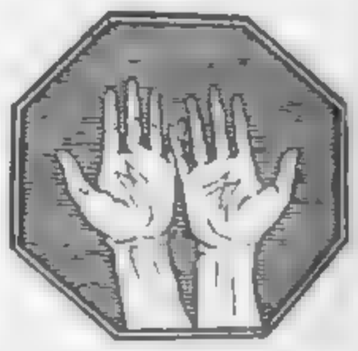
YOUR HEAD *or* YOUR HANDS?



Which are you going to employ?



YOU CAN MAKE A LIVING WITH either, but there'll be a big difference in the living.

The manual laborer may earn $2.50 a day. The salesman—a headworker—earns $10.00 a day.

Subscription representatives of The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal and The Country Gentleman are headworkers—salesmen. Many of them make more than $10.00 a day. Even in their spare time scores of them earn $50.00 or more a month. Would you like to coin your spare hours or full time into dollars? We can offer you a position as our local representative—on salary and commission.

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Adhesive Tape

One of the Double-Sure Products

An Every-Day Necessity

Strong—Rubber-Coated—Lasting

It sticks instantly to anything that's dry, and stays stuck. Mends anything. Water little affects it. An ideal instant mender, strong, clinging, durable. The very same tape that surgeons use.

The Universal Mender

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Apply it to dry lawn hose—not to wet. It stops any leak, big or little, and usually stops it for good. A little patching often makes old hose last another season.

Being rubber-coated it is nearly water-proof. Wrap the leak until it is covered with several coats of tape.

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Use it for sealing fruit jars. Or for holding stoppers in bottles that you carry. Or for mending broken window panes until you can replace them. B&B Tape clings firmly to glass.

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It protects hands and heels from chafing. Apply it where the rub comes. For golf, tennis, rowing and canoeing you will find it a perfect protection. And it doesn't interfere.

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Be sure to get the B&B Adhesive. It keeps fresh. And we have spent 22 years in adapting it to these uses.

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York

Makers of

B&B Double-Sure Products

(Concluded from Page 61)

a week, when we received orders to embark aboard a transport for Manila. Everybody was overjoyed, of course, and I remember a private who could not restrain his delight. The lieutenant colonel was watching us break camp when this young hero stepped up behind the old gentleman, struck him a resounding whack between the shoulder blades and cried: "Well, colonel, old socks, we're off to the Front at last, ain't we?" The look of pained amazement on the colonel's face was only equaled by the look that came over it one morning while we were mounting guard in Luzon, when the regimental mascot, a husky billy goat, charged the colonel from the rear, and the guard, though standing at attention, let out one horrified blat and choked down the remainder of the laugh.

For his exuberance this sacrilegious private was confined in an ambulance, with the curtains drawn, when we marched to the transport dock. He saw nothing of our triumphal departure, with a hundred thousand people weeping for us and pelting us with bouquets. A lot of strange girls kissed me that day as we hiked through the city; and I am sorry they did, for I had measles which is a poor return to make for a kindness. The next time I go to war I shall wear my gas mask for the greater protection of all concerned.

I thought I was going to die of those measles. They stubbornly refused to come out in spots like regular measles, and once I got rather close to the pearly gates; indeed, I think I might have died if I had been ashore. However, the thought of dying at sea and being converted into fish bait frightened me into deferring my death until we reached Honolulu, and then I got well. In due course we arrived at Manila, and to our profound disgust the fighting was all over; and the first Spanish cavalier I met on the dock at Binondo offered me cigarettes and was pleased to hear his mother tongue treated slightly better by a Californian than by the Middle Westerner, who confined himself to saying "*Bueno!* Heap good, *amigo! Gracias* for the smoke."

However, when we got ashore and met the fellows from the first expedition, who had conquered the haughty Don, we were pleased to learn that one Aguinaldo was holding a first-class little war up his sleeve for us. We were all very grateful to Señor Aguinaldo for his courtesy in the matter, until he started his little old war and killed forty-nine and wounded a hundred and thirty-seven of the Bloody Fourteenth in the very first scrap. I was in that fight. I fired five rounds of ammunition in the general direction of the zenith and then trailed along for the remainder of the day, too shaky and excited to reload my piece, and yipping feebly like a cur pup trailing fox hounds.

What the Army Teaches

Throughout the all-day battle I saw only one Filipino I really wanted and he was a clarinet player in Aguinaldo's band; as I recall the poor little fellow he was armed solely with the clarinet. If I had only taken my time I could have killed him, but I didn't have the heart; besides, I thought I was a better footracer than he and would capture him alive. I didn't; and I am very glad to say that the last I saw of him he was going strong. But he dropped his clarinet and I got it. Then I couldn't play it; so I sold it to an F Company man for a peso, under the old principle that "to the victors belong the spoils."

Up to that day my service in the Bloody Fourteenth had been a jolly vacation; thereafter I discovered that soldiering was a trade, and I worked at it, passing quickly from journeyman to skilled mechanic. And just about the time I was fit for a corporalship all the war members of the regiment were discharged and given a ticket home. Many of them reënlisted through sheer love of the life. It was a hard life, but it possessed a singular charm—a charm that required all my strength of will and the thought of my mother's tears to resist. It was terribly hard to give it up, indeed, and for more than a year it was touch and go with me whether I should adopt the army career or be a business man.

I can truly say that if all the misery of a lifetime was crowded into my short service, so, also, was all the fun and all the dear old friendships. I was thoroughly happy in the army; but then I could have been happy anywhere if there was something doing and jolly fine fellows doing it. I returned to San Francisco on my nineteenth birthday, and discovered that, though I had been a hero when I left, I was just a discharged regular on my return. The hysteria had passed and a soldier was what he always is in peacetime.

But the Bloody Fourteenth had taught me courtesy and self-repression; it had fitted me to command in the battle of life by teaching me how to obey; it had taught me that odds mean nothing to a good man who knows he's good; it had inculcated in me respect for my superiors and a desire to do the job for the job's sake and without quibble; it taught me to keep my head when other people are losing theirs; that the only kind of service worth a hoot is that which is honest and faithful; that the only kind of record worth while is an honorable one.

That Pinprick of Color

As I write this article war with Germany has been declared twelve days. It seems to me that, in asking for a declaration of war, our President took ground high enough and holy enough for any American. Yet in these twelve days, out of twenty million men of military age, forty-three hundred have enlisted in the regular army! I don't know what's the matter with our boys and I'm not going to spend any time speculating on it. The years fan away and again I am a little boy in school, my right hand raised to my sunburned foretop, my eyes fixed on the faded muslin flag that drapes the steel engraving of Abraham Lincoln. Again I pipe:

IPLEDGEALLEGIANCETOMYFLAGANDTHE REPUBLICFORWHICHITSTANDSONENATIONINDIVISIBLEWITHLIBERTYANDJUSTICETOALL!

Then the teacher says: "Pupils will bring up their home work"—and the years close down again like fog round the Farallones. When the fog lifts again I have had my fling at being a hero, and at nineteen I am a discharged regular, coming home from the war. I am leaning over the rail on the forecastle head of the Troopship Tartar, watching and yearning for the first sight, in fourteen months, of my native land. And presently my faith is rewarded. The fog lifts and I see a bold headland with a white speck clinging to the face of it.

"There it is!" I shriek. "That headland is Land's End and the white speck is the Cliff House. San Francisco is just round the corner—we'll be home to-night."

And then my heart fills up. It is late fall and already the first rains have fallen, for the Marin hills have a tinge of green and the sunlight is playing on them through the rift in the fog. Those hills—they're mine; they're mine! And I cannot see them through my tears. So foolish of me too! Why, that's only my own country, down there in the valley, back of those hills. Why, there's Lone Mountain, with the great white cross on its summit! Cemetery, you know; and some of my people, who helped build up my California—they're buried there. All the old boys, the Argonauts who made San Francisco, they're scattered round there in boxes too; and there wasn't a quitter in the lot!

"Do you know now why you went soldiering, Bill? I do. I went for—that; for the things they built; for the traditions they left me to pass on to my children; for the high hopes and aspirations they left to me in trust for fulfillment, because a man has just got to have something to fight for, some land upon which he can take his stand and say: 'This is mine.'

"Bill, you're crying too! All the old boys who made up the Bloody Fourteenth and went with us down that gory glade off the Cingalon road; who swam Zapote River with us and double-timed with us up the long slope at Guadaloupe—they're crying too. Why, there was only one little cheer, and now they're staring. They can't speak—they can't cheer—they're thinking!

"Bunkie, would you go soldiering again? I would. See that little pinprick of color on top of the Cliff House, Bill. That's The Flag. Bill, what would you do for The Flag now?

"You know, now, after a year of active service, what a taskmaster is The Flag. You've seen those you had learned to love die trying to tack a new star in it."

"Why, how foolish!" Bill answers petulantly. "I'd die for it too."

I expect I'll meet Bill and quite a few of the other boys from the Bloody Fourteenth when I report to the colonel again.

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THERE are few cars equally beautiful at any price, and few, if any, equally good at as low a price. We put into the ELCAR the style, class and high-grade workmanship that went into our former models selling up to and above $3,000. Our organization has had long training in the production of quality cars, and both beauty and quality are inherent in the

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Three New Models at $845

Five Passenger Touring Car
Four Passenger Touring-Roadster
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Each model is large and roomy—some would say room to spare, but you want a car that will seat its full load comfortably. Fine in appearance, fine [illegible]ing and remarkably easy riding qualities, power in excess, economical in upkeep and fuel consumption, a car to give you satisfactory service for years to come—a car that we believe to be as high in quality and as nearly mechanically perfect as any car ever offered at an approachingly low price.

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will show you views of all the ELCAR models and the more important mechanical parts, and is descriptive even to the minute details of construction. We will gladly mail it to you upon request.

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Luxurious Comfort At An $8.00 Saving!

No. 1 Special

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One of the greatest blessings awaiting the tired business man's home-coming, is a chair that permits him to stretch out and really rest and relax all over.

Such a chair is now yours at a big price-saving—a chair delightfully comfortable yet richly artistic—a chair known the world over for its famous patented comfort features.

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"PUSH THE BUTTON—BACK RECLINES"

Sink into a Royal! As you sit, push the button in the right-chair arm, the back reclines to any desired angle, and there it locks until released by another finger pressure on push button.

Then luxurious comfort [illegible] the kind of comfort you *feel*. [illegible] of your body supported—even your limbs, which find ease on the leg rest (out of sight when not in use). You are relaxed completely. No other *chair* affords *such comfort*.

Durable, dependable construction. Push button operates noiselessly—is simple, out of the way, trouble-proof.

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To further introduce Royals, we [illegible] reduction of $8.00 [illegible] chair. A clear saving of $8.00 on a chair you'll enjoy for years.

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THIS COUPON GOOD FOR $1 AT YOUR DEALER'S

This $1 coupon and $19.75 [illegible] chair No. 1 [illegible] west of Denver [illegible] and dealer will accept as above [illegible]

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19 Garrison as Olympia in Tales of Hoffmann
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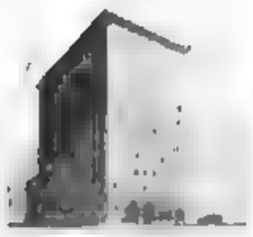

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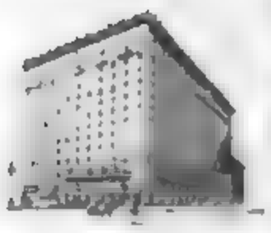

CLEVELAND
1000 Rooms 1000 Baths

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Hotels that are Human

These three hotels are run by people, for people.

It takes machinery to do it, of course, but we try to keep the creak of the machinery out of the service rendered patrons. Big as they are, these hotels aren't too big to be human.

We don't hire people who can't smile, and be gracious, and be interested. And the employee who can't agree with us that "the guest is always right," and make that his governing principle in giving service to our patrons, doesn't last

We operate our business, and stake our growth and success, on the theory that a hotel which is to be truly successful has to do more than sell to you and collect from you; it has to *please you and satisfy you*

There's evidence that that theory and its application are working out [illegible] there will soon be two new Statlers [illegible] St. Louis and New York City

Every—*every*—room has private bath, [illegible] lating ice water, and many other unusual conveniences. Morning paper delivered free to all guest rooms. You get more for your money unquestionably—at any Hotel Statler

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Hotel Statler, St. Louis, will open [illegible]

Hotels Statler to [illegible] operate The Pennsylvania [illegible] hotel in the world (2200 rooms, 2200 baths) [illegible] in New York—opposite Pennsylvania Station

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Don't miss the joy of their delightful flavor by accepting an imitation. LIFE SAVERS are nation-wide favorites. Sold everywhere. 5c.

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Four Flavors:
PEPPERMINT
WINTERGREEN
CLOVE LICORICE

BEATING ONCE MORE THE HIGH PRICES

(Continued from Page 22)

of April—some four thousand lectures were delivered. These were given to adults and children in schoolrooms, by the aid of charts They were given to any organization that asked for them, and the bureau stood ready, if a room could not be had, to give the talks in the open air to any group of ten people or over. Clubwomen and business men helped the advertising and gave personal service and money.

The eagerness of the people has been encouraging, but it has its pathetic side. It is amazing how completely the masses of city dwellers have forgotten the soil. So many who come know nothing, except that they won't have enough money next winter to buy necessary food, and want to make it themselves out of this unaccustomed earth on which they tread.

"I can't grow potatoes, though I'd like to," one man said; "for I've tried it and they always bloom on me!"

These people talk about all they had to do without last winter, and how much they would like to grow something if they only could. They have to be lifted like children, and encouraged and taught, and made to feel that this scheme is really going to mean food for them.

"I must learn; I've got to raise a garden now or go on the bread line next winter," said one man, too old to fight; too old, his firm said, to work any longer for them - but not too old to eat.

One applicant was a farmer who had, to his regret, left a small town where his four children had the best of food and plenty of it. Now they have no potatoes or meat, and very little substantial foodstuff. He was willing to walk almost any distance to whatever ground should be given him. Another was an old lady of seventy-five. She had been a nurse during the Civil War; her husband had fought for four years, but was that rare person, a man who did not get a pension. She needs the help of a garden and is certain that she can put the same patience on it that she did on her Civil War nursing

Two widows of Civil War veterans are going to specialize on the raising of tomatoes. They want children all over the city to raise them, and to get into the habit of eating them like apples. They talked a good deal of the old-time belief that tomatoes were poison, and only good for yard decoration; whereas, now they are better for the system than calomel or iron.

Children's Truck Patches

Two girls, clerking for eight dollars a week in a State Street store, undernourished young creatures, who cook their own meals on a ten-cent gas plate, say they are willing to cultivate a garden on Sundays and take the ridicule of their neighbors

The Garden Bureau is trying to teach people that it is just as patriotic to shoulder a hoe as to shoulder a rifle; that the boy who hears the band and sees Old Glory, and laments that he is too young to join the army, can do his bit by planting his flag over a plot of twenty by thirty feet, raising vegetables, and making from them a profit of thirty-five dollars.

When the crops come in the new farmers will be given instruction in canning, and, if they wish to sell, will be helped to market their produce. I hope anyone who can will grow corn, for that sells well, and can be dried; and, instead of being put in expensive cans, can be put into bags, which might be stored anywhere.

Also, I hope people will not bother to grow many radishes, since their food value is so slight.

The scheme of the superintendent of Cook County, Illinois, could be followed with profit, even at this late day, the country over. He has an "achievement course," in which every child more than ten years of age must take a course in schoolhome projects as a part of his regular work. Gardening is one of the projects. The child must rent his ground, and must clear five dollars on five square rods or less before he can get credit. Five "country-life directors"—or "tramp" teachers supervise the work of the children; and the instruction is so expert, as to planting and caring for the land and marketing, that some children have cleared almost three hundred dollars a year. Another schoolman, Mr. George Brennan, the principal of a school in Chicago, has had his pupils plant the three-quarters of an acre of school ground in three or four crops, clearing sixty dollars annually. He encourages them to plant their home yards and raise chickens, and earn in other ways; and has taught them such lessons in thrift that last year they earned six thousand dollars, banking twenty-five hundred of it. But, whereas the land-cultivation schemes of these schoolmen have been heretofore chiefly educational in value, now they are a prime human necessity. This necessity is being recognized all over the country.

If you were to boil down the advice of the best practical thinkers on the war it would condense to this: "Till the land; eat only as much food as you need: exercise the most vigilant economy in buying; avoid waste."

How Not to Market

Rich men in England set the middle classes there an example of economy; and it looks as if the same thing were going to happen here. Such a man as J. Ogden Armour, in spite of his packing house, believes in meatless days. Like more than one big business man, he advocates government supervision and control of food production and food prices, and a guaranty to the farmer of a minimum price of a dollar and a half a bushel for all the wheat he can raise; but he does not stop at making suggestions for the Government. Every acre of his Lake Forest estate is being plowed for planting. Millionaire James H. Patten has stopped eating bacon for breakfast, has two meatless days in his household, and is plowing his back yard for potatoes. Another millionaire serves only one vegetable at dinner.

Very far removed from a millionaire is one Mrs. Frieda Horan, for whose natural thrift I have great respect. She was born in Germany, educated in the public schools of New York, and in a huge department store, and in the state of matrimony with Terence Horan. Perhaps because it feels queer to be an ally of England, both the Horans are putting their emphasis on the fight against food waste.

"What are you doing to circumvent the high cost of living?" I asked Mrs. Horan.

"Well, the first thing I did was to take a lesson in humility," she replied. "I went out shopping with a lady my mother used to work for. This lady was a college graduate; and honest, there was a little while, when I listened to her, that I thought maybe I shouldn't let my little Frieda go to college. This lady ordered lamb chops; and she took the most expensive ones, instead of the ones where she'd get the most weight for her money. She never looked at the scales when they were being weighed, and I bet you she thinks it would be kind of unrefined to have scales in her own house and prove to the grocer he was cheating her.

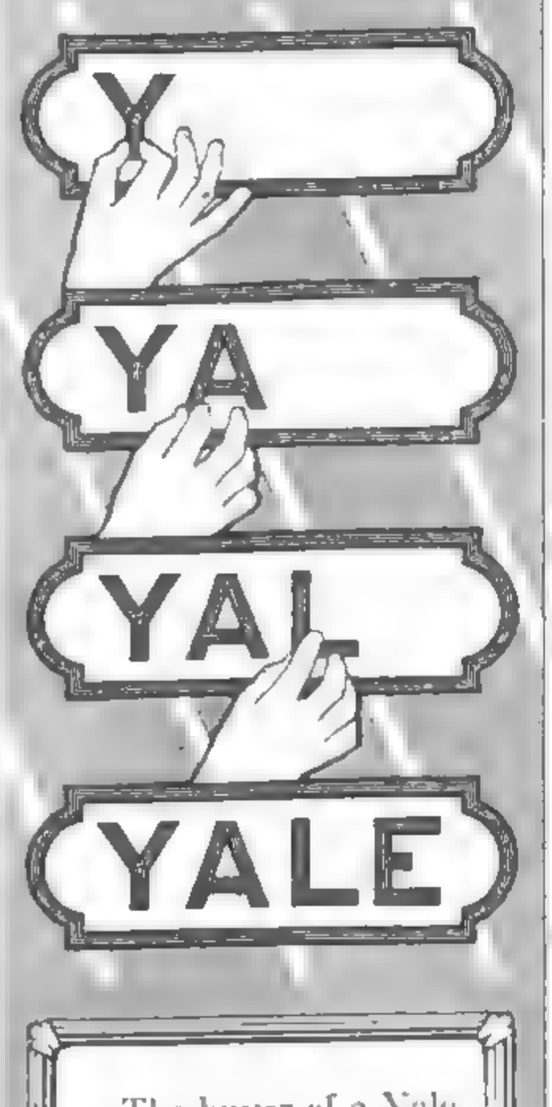
"She bought a cauliflower without asking what it cost, and I saw the man add on five cents to the price with my own eyes. She got only one pound of sugar; and you know what a loss that is. She got one pound of butter, and got it in a paper carton. She got a dozen yellow bananas for twenty cents; and right beside them were some for ten cents—a little dark on the outside, of course, but so much more nutritive

"She took the biggest and highest-priced grapefruits, and never lifted them to see whether they had juice or just pith.

"Well, I guess you know the kind of woman you sometimes read about; only she never seemed real to me. I kinda thought she was just made up for men to pick on; the sort of woman that orders green peas because she has lamb chops and they go together, and never thinks whether the peas are in season or not; the sort of woman that says, over the telephone, 'Send a can of this and a can of that' without thinking that she'd save by getting several cans. And she's own sister to the swell woman who boasts that she serves luncheons to her friends without potatoes, but she has six courses, one of them a bird that no one can get any meat off. And everyone leaves food on the plate at each course. All that makes me sick! And, say,

A Yale Product

never goes back on its reputation for Quality and Service



The buyer of a Yale Product knows he can *depend* upon it—because he knows that the name "Yale" on the product is a definite visible guarantee of inbuilt lasting quality.

Yale Products are *known* and *used* the world over. In millions of buildings, every day in the year, Yale locks and hardware are giving the perfect *service* that can come only from finest materials, most skilled artisanship and soundest manufacturing practice.

Buy Yale Products by name. Look for the name "Yale" on night latches, padlocks, door closers, builders' hardware and chain hoists.

For sale by hardware dealers

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.
9 East 40th Street, New York City

Chicago Office: 77 East Lake Street

Canadian Yale & Towne Ltd.,
St. Catharines, Ont.

why is it at these swell dinners people always take more every course than they can possibly eat?

"Well, I went home, as I say, ready to spoil Frieda's dreams of higher education. For all I'd know, she'd get with a crowd in college who would have potatoes and rice at the same meal. I told them all at dinner, and I gave Frieda a little warning; and Frieda says:

"'Ma, I may turn into a fool when I go to college; but at present I'd like to know why you've left that smitch of butter to melt on your plate. Our teacher said today that the average American woman wastes as earnestly as she tries to save.'

"Well, that floored me; and I could see that, living in America, and being married to an Irishman, and all, maybe I wasn't such a grand saver as I had imagined. I thought no one could teach me anything, because I buy cheap cuts of meat and make it taste like dear meat; and substitute cheese and rice dishes for meat and potatoes; and never throw anything out; and go to the big markets at the times when I can get bargains. But I saw where, in my way, I was as bad as these women who do their ordering by telephone.

"So I put a bank on the dining-room table for fines. Anyone who can show a single grain of sugar at the bottom of his cup pays in a penny. Anyone who leaves a scrap on his plate pays, even if it could go back on the general plate. The thing is to get the habit of perfect saving. If I pour any grease down the sink I fine myself. I use it now to make soap with—something I never did. If I catch myself throwing away the outside leaves of lettuce or cabbage, on the ground that they are dirty, I wash them in sterilized water instead, and eat them myself as punishment.

"Besides that, I've brought them all down to half a cup of coffee at a meal. It's all imagination that people need so much coffee. I make them take hot water first, with a little milk and sugar in it to fool themselves, and the coffee to top off. And clothes! Of course I've always made over and cut down my things for Frieda. But now I've taken to wearing underwear of cotton crêpe, that doesn't have to be ironed. And I have a kitchen apron of rubber, instead of gingham. It's these little things that mount into pennies, and then dollars. We are going to give the fine money next autumn to the people in the bread line."

Things We Should Know

"So there it is! I used to think I'd got things pared down just as fine as they could be; and here I find I am saving as much as a dollar a month! I believe it's true what my mother used to say: 'Any other nation in the world could live on what America wastes.'"

Quite true, Mrs. Frieda. And if we women had done our part we should not now be in a position where we may injure our soldiers—brothers and sons and fathers—because we have not learned how to economize and how to guard against waste. How many of us know the market price of a single commodity we buy? Do we take the trouble to buy our commodities when the market is glutted? Do we ever read the labels on the cans of food we buy, to see whether the pure-food-and-drugs act is being violated? Do we know the simplest commercial terms?

Do we know that when we telephone several times a day for groceries, and do not carry home our packages, we are helping to add from five to eight per cent to the cost of our purchases? Do we know anything about the different grades of coffee and tea, eggs and butter? Do we insist on full weight and measure? Are we sure we are getting full value?

We ought to know all this, and more, just as definitely as we knew how to make some man so fond of us that he was willing to pay for all this food for us so long as his funds held out.

Now is our chance to begin to learn what we should always have known, and to teach our men how not to waste; for many a man who won't waste in his office will waste in his own household. No doubt a movement among women toward real economy is sweeping over the country. One proof of it lies in the fact that the city of Chicago, which has a contract to supply a certain firm with grease, extracted from garbage, is for the first time unable to fulfill its obligation; for the people are not throwing away fats as they once did.

Continued on Page 70

KIRSCHBAUM CLOTHES

Putting Comfort *and* Style *into* Midsummer Clothes

Five years ago, a man upon the street in a cool midsummer suit of crash or silk was the startling exception. Today, it is the man who has not learned to harmonize his apparel with the weather who is the rarity, instead.

In the Kirschbaum institution, two vast shops are given over wholly to the making of clothes for midsummer and outdoor sport wear—two shops manned by the very flower of America's tailoring talent. For nothing less can impart to a midsummer suit the requisite qualities of style, fit and comfort.

And as the practiced clothes-buyer well knows, in selecting a crash suit at $10, the security of a nationally known signature upon the label is as essential as in a suit of all-wool at $25.

A. B. Kirschbaum Company

Philadelphia—New York

BLUE

Pioneering

Pick up an American boy's text-book of history. Turn to where the thumb-marks are thickest. What do you find?

Columbus—discovering a continent. Franklin—with his kite. Watt—finding the wonders of steam in a kitchen kettle. Fulton—inventing the first steamboat. And the rest.

These are the pages that are thumb-marked and dog-eared and loved. Magical pages of romance, adventure and wonder that live through the years and thrill every age.

Pioneers! Men who thought and dared to do a different thing; a new thing or an old thing in a new way. These are the heroes boys love. And the world.

* * *

Is our own day less endowed? The Wright Brothers—James J. Hill—Marconi—Thomas Edison. What of them?

What of any man, any institution that dares to do the new and different thing—of any product or policy that puts pioneer courage to the test?

What of the Goodyear Blue Streak Bicycle Tire Policy which dares to cut profits to give you better tires?

GOODYEAR

AKRON

STREAKS

TRADE MARK REG U S PAT OFF

Better Tires at Lower Prices

THE bicycle tire policy of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company is an example of pioneering in modern business.

Goodyear felt that bicycle tires were costing you too much and were not good enough. We wanted to give you better tires cheaper.

To do this we had to cut costs and raise quality.

We did both by adopting a simpler manufacturing and selling plan.

Instead of making many different tires we concentrated on one high quality—the Goodyear Blue Streak.

You know the advantages of doing one thing at a time and doing it well. That's the principle we adopted.

Then we simplified our selling plans.

We sold these tires direct to dealers—cutting out former extra profits between the factory and you.

So big savings were made in making and selling.

And *you* get these savings in better tires at lower prices.

Durable Tires Rugged and Strong

First of all, good bicycle tires must be enduring.

They must resist punctures ably.

They must wear well.

Goodyear Blue Streaks have tough, rugged treads with two reinforcing strips of fabric under the tread to guard against punctures.

These reinforcements, coupled with the strong two-ply tire body, make these tires extremely stout and durable.

Like their big brothers, Goodyear Automobile Tires, they wear long and loyally.

Resilient Tires Make Pedaling Easy

Many durable tires have been made in the past. But usually they have been thick and clumsy—heavy and hard pedaling.

A good bicycle tire must be full of life—springy—resilient.

So Goodyear Blue Streaks are made of fine fabric, immensely strong but light and active.

The two-ply tire body laid in lively rubber makes the tire elastic and quick.

The reinforcing strips add long-life to this liveliness.

Non-Skid Tires Prevent Side Slipping

Long life and liveliness are important, but to give the utmost in a bicycle tire they must be combined with Non-Skid Quality.

The Non-Skid tread on the Goodyear Blue Streak is wonderfully effective.

The rugged, sharp edged blocks come together like teeth when your weight presses them against the ground.

They bite the road—and they don't slip.

Press your thumb on the tread of a Goodyear Blue Streak. You can feel the "bite."

Handsome Tires You'll Be Proud Of

After we had made Goodyear Blue Streaks as *good* as could be we set out to make them as *handsome* as we could.

That their beauty might match their usefulness.

You will know them by their good looks. You will like them for their long wear.

You'll be proud of these tires.

Not All Dealers Sell Goodyear Blue Streaks

Dealers don't make as much profit on Goodyear Blue Streaks as on many other tires.

So some dealers will prefer to sell you other tires on which their profit is greater.

But remember when you buy Blue Streaks *you* get the extra profit in extra quality.

And above all remember that *the dealer who does sell Blue Streaks willingly is putting your satisfaction ahead of his immediate profit.*

The Price of Goodyear Blue Streaks

The costs of high grade fabric and rubber have gone way up in the past few months. Practically everything has advanced in price.

But even in the face of the present high material cost Goodyear Blue Streaks now cost you only $3.25 each.

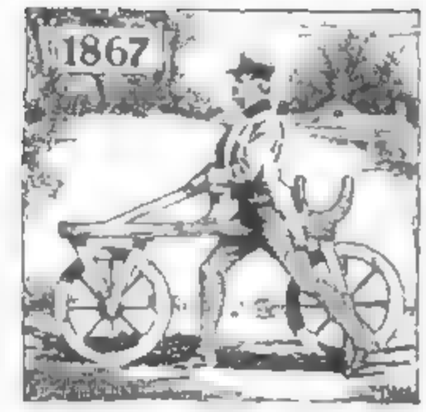
Many tires of inferior quality sell for more than this.

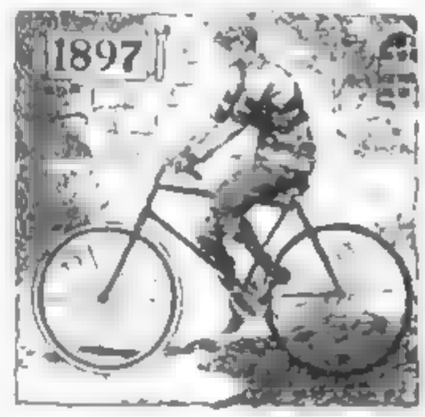
Tires of similar quality but without some of the particular Blue Streak advantages often sell for $4.50 to $5.00 each.

The saving you can make on a pair of Blue Streaks will buy an electric light for your wheel.

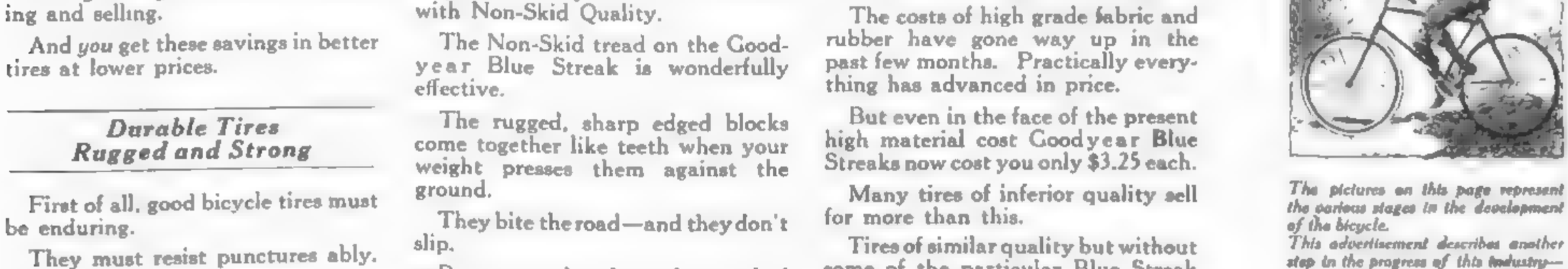
Be sure you get *Goodyear* Blue Streaks.

Look for the name and the Blue Streaks, too.



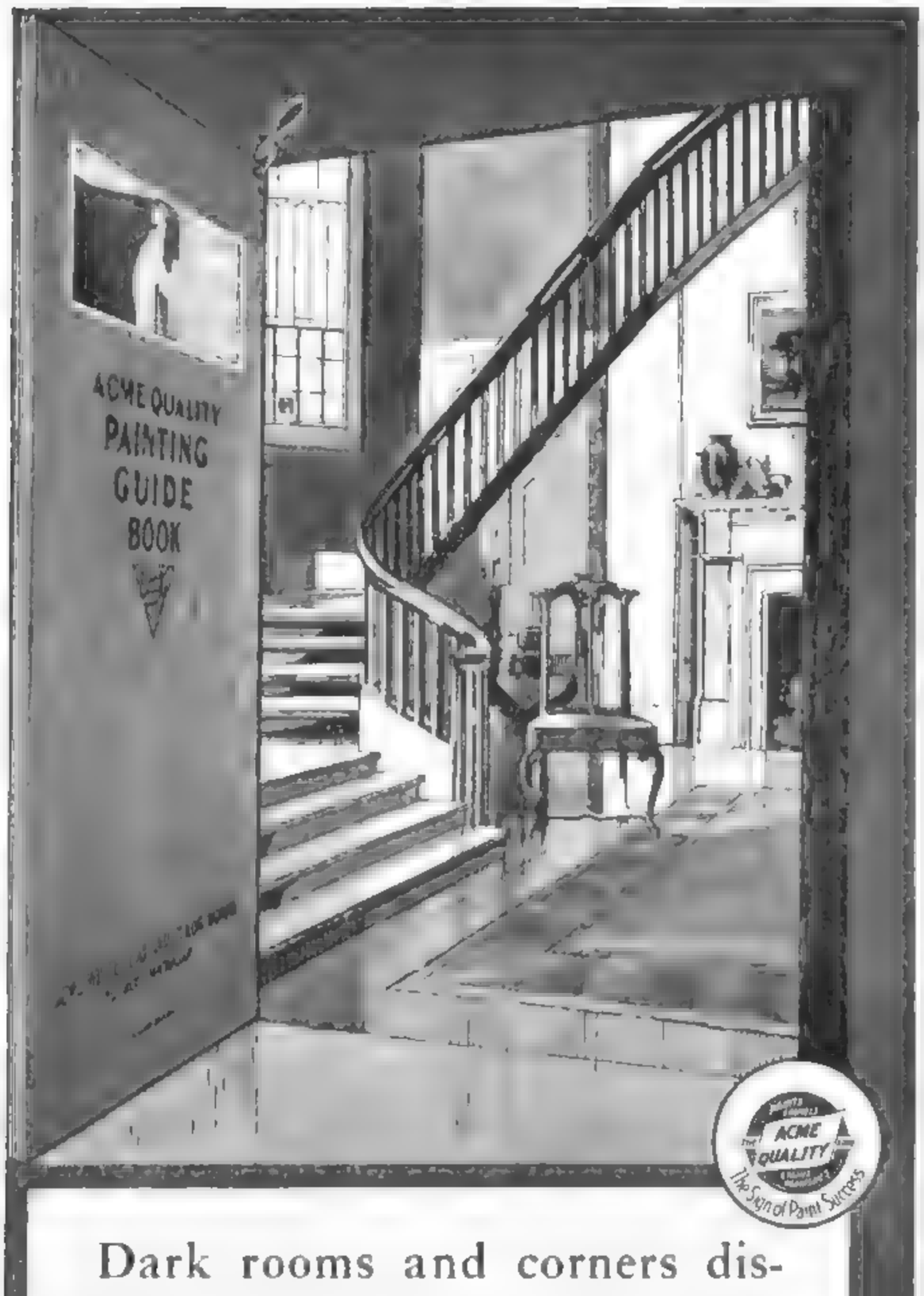


The pictures on this page represent the various stages in the development of the bicycle.
This advertisement describes another step in the progress of this industry—a step which eliminates needless expense and tends to make the use of the bicycles more economical and more satisfactory.
The bicycle industry is growing.
It is coming back into its own.
In 1916 there were about a half million new bicycles manufactured.
It is estimated that there are now 3,000,000 bicycles in use.
American manufacturers expect to build 1,000,000 new bicycles in 1917.



GOODYEAR

AKRON



Dark rooms and corners disappear like magic before the cheery, sunny, happy advent of

ACME QUALITY
PAINTS & FINISHES

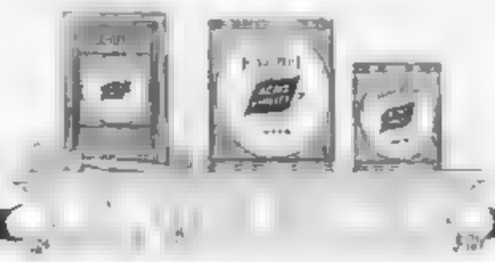
The "Acme Quality Painting Guide Book" and a smaller book on "Home Decorating" will tell you *exactly* what paints should be used—how they should be used—for every painting need. Both books are *free* on request. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS
Dept. Q Detroit, Michigan

Boston	Pittsburgh	Birmingham	Lincoln	Portland
Chicago	Cincinnati	Fort Worth	Salt Lake City	San Francisco
Minneapolis	Toledo	Dallas	Spokane	Los Angeles
St. Louis	Nashville	Topeka		

Have an Acme Quality Shelf

For the many "touching-up" jobs about the house, keep always on hand at least a can each of Acme Quality Varnotile, a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture; Acme Quality White Enamel for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork and all similar surfaces; a quart of Acme Quality Floor Paint of the right color.



(Continued from Page 67)

In almost every large city economy leagues are being formed for home preparedness. One of the best of these, which is connected with a home-economics school, is pledged to simplicity of living, to the avoidance of all forms of waste, and to a wise use of money. There are lectures and practical demonstrations of economical cooking given every week by experts. The wives of militiamen are urged to join; and neighborhood clubs will be formed among the poorer women, where there will be a system of pupil-teaching on the part of the more experienced members of the league. Rich suburban members who have large gardens are going to give the surplus vegetables and fruit, which usually go to waste, for canning purposes; and the wives of the militiamen, and other women who are willing to help, will be given the food free. As the movement grows it is to be put into as many useful forms as possible.

This is one form of coöperation. If we had really, as consumers, grasped the principle that consumer and distributer have but one interest, and that neither needs to get ahead of the other, some of our present price and food difficulties would be lessened. In England coöperative buying has been successful for years. When it has been tried and has failed in America it has been because our people are too ignorant of its basis, and too unthrifty to take it up. To make it successful requires knowledge, judgment, honesty and goodness. When a store, for example, is run on a coöperative basis the housewife need not lose any time in trying different grocers or running after bargains. Her steady custom in the coöperative store prevents a loss in a business the dividends of which she shares.

Since the war began, consumers near enough have been turning to two coöperative stores that are successfully run. One is in Montclair, New Jersey; the other in Chicago.

The Montclair store does a business of well over one hundred thousand dollars annually, serving over four hundred families, each having contributed from ten to two hundred dollars for buying the stock and fixtures. All business is for cash; members who will carry home their goods are allowed a discount of five per cent. The prices average about four per cent less than in the competitive stores; and stockholders receive not more than six per cent on their regular investment, and five per cent of gains the store has made on the amount of recorded purchases.

Coöperative Buying

The Chicago store was started without sufficient capital. The "fighting ten," who manage it, work for nothing, this being their contribution to social service. In four years they have got the store out of debt; have established a capital of ten-dollar shares sufficient to run it efficiently; are doing a business of over eighty thousand dollars a year, paying six per cent interest to stockholders; and giving customers excellent food and a three per cent discount on their purchases. The men who organized it hoped to establish coöperative stores in different residential districts in Chicago, all to be in the same company and under one management. Twenty-five such stores would give a greater buying power than any other retail grocery organization in the city; while forty would mean that the company could establish its own receiving center for produce and groceries of all sorts. Such a scheme would reduce the cost of distribution.

Boston has an association that works well, built on the English Rochdale system. It operates several stores, which sell ten-dollar shares, common and preferred; the preferred pay seven per cent. A Washington, District of Columbia, association sells common stock at a dollar, and preferred stock at five, paying six per cent. The business can be done by either mail order or telephone, and the purchaser saves from two per cent to six, besides the dividends. Cincinnati has a group of more than three hundred families that do their buying in common.

The consumers who deal in those stores are luckier than the rest of us. Some of us have seen that well-known pest, human nature, working against coöperation. When a coöperative store begins, the other retail shopkeepers arrange for a price-cutting campaign. The housekeeper is used to "bargains," and is not tutored in the coöperative principle of working, which does not include cut prices and bargains. When she sees that sugar, on Monday, is not so low in her coöperative store as it is in some other store, she forsakes her own store temporarily, and her little lapse in loyalty does not seem to her to put her in a state of sin.

Just now certain retail grocers seem patriotically disposed. At least one large association has proposed that all gambling in foodstuffs shall be prohibited; that trick methods of merchandising shall be abolished; that trading stamps and premiums shall be disallowed, so as to lower overhead expense; that unnecessary delivery of small parcels shall be discouraged -with various other suggestions in regard to farming and to the prohibition of exorbitant margins of war profits.

But we cannot wait to let the world be educated in coöperation in a large way. It would be as fatal as waiting for an experiment in a community kitchen to work out It takes as much time for a coöperative store to start as for the government to move. As individuals, we have to do our coöperation in a smaller way. A certain Chicago bank, which has for years furnished free luncheons to its employees, has, for the past few weeks, been selling to them, at wholesale, for their own use, food supplies. Each day a bulletin board advertises what may be purchased. No profit whatever is charged. It is said that other banks are considering taking up the project

Many families are now coöperating to buy produce and groceries in bulk. Various food and market committees of women's city clubs are advising groups in neighborhoods to buy produce in common, and will furnish the names of wholesale commission dealers who will deliver wholesale quantities direct to the consumer. Various express companies will furnish lists of farmers and prices. The Department of Agriculture has a bulletin—Number 703—which tells how to shop by parcel post; and another Number 594—which discusses specifically the shipping of eggs. The coöperation of small groups may not be agreeable—on account of the same pest, human nature but it is essential now.

Waste of Perishable Foods

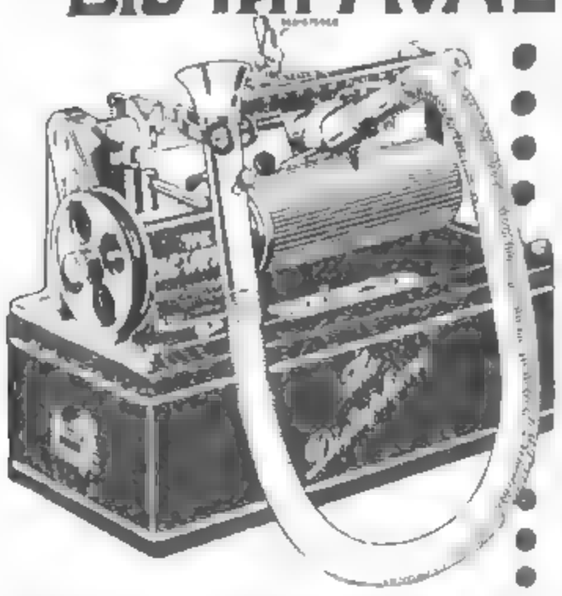
"I have always done coöperative buying with two congenial friends," said a housekeeper; "and now, since we are at war, I suppose it is my duty to drop my congenial friends and make the people in my apartment building, whom I don't know and don't want to, come into the scheme. You see, this coöperative buying in small groups entails a lot of work for the person who receives and distributes; and unless all the members of the group try to be useful the scheme works badly. The woman who receives has got to wait at home for the produce; she has to pay for it; she has to divide it. Maybe she even has to carry it to the other members of the group in order to keep them interested. Perhaps they make her wait for her money. Perhaps she is so conscientious in dividing butter that she herself comes out half a pound short. If you propose a coöperative scheme to people, by which they can save money, nine out of ten of them think they are doing you a favor by joining it. They behave precisely the way they do when they buy a ticket from you for some charity."

Of course comprehensive coöperation is the ideal. What we should have is effective distribution. It is safe to say that no American city has deliberately carried into effect any comprehensive scheme for developing public markets as they have been developed in many European cities. We could save at least fifteen, and maybe twenty-five, per cent in the cost of living if we had a system of municipal markets, farmers' markets, auctions, pushcart men and hucksters, and the consolidation of retail stores into large selling units.

The consumer pays for green groceries and fruits about four times as much as the farmer receives, for to the farm price are added the cost of transportation and the profits to several middlemen. The various agencies charged with distribution are the producer; local county buyer or shipper, railroad or water transportation; commission merchant; animal or motor vehicle transportation; retailer, consumer. Meantime "the people perish"—and from a fifth to almost a third of the perishable foods are spoiled on the farms before they can be sold!

It is said there are produce dealers who have made an agreement whereby they buy only a limited amount from farmers; and

THE DICTAPHONE



The simplicity of The Dictaphone

The Dictaphone System of handling correspondence is the essence of efficient simplicity.

Every essential device on The Dictaphone is built into it as an integral part of the machine. There is proved utility and need behind every feature—no so-called "talking point" attachments are added to complicate and interfere with its operation and lessen its efficiency.

THE DICTAPHONE

The Dictaphone System is the straight line from the spoken thought to the typewritten letter. It was created to serve the business man whose time is counted in dollars and whose convenience and comfort in dictating are first considerations.

Today The Dictaphone System is the accepted sound and economical method of handling correspondence. The Dictaphone experts on office organization will tell you what it can do for *you*—such as giving you convenience, and chopping off a third of the cost of your letters.

Arrange for a demonstration. There is a Dictaphone office near you—call them on the 'phone. Or, write to The Dictaphone.

You can't buy a Dictaphone under any other name. The Genuine bears the name The Dictaphone.

THE DICTAPHONE

Dept. 114 E Woolworth Bldg. New York

Stores in principal cities
Dealers everywhere

The dictation was dictated to The Dictaphone

that amount is alleged to have been fixed below the requirement of public consumption. Thus high prices may be maintained on the ground that there are not enough supplies to meet the demands of consumers. It is said that such dealers have bought up orchards and potato fields and allowed them to lie rotting. It is said that farmers were not permitted to sell to private consumers on pain of losing the custom of the commission men. This sort of thing is as much treason as the kind for which men are shot!

Meantime we cannot wait for markets and for people to reform; though the Government is planning to help us, and we should carry on such schemes of coöperation as are possible right now. The easiest seems to be for people who can get along together, and who have not much storage room, and are not able to get much money ahead, to buy in common staples and perishable goods, and then divide. And, once they begin, they must stick to it, not only for the sake of themselves but also for that of the farmers who supply them. A few months ago half a dozen families bought two pigs and had an old-fashioned pig killing. They kept books, which showed that they had saved more than fifty per cent on their investment. This scheme would not be practical for most people, but there are plenty of opportunities for coöperatively reducing prices if people will only discover or invent them.

Meantime groups and individuals are not only working out schemes they mean to carry through themselves, but are planning to educate others who don't know how to think.

The Chicago Commissioner of Health recently conducted a diet-squad experiment. For two weeks he fed twelve persons on foodstuffs he purchased in the open market at regular retail prices. The cost came well under the forty cents each a day that was proposed. Bulletin Number 52—new series—of the Chicago School of Sanitary Instruction gives an account of the experiment, with recipes for the forty-two meals eaten; and already many people have taken advantage of its teaching. Women's city clubs are sending out ward speakers to offer to audiences means of economy in buying and cooking food. Housewives' Leagues stand ready to give booklets of practical advice.

Practical Teaching

One woman, Mrs. John Bley, president of the Housewives' League of Chicago, gives free talks, to any group that needs her, on edible weeds. She was brought up on a farm by a mother who used to like to pick greens, and who taught her that some of the weeds which grow in almost any corner make delicious food. People could save from twenty-five to seventy-five cents a week simply by picking these greens, which Nature furnishes wild, and which—or their equivalent—are needed by the body.

Various unselfish women have each decided that her contribution to this war shall be to take in hand and teach some very poor woman how to battle with the rising prices. It is such poor women who will be in danger of the bread line next winter. They never read, know nothing, and are slow to learn. People who want to help them must almost live with them. But they have got to be taught to save, just as much as women who are better off. For some time the United Charities has had a system of visiting housekeepers, each one taking charge of some fifteen families in a year, spending at first two days a week with the housemother to teach her home-making from the ground up. They are the hardest people to teach, because they have that live-by-the-day attitude which makes for waste.

"Why," said a visiting housekeeper to a woman who was caring for a family of eight on twelve dollars a week—"Why did you throw away that cupful of lima beans?"

"Well, I did warm them up twice," was the reply. "But my folks got tired of them; so I just threw them out."

When she was told how much those beans were worth in meat value, and how she could have used them with corn or in soup, or added to a stew of onions and potatoes, that woman was cured of throwing away leftovers.

Most of the very poor think they must eat soup, meat, potatoes, bread and coffee. Some of them know nothing of the value of

(Concluded on Page 74)

HUGHES Electric Ranges

Making a Nation of Better Cooks

No more cooking by guesswork. Electric cooking is replacing guesswork with an almost scientific exactness. It makes cooking successes the rule, failures rare. It gives food a richer, better flavor, a deliciousness before unknown. The Hughes Electric Range is setting this new standard of cooking excellence—making a nation of better cooks.

The absolutely even heat of a Hughes Electric Range gives a uniformity of results hitherto impossible. Constant watching is unnecessary; the results are assured in advance.

The Hughes Electric oven, with its heavily insulated, heat retaining walls, saves greatly in meat shrinkage, and gives the meat a finer, better flavor. Cakes and bread rise evenly and brown uniformly, because of the wonderfully even heat throughout the oven. There are no air currents to carry off the rich juices, nor gaseous fumes to contaminate the food.

With such a range as this, every woman can become a better cook. When to her care in preparation is added perfection in cooking, is it any wonder that Hughes Electric Ranges are being bought by thousands, that every range installed in a neighborhood becomes the center of a growing group of users?

Learn more about this wonderful range in our book, "What Every Kitchen Needs." It tells what the greatest cooking experts, such women as Janet McKenzie Hill, Marion Harris Neil, Alice Bradley and Mrs. Lemcke-Barkhausen think of the Hughes Electric Range, and includes their favorite recipes, with statements as to how electric cooking improved them. Send 6c in stamps for this book

Ask your electric service company about Hughes Ranges—made in 20 models—sold and recommended by electric service companies throughout the country.

HUGHES ELECTRIC HEATING CO
5651 West Taylor Street, Chicago
Canadian Factory
304 Richmond Street W., Toronto, Ont

Only electric range ever awarded gold medal—
Panama-Pacific Gold Medal

"The Companies

After each name listed below are given the locations in the car where motor car builders use Timken Bearings

GASOLINE PLEASURE AND COMMERCIAL

ACASON MOTOR TRUCK CO., Detroit, Mich.—1½, 2, 3½ and 5-ton, front and rear wheels, differential, steering pivot, worm shaft, transmission

AHRENS-FOX FIRE ENGINE CO., Cincinnati, Ohio:—Fire Apparatus, front and rear wheels, steering pivot, differential, pinion shaft, transmission

AMERICAN-LA FRANCE FIRE ENGINE CO., INC., Elmira, N. Y.:—Largest model, front and rear wheels, steering pivot. Other models, front and rear wheels.

APPERSON BROTHERS AUTOMOBILE CO., Kokomo, Ind.:—"APPERSON" SIX and EIGHT, front and rear wheels, pinion shaft

ARMLEDER CO., THE O., Cincinnati, Ohio:—2 and 3½-ton, front and rear wheels, differential, steering pivot, worm shaft, transmission

ATTERBURY MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Buffalo, N. Y.:—1½, 2 and 3½-ton, front and rear wheels, worm shaft, transmission 2 and 3½-ton, steering pivot also

AUTOCAR CO., Ardmore, Pa.:—All models, front and rear wheels, differential, pinion shaft, reduction gears, transmission

AVAILABLE TRUCK CO., Chicago, Ill.:—1, 1½, 3½ and 5-ton front and rear wheels, steering pivot, differential, worm shaft, transmission

BAKER R. AND L. CO., Cleveland, Ohio:—Baker, R. & L. "OWEN MAGNETIC" Model, front and rear wheels, differential, pinion shaft

BARLEY MOTOR CAR CO., Kalamazoo, Mich.:—"ROAMER," rear wheels, differential, pinion shaft

BESSEMER MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY, Grove City, Pa.:—2½-ton, front and rear wheels. 2 and 3-ton, front and rear wheels, differential, steering pivot, worm shaft and transmission. 5-ton, transmission.

BEN HUR MOTOR CO., Cleveland, O.:—All models, front and rear wheels, differential, pinion shaft

BIDDLE MOTOR CAR CO., Philadelphia, Pa.:—Model H, front wheels

BLAIR MOTOR TRUCK CO., Newark, Ohio:—2, 3, 4 and 5-ton, front wheels, steering pivot

BOURNE MAGNETIC TRUCK CO., Philadelphia, Pa.:—2 and 3-ton, front and rear wheels, differential steering pivot, worm shaft

BOWLING GREEN MOTOR TRUCK CO., Bowling Green, Ohio:—"MODERN." All models, front and rear wheels, steering pivot, differential, worm shaft, transmission

BREWSTER & CO., Long Island City, N. Y.:—"BREWSTER-KNIGHT," front and rear wheels.

BRINTON MOTOR TRUCK CO., Philadelphia, Pa.:—1 and 2-ton, front and rear wheels, differential transmission, worm shaft 2 ton, steering pivot also

BROCKWAY MOTOR TRUCK CO., Cortland, N. Y.:—2 and 3½-ton, front and rear wheels, differential steering pivot, worm shaft, transmission. 1½-ton, transmission

BUICK MOTOR CO., Flint, Mich.:—Small SIX, differential

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO., Detroit, Mich.—All models, front and rear wheels, differential, pinion shaft

CADILLAC AUTO TRUCK CO., Cadillac, Mich.:—"ACME" 1, 2, 3½ ton models, front and rear wheels differential, worm shaft. 2 and 3½ ton, steering pivot also.

CASE T. M. CO., INC., J. I., Racine, Wis.—Models 25 and 40, front wheels, transmission

CHALMERS MOTOR CO., Detroit, Mich.:—All models, front and rear wheels, differential, pinion shaft.

CHICAGO PNEUMATIC TOOL CO., Chicago, Ill.:—All models "LITTLE GIANT" Trucks, front and rear wheels, steering pivot, differential, worm shaft, transmission

CORBITT MOTOR TRUCK CO., Henderson, N. C.—1½, 2, 3½ ton models, transmission.

CRAWFORD AUTOMOBILE CO., Hagerstown, Md.:—PLEASURE FOUR, front and rear wheels, differential, transmission. SIX, front and rear wheels, differential, pinion shaft, transmission COMMERCIAL—2 and 3-ton trucks, transmission

CUNNINGHAM SON & CO., JAMES, Rochester, N. Y.:—PLEASURE—FOUR 40 and EIGHT, front and rear wheels, steering pivot differential, pinion shaft, transmission. COMMERCIAL—Ambulance and hearse, front and rear wheels, steering pivot, differential, pinion shaft, transmission

DANIELS MOTOR CAR CO., Reading, Pa.:—All models, front and rear wheels, differential, pinion shaft, transmission

DART MOTOR TRUCK CO., Waterloo, Iowa:—All models, front and rear wheels, differential, worm shaft

DENBY MOTOR TRUCK CO., Detroit, Mich.:—1½, 2, 2½ and 3-ton models, front wheels, steering pivot

DETROITER MOTOR CAR CO., Detroit, Mich.:—Model 6-45, front and rear wheels, differential, pinion shaft.

DETROIT-WYANDOTTE MOTOR CO., Wyandotte, Mich.:—"HORNER" 1, 1½, 2, 3 and 5-ton front and rear wheels, differential, pinion and sprocket shafts, transmission 5 and 5-ton steering pivot also

DIAMOND T MOTOR CAR CO., Chicago, Ill.:—All models, front and rear wheels, differential, steering pivot, worm shaft, transmission.

DODGE BROTHERS, Detroit, Mich.:—All models, front and rear wheels, differential, pinion shaft

DORRIS MOTOR CAR CO., St. Louis, Mo.:—All models, front and rear wheels, differential, pinion shaft, transmission

DORT MOTOR CO., Flint, Mich.:—All models, pinion shaft

DREXEL MOTOR CAR CORP., Chicago, Ill.:—All models, front and rear wheels, differential and pinion shaft.

DUPLEX POWER CAR CO., Charlotte, Mich.:—Models C and D, transmission.

FEDERAL MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.:—All models, front and rear wheels, steering pivot, differential, worm shaft

FIFTH AVE. COACH CO., New York, N. Y.:—All "DEDION" and "DAIMLER" buses, front and rear wheels. Model A, front wheels and transmission

GABRIEL CARRIAGE & WAGON CO., W. H., Cleveland, Ohio:—All models, front and rear wheels, steering pivot, differential, pinion shaft, transmission

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK CO., Pontiac, Mich.:—All models, "G.M.C.," front and rear wheels, steering pivot, differential, worm shaft, transmission.

GARFORD MOTOR TRUCK CO., THE, Lima, Ohio:—1-ton, front wheels and transmission. 1½, 2 and 3½-ton, front and rear wheels, steering pivot, differential, worm shaft and transmission 5 and 6-ton, front and rear wheels and steering pivot

HAHN MOTOR TRUCK & WAGON CO., Hamburg, Pa.:—All models, front and rear wheels, differential, worm shaft and transmission

HAL MOTOR CAR CO., Cleveland, Ohio:—All models, front and rear wheels, steering pivot, differential and pinion shaft

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.:—All models, front and rear wheels, differential, pinion shaft

HUPP MOTOR CAR CO., Detroit, Mich.:—All "HUPMOBILES," front wheels

HURLBURT MOTOR TRUCK CO., New York City:—All models transmission

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER CORP., Akron, Ohio:—All models, front wheels, transmission.

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR CO., New York, N. Y.:—"MACK" 1, 1½ and 2-ton, front and rear wheels, steering pivot differential, worm shaft, transmission. 3½, 5½ and 7½-ton models, front and rear wheels, differential, sprocket shafts, transmission, fan shaft

JAHNS, W. H., Los Angeles, Calif.:—Truck attachment, rear wheels

"JEFFERY-QUAD"—See Nash Motors Co.

JORDAN MOTOR CAR CO., Cleveland, Ohio:—All models, front and rear wheels, differential, pinion shaft, transmission

JONES MOTOR CAR CO., Wichita, Kans.—All models, front and rear wheels, differential, pinion shaft

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD MOTOR TRUCK CO., Springfield, Ohio:—1½-ton worm drive model, differential, worm shaft. 2½-ton worm drive, front wheels, differential, steering pivot, worm shaft 2½-ton chain drive, front and rear wheels, steering pivot. 3½, 4 5 and 6-ton chain drive, front and rear wheels, jack shaft

KISSEL MOTOR CAR CO., Hartford, Wis.:—PLEASURE—All models, front and rear wheels, differential, pinion shaft. COMMERCIAL—All models except 2-ton, front and rear wheels, differential, pinion shaft, transmission. 2-ton, front and rear wheels, differential, worm shaft

KLEIBER & COMPANY, INC., San Francisco, Cal.:—2 and 3½-ton front and rear wheels, steering pivot, differential, pinion shaft, transmission

KNOX MOTORS ASSOCIATES, Springfield, Mass.:—Tractor, front and rear wheels

KREBS COMMERCIAL CAR CO., Clyde, Ohio:—All models, front and rear wheels, differential, worm shaft, transmission

LEWIS-HALL IRON WORKS, Detroit, Mich.:—"HALL," 3-ton, front and rear wheels, steering pivot, differential, worm shaft. 3 and 5-ton chain drive, front and rear wheels, differential, steering pivot, pinion, sprocket shafts, transmission

LIBERTY MOTOR CAR CO., Detroit, Mich.:—All models, front and rear wheels, differential, pinion shaft.

LIPPARD-STEWART MOTOR CAR CO., Buffalo, N. Y.:—All models front and rear wheels, steering pivot, differential, worm shafts, transmission

LOCOMOBILE CO. OF AMERICA, Bridgeport, Conn.:—PLEASURE—SIX-38 and SIX 48, front wheels, steering worm shaft. COMMERCIAL—"RIKER" 3 and 4-ton, front and rear wheels, steering pivot

"MACCAR" TRUCK CO., Scranton, Pa.:—All models, front and rear wheels, steering pivot, differential, pinion, sprocket shafts, transmission

McFARLAN MOTOR CO., Connersville, Ind.:—All models, front and rear wheels, differential, pinion shaft, transmission

MADISON MOTORS CORP., Anderson, Ind.:—All models, front and rear wheels, differential, pinion shaft, steering pivot

"MARION-HANDLEY"—See Mutual Motors Corporation

"MARMON"—See Nordyke & Marmon Co

MARTIN CARRIAGE WORKS, York, Pa.:—Trucks and fire apparatus, front and rear wheels, steering pivot, differential, pinion, sprocket shafts, transmission

MATHER CASKET CO., S. W., Cleveland, Ohio:—All models, front and rear wheels, differential, pinion shaft

MAXWELL MOTOR CO., Inc., Detroit, Mich.:—1 ton, front and rear wheels, worm shaft

METEOR MOTOR CAR CO., Piqua, Ohio—"EIGHT SIX," front and rear wheels, differential [illegible] shaft

TIMKEN

TIMKEN Keeps"

After each name listed below are given the locations in the car where motor car builders use Timken Bearings

MENOMINEE MOTOR TRUCK CO., Menominee, Mich.:—1,500 lb. model, rear wheels, differential, pinion shaft, transmission 1 and 2-ton, front and rear wheels, differential, worm shaft, transmission 2-ton steering pivot also

MILWAUKEE LOCOMOTIVE MFG. CO., Milwaukee, Wis.—"WALTER" tractor Four-Wheel Drive, rear wheels, differentials

MOLINE AUTOMOBILE CO., Moline, Ill.:—Front and rear wheels, differential, pinion shaft

MOON MOTOR CAR CO., St. Louis, Mo.:—Front and rear wheels, differential, pinion shaft.

MORELAND MOTOR TRUCK CO., Los Angeles, Cal.:—All models, front and rear wheels, steering pivot, differential, worm shaft, transmission.

MURRAY MOTOR CAR CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.:—EIGHT, front and rear wheels, differential, pinion shaft

MUTUAL MOTORS CORP., Jackson, Mich.:—All models, "MARION-HANDLEY," pinion shaft

NASH MOTORS CO., Kenosha, Wis.:—2-ton Four-Wheel-Drive "JEFFERY QUAD," front and rear wheels, sprocket shaft counter shafts front and rear, propeller shafts front and rear, steering pivot, wheel driving pinion, differential, pinion shaft

NATIONAL STEEL CAR CO., LTD, Hamilton, Ont.:—1,500 lb., 2-ton and 3-ton, front and rear wheels, steering pivot, differential, worm shaft

NELSON & LE MOON, Chicago, Ill.:—E 1-ton, E 1½-ton, and E 3-ton, front and rear wheels, steering pivot, differential, worm shaft, transmission.

NEW ENGLAND TRUCK CO., Fitchburg, Mass.:—1½, 2-ton, front and rear wheels, steering pivot, differential worm shaft, transmission

NILES CAR AND MFG. CO., Niles, Ohio—1½, 2-ton front and rear wheels, differential, worm shaft transmission 2-ton steering pivot also.

NORDYKE & MARMON CO., Indianapolis, Ind.:—All models, front wheels

OGREN MOTOR WORKS, Chicago, Ill.:—All models, front and rear wheels, steering pivot, differential, pinion shaft.

OLD RELIABLE TRUCK CO., Chicago, Ill.:—1½, 2, 3, 4 and 5-ton, transmission

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, Lansing, Mich.:—"OLDSMOBILE," all models, front wheels, differential

"OVERLAND"—See Willys-Overland Co

"OWEN MAGNETIC"—See Baker R. and L. Co

PACKARD MOTOR CAR CO., Detroit, Mich.:—PLEASURE—All models, front wheels. COMMERCIAL—1, 2, 3-ton, 5 and 6-ton, front and rear wheels. 4-ton, front wheels

PATHFINDER CO., THE, Indianapolis, Ind.:—All "PATHFINDERS," transmission

PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio:—PLEASURE—"LIGHT EIGHT," front and rear wheels, differential, pinion shaft, transmission. Other models, front wheels. COMMERCIAL—2-ton, front and rear wheels, differential. 3, 4, 5 and 6-ton, front and rear wheels

PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR CO., Buffalo, N. Y.:—PLEASURE—All models, front and rear wheels. COMMERCIAL—2 and 5-ton, front and rear wheels.

PREMIER MOTOR CORPORATION, Indianapolis, Ind.—PREMIER" Model SIX-50, front and rear wheels, differential, pinion shaft

QUAKER CITY CAB CO., Philadelphia, Pa.:—Taxicabs, front wheels, steering pivot

RAINIER MOTOR CORP., New York, N. Y.:—1,000 lb. truck, front and rear wheels, differential, worm shaft.

REO MOTOR CAR CO., Lansing, Mich.; St. Catharines, Ont.:—PLEASURE—"REO THE FIFTH," front wheels, differential, pinion shaft. Model M-6, front and rear wheels, differential, pinion shaft. COMMERCIAL—2-ton, front and rear wheels, differential, pinion shaft

"ROAMER"—See Barley Motor Car Co

ROWE MOTOR MFG. CO., Downingtown, Pa.:—2 and 3½-ton, front and rear wheels, steering pivot, differential, worm shaft, transmission

SAGINAW MOTOR CAR CO., Saginaw, Mich.:—"YALE" 8, front and rear wheels, differential, pinion shaft

SANDOW MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.:—2 and 3½-ton, worm-drive, front and rear wheels, steering pivot, differential, worm shaft, transmission.

SAXON MOTOR CAR CORPORATION, Detroit, Mich.:—"SAXON SIX, front and rear wheels, differential, pinion shaft, "SAXON FOUR, rear end of pinion shaft.

SCHACHT MOTOR TRUCK CO., THE C. A., Cincinnati, Ohio:—All models, front and rear wheels, steering pivot, differential.

SEAGRAVE CO., Columbus, Ohio—Fire apparatus, front and rear wheels, steering pivot.

SELDEN MOTOR VEHICLE CO., Rochester, N. Y.:—1 and 2-ton, rear wheels, differential, worm shaft, transmission. 3-ton, front and rear wheels, steering pivot, differential, worm shaft, transmission.

SERVICE MOTOR TRUCK CO., Wabash, Ind.:—All models, front and rear wheels, differential, worm shaft 2 and 3½-ton, also have steering pivot, transmission

SHAW CO., WALDEN W., Chicago, Ill.—All models, front and rear wheels, steering pivot, differential, pinion shaft, transmission.

SIGNAL MOTOR TRUCK CO., Detroit, Mich.:—All models, front and rear wheels, differential, worm shaft

SIMPLEX AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, New Brunswick, N. J.:—CRANE" model, Simplex number five, front wheels

SINGER MOTOR CO., INC., New York, N. Y.:—All models, front and rear wheels, differential, pinion shaft

SMITH MOTOR TRUCK CORP., Chicago, Ill.:—Truck attachment, rear wheels

STANDARD MOTOR TRUCK CO., Detroit, Mich.:—All models, front and rear wheels, steering pivot, differential, worm shaft.

STANDARD OIL CO., Cleveland, Ohio:—3-ton, front and rear wheels, differential, steering pivot, worm shaft

STANDARD STEEL CAR CO., Butler, Pa.:—Eight cylinder model, front and rear wheels, differential, pinion shaft.

STANLEY MOTOR CARRIAGE CO., Newton, Mass.—All models, front and rear wheels, differential

STEARNS CO., F. B., Cleveland, Ohio:—All models, front wheels

STEGEMAN MOTOR CAR CO., Milwaukee, Wis.—All models, front wheels, steering pivot, transmission

STERLING MOTOR TRUCK CO., Milwaukee, Wis.:—3½, 5 and 7-ton, front and rear wheels. 7-ton, also sprocket shaft

STUDEBAKER CORPORATION, Detroit, Mich.:—PLEASURE—FOUR and SIX, front and rear wheels, differential, pinion shaft transmission. COMMERCIAL—½ ton, direct bevel drive, and 1-ton, front and rear wheels, differential, pinion shaft, transmission

STUTZ MOTOR CAR CO., Indianapolis, Ind.:—Front wheels, steering pivot

TIFFIN WAGON CO., THE, Tiffin, Ohio:—2-ton, front and rear wheels, differential, steering pivot, worm shaft

TRUCK ATTACHMENT CO., Seattle, Wash.:—Truck attachment, rear wheels

UNITED STATES MOTOR TRUCK CO., Cincinnati, Ohio:—2½-ton Model "E," front and rear wheels. 3½-ton, model "D," front and rear wheels, steering pivot.

UNIVERSAL SERVICE CO., Detroit, Mich.:—1½ ton, front and rear wheels. 2 and 3-ton, front and rear wheels, jack shaft clutch, transmission. 5-ton, front and rear wheels, worm shaft

VELIE MOTORS CORP., Moline, Ill.:—PLEASURE—Models 27 and 28, front and rear wheels, differential, pinion shaft. COMMERCIAL 1½ and 3½-ton, front and rear wheels, steering pivot, differential, worm shaft, transmission

VIM MOTOR TRUCK CO., Philadelphia, Pa.:—All models, pinion shaft

WATSON WAGON CO., Canastota, N. Y.:—3-ton, front and rear wheels, differential, steering pivot, worm shaft

WESTCOTT MOTOR CAR CO., Springfield, Ohio:—Series 17, front and rear wheels, differential, pinion shaft, transmission.

WILCOX MOTOR CO., H. E., Minneapolis, Minn.:—All models, transmission

WILLYS-OVERLAND CO., Toledo, Ohio:—All models, front wheels differential Model 88, four, six and eight, rear wheels also

WINTHER MOTOR TRUCK CO., Kenosha, Wis.:—All models, front wheels, steering pivot

WINTON CO., Cleveland, Ohio:—All models, front and rear wheels, differential, pinion shaft, main shaft of transmission.

WOODS MOTOR VEHICLE CO., Chicago, Ill.—"WOODS DUAL POWER," front wheels.

YELLOW CAB CO., THE, Chicago, Ill.:—Taxicabs, front and rear wheels, differential, pinion shaft, transmission.

ELECTRIC PLEASURE AND COMMERCIAL

ANDERSON ELECTRIC CAR COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.:—PLEASURE—All models, front and rear wheels.

ATLANTIC ELECTRIC VEHICLE CO., Newark, N. J.:—1, 2, 3½ and 5-ton models, front and rear wheels, steering pivot

BAKER R. AND L. CO., Cleveland, Ohio:—PLEASURE—All models, front and rear wheels. COMMERCIAL—½, 1, 2 and 3½-ton, front and rear wheels. 1, 2 and 3½-ton, also in steering pivot

COMMERCIAL TRUCK CO. OF AMERICA, Philadelphia, Pa.:—½, 1, 2, 3½, and 5-ton, front and rear wheels

"DETROIT ELECTRIC"—See Anderson Electric Car Co

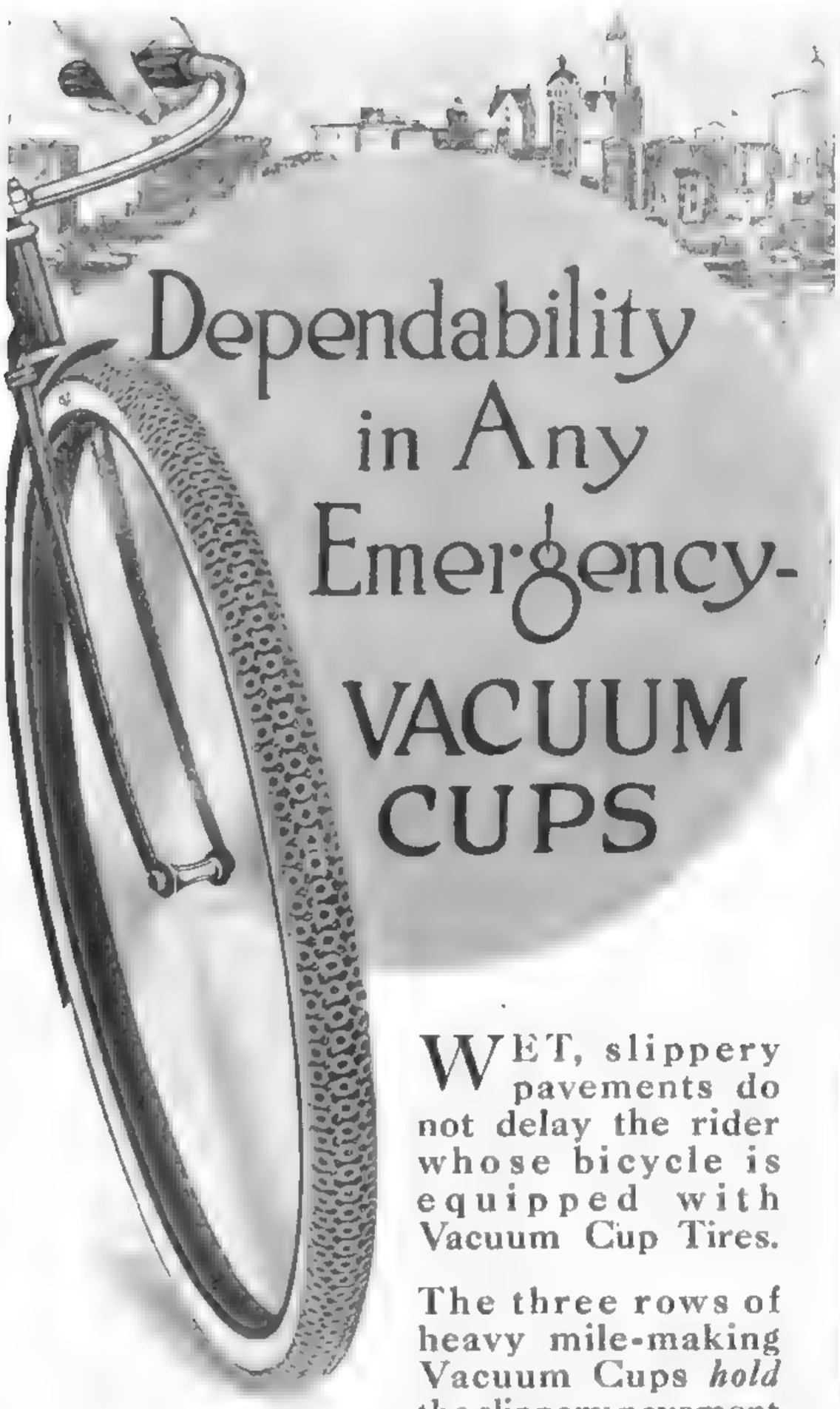
GENERAL VEHICLE CO., Long Island City, N. Y.:—COMMERCIAL—1,500 pound truck, front and rear wheels, differential, worm shaft. All other models, front and rear wheels, differential sprocket shaft.

LANSDEN COMPANY, Brooklyn, N. Y.:—All commercial models front and rear wheels, steering pivot, differential, sprocket shafts

WALKER VEHICLE CO., Chicago, Ill.:—Models D, E, N, L and K front wheels, steering pivot. Model M, steering pivot

WARD MOTOR VEHICLE CO., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.:—750 lb. "WARD SPECIAL," front and rear wheels, differential, pinion shaft

BEARINGS



Dependability in Any Emergency—

VACUUM CUPS

WET, slippery pavements do not delay the rider whose bicycle is equipped with Vacuum Cup Tires.

The three rows of heavy mile-making Vacuum Cups *hold* the slippery pavement with a *suction grip*, preventing skidding, side-slipping, bad spills. This safety feature is exclusive and found only on

Pennsylvania VACUUM CUP TIRES

The extra-heavy special 15½ oz. Sea Island fabric used in Vacuum Cup Bicycle Tires makes them practically puncture-proof, stonebruise-proof — means most miles and freedom from tire troubles throughout the whole season. They also are absolutely Oilproof.

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO., Jeannette, Pa.

Direct factory branches and Service Agencies throughout the United States and Canada

Also makers and guarantors of Three Star Bicycle Tires—Tripletread, Sturdy Stud, Success—and Vacuum Cup and Sturdy Stud Motorcycle Tires.

(Concluded from Page 71)

rice, beans, barley and fresh vegetables. Few of them have a balanced diet. Almost none of them realize the detriment of leaving out of the diet mineral salts and dried and fresh fruits. Many of them know little of the value of cheese and codfish. Practically none of them know that they should copy the French, those artists in economy, and have a family soup kettle for all vegetable and meat scraps.

"Don't you talk to me about rice!" said a middle-aged scrubwoman. "I work like a man, don't I? Well, then I know what I want to eat, don't I? I don't like rice; so why should I have to eat it? I like meat and potatoes, and I'm agoing to eat them as long as I can afford to pay for them. 'Course I can't have as much of them as I did before prices went up. So I have a little meat, and a little potatoes; and I fill up on bread and a little cake. But one potato round for Sunday dinner in my family I will have."

Such women are hard to reach. An expert on home economics teaches classes of just such housekeepers, who, in time, pass on her advice to their neighbors. She urges window boxes for the growing of water cress or mustard or other quick-growing salad food, so that each person can have something succulent in the daily diet. She teaches her classes not to waste the mineral salts in vegetables—the most valuable part—but to boil potatoes in their jackets, and to use the water afterward for soup or sauces. She urges them to use whole grains. She recommends stews for the very poor, because then nothing whatever is wasted. She herself keeps a dozen hens with profit, and she thinks anyone who lives in a suburb, and has a knack with creatures, can do the same. Suburban dwellers with a gift for creatures could also save money by keeping bees.

Various settlements have emphasized their cooking classes, and are especially giving instruction in foods that can serve as substitutes for meats and potatoes. But any woman who wants to help the country, and who knows housekeeping and has tact, can "do her bit" by taking on as pupil some poor woman with a large family, little money and less knowledge. The hotels alone are full of women that have time for such work. The country needs not only their money but their personal service.

Nothing should be more interesting now to people who want to economize than the methods of other people who are seeking ways and means. And these ways and means must be more than sporadic.

A number of women in the suburb of a big city are meeting the high prices by letting their maids go. What the average maid eats is less than what she wastes; and so there is a double saving. These housewives are making use of all the labor-saving devices they can, such as vacuum cleaners and electric washers; they arrange their kitchen space so as to save steps. They systematize the arrangement of their kitchen furnishings. The regret is that they are "tied down" more than they used to be; but by simplifying their way of living, and engaging an occasional woman-by-the-day or student dishwasher, they manage very well, and are not afraid of hearing the hungry yelps of the wolf.

A College Woman's Thrift

But these people are the well-to-do, who have a margin of safety always, or they could not afford servants. One woman, college-bred, a little under the servant-keeping class, since her husband earns two thousand dollars a year, put her methods of war saving thus:

"In peacetime a woman who can keep a maid asks herself why she should do her own work and keep a worthy cook out of a job. This argument won't go now, when every ounce of labor power is needed for war supplies of all kinds, and every penny of economy is needed for the national loan, if we finance by bonds, and the invariably accompanying high prices, or for war taxes, so far as the nation dare meet its burden squarely. So I am all for tearing away the frills of housekeeping, cutting out merely amusing or honorific ways of spending time. If you've been accustomed to a four-course dinner, reduce it to two. When you have a salad, omit dessert; and vice versa. Your family will be the healthier for this. We can't live cheaply when prices are high and take no more trouble about it than we do when prices are low. There are many short cuts the housekeeper takes in easy times that she will have to omit now. I use evaporated apples instead of fresh fruit. I stew prunes twelve hours in the fireless cooker, until they are sweet, instead of cooking them half an hour on the gas range and sweetening them with sugar.

"A coffee blender told me of a sixteen-cent coffee he used. I tried it and my family rose in rebellion. Then I ground it very fine and made an infusion of coffee instead of making it by boiling or in the percolator; result—the family preferred it to the usual grade, and guests praised it, unaware of its cheapness. It goes without saying that a great many brands of goods sell because they cost more than others, not because they are better. A tea dealer told me of a woman who bought tea at fifty cents and then complained to the grocer that it was inferior. He sold her another pound from the same bin, recommended it highly, and charged her sixty-five cents. She found it excellent!

"I buy coöperatively with friends. I buy in large quantities from firms that sell on a narrow margin. I am lucky in having storage room. I have drawn out of the savings bank in order to buy now everything I am going to need next year in the way of household supplies: food, clothes, shoes—everything. If the war goes into 1918 I'll save; if it does not, and prices do not go on rising, I can afford it. Lastly, I am wearing my last year's suits and hats. I intend to defy convention, and what the neighbors think, in the interests of common sense. It is the duty of the true patriot not to keep up appearances."

Saving on Rent

Much the same as this is the attitude of families on twelve to fifteen hundred dollars—persons who must save and yet look nice.

"Our people," said a young man employed in the wholesale end of what is perhaps the greatest department store in the world, "are beating the high cost of living in three ways: we are sparingly moving to cheaper apartments. Only a few of us have the courage to do this, because somehow it seems a confession of failure. Yes, I know it's silly—especially when the whole world has got to economize pretty soon. However, moving is the last thing we do.

"Well, then we save on clothes and shoes. The thing seems to be to get a lot of people to do the same thing and to have the same excuse, and yet to have that excuse not quite the bare need to save money. Lots of us are poking into old trunks and odds-and-ends holes and fishing out our old shoes—the kind, you know, that are not good enough to wear and too good to give away. Well, we've decided they are good enough to wear, and we're having them patched and repaired. Got to, when you think of the price of leather.

"Third, we're saving on food—or our wives or mothers are. But we fellows tell with a kind of laugh what the women give us to eat at home. I notice the men listen hard enough too."

Follows a bulletin of advice in which is seen the large hand of Mrs. Frieda Horan:

Remember, you don't have to keep up appearances. Everybody's economizing now.

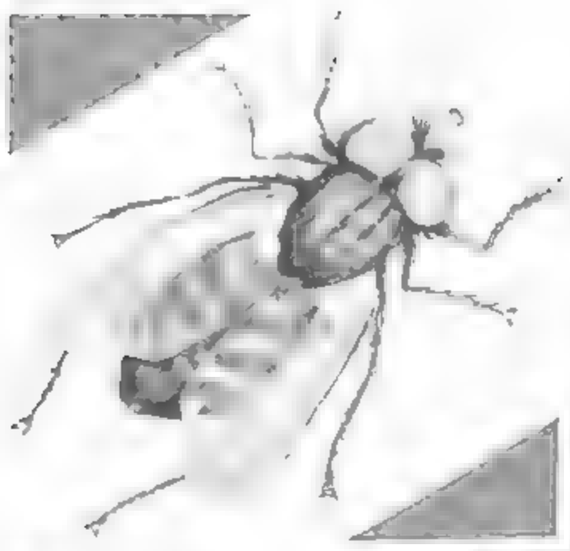
Make a business of conquering your limitations. If you don't know anything get bulletins on how to buy and cook cheap, nourishing food. These are to be had from the educational department of the Bureau of Public Health, New York State; from the Department of Agriculture; from various home economics departments in universities, housewives' leagues, and the United Charities. You can get them from most of these places for nothing.

Buy coöperatively when you can; and buy when the market is overstocked.

Remember that there is always something else for you to learn, and that if you cannot pay for the high cost of living in money you must pay in intelligence and energy. Remember that the passive economy of avoiding waste is just as essential as active economy; for waste shortens the supply.

Remember that whenever you waste money you are holding back the nation. Freshen the old things; and, for a change, see what it would be like really to wear something out.

And—first, last and always—grow crops, and preserve what you don't eat. The ground is our chief friend to-day. With it we can conquer; without it we fail.



In the War On Flies

your work is only half done, unless you destroy the body.

The disease germs it carries are even more deadly on the decomposing body. No child should be allowed to touch a dead fly.

Fly poison kills more children than all other poisons combined. The only safe and sanitary way to keep your home free from flies is to catch them and embalm their germ-laden bodies with *non-poisonous* Tanglefoot.

TANGLEFOOT

Government Condemns Arsenic

The following is an extract from Supplement 29 to the Public Health Report, United States Public Health Service:

"Of other fly poisons mentioned, mention should be made, merely for a purpose of condemnation, of those composed of arsenic. Fatal cases of poisoning of children through the use of such compounds are far too frequent, and owing to the resemblance of arsenical poisoning to summer diarrhea and cholera infantum, it is believed that the cases reported do not, by any means, comprise the total. Arsenical fly-destroying devices must be rated as extremely dangerous, and should never be used, even if other measures are not at hand."

The O. & W. Thum Company
Grand Rapids Michigan

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The best motor in the world is a gas waster unless you equip it with the best Spark Plugs you can buy. And you can't get more service out of a plug than has been built into it.

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can be turned into *money*. Let us tell you how. Address The Curtis Publishing Company, 297 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

BALL-A-HOLE

(Continued from Page 18)

But Mr. Perkins was admiring the ripples that his last plunger had stirred up. So I dug down in my pocket and pulled one out.

"Here," I said. "Here's one that I'll sell you for twenty cents."

"Twenty cents!" said Mr. Conklin. "Why, it's secondhand. I couldn't play with that one."

"It's the oldest I've got," I said. "After you've driven it into a couple of ditches you won't know the difference between it and your Whizzes."

Well, he started to argue and I started to put the ball back into my pocket; and then he said he'd take it and settle after the game. So I gave it to him and it seemed to bring him luck. Anyway, he managed to lift it out to the middle of the fairway, pretty near a hundred yards down the course. Mr. Perkins' third attempt was too close to the woods for comfort, but it was playable.

"Now go easy," I said to my man. "You're a stroke better off than he is. Try and run her up to the edge of the ditch on this one, and next time you can pitch onto the green. Take a mashie," I told him.

But no! He insisted on using his brassy, and the ball scooted along the ground and plump into the bottom of the Cañon. And Mr. Perkins, with a mid-iron, managed just to clear the ditch and stop on the high ground this side of the green.

I and Mr. Conklin beat the other two to the gully, and there was our ball, laying in about two inches of water, at the bottom of the bank that's away from the green.

So Mr. Conklin said:

"I can't play it there. What am I going to do?"

"You can pick it up and toss it back on top of the bank," I told him. "It'll cost you one stroke."

He looked round to see how close Mr. Perkins was. Then he looked at his ball again. Then he said:

"If she only just lay out of the water, on the other side, I could lift her onto the green with a mashie or niblick."

And then he looked at me.

Well, I can take a hint, and I didn't have any hesitation about pulling rough stuff on Mr. Perkins. Warder or no warder, he'd been pretty raw himself. So I fished the ball out of the creek and tossed it to the other side, from where it was a pipe to loft it to the green—that is, provided you hit it. Mr. Conklin missed it the first time, and as Jake and Mr. Perkins were getting pretty close to us he made his next attempt in a hurry. He connected, but didn't get under the ball good, and it just did manage to roll up to the top of the bank and stop alongside of Mr. Perkins'.

Mr. Perkins ast us how many we'd shot.

"Let's see," said Mr. Conklin. "How many is it, boy?"

"Let's see," I said. "There was your first tee shot, into the woods; then your second tee shot; then your brassy in the ditch, and your pitch out. Four, altogether."

Mr. Perkins looked kind of suspicious. He said:

"I thought I saw you miss one swing in the ditch."

"Miss one!" said Mr. Conklin. "Of course I did. But it was practice."

"Well, then," said Mr. Perkins, "we're alike as we lay. I've had four strokes without any practice."

So I said:

"I don't see how you could put two balls so close together in the river without some practice."

"You're too fresh!" said Mr. Perkins. "This is the last time you'll caddy in a game I'm in."

So I said: "I knew that the minute we left the first tee."

They were both nervous now. While Mr. Conklin was getting ready to approach, I was scared to death that his knees would knock each other out and maybe cripple him for life. He finally dribbled his ball six feet, and when Mr. Perkins accidentally approached to about four feet from the can I thought we were gone. We were still off of the green yet. Mr. Conklin took his putter and stopped five feet from the cup. He shot again and missed by a foot. Mr. Perkins could cop the hole by going down in three putts from four feet away. The idear got the best of him and pretty near choked him to death. He didn't have anything for his Adam's apple to hide behind,

(Concluded on Page 78)

A Tire Changed in 60 Seconds

THE MINUTE DEMOUNTABLE WHEEL

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Trade H-S Mark

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In the Rain or *In the Dark*

Coldest day or hottest, takes just the same—60 seconds to make a tire change

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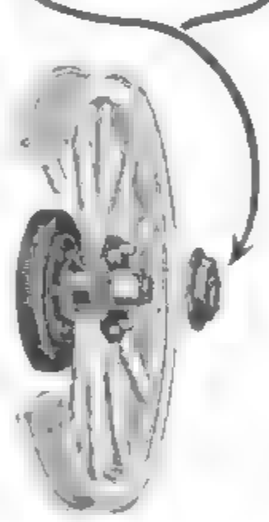

Listen! A doctor said he could not afford to risk driving his own car because of tire troubles, delays and the danger of infection should he injure his hands from removing rusted rims or mud-encrusted tires.

That was before he heard of the Minute Demountable Wheel. He fears no delays now. He has equipped his Ford with the Minute Wheel.

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will increase your mileage from 16 to as high as 35 miles per gallon; superheats the vapor, sending it in dry highly combustible state into cylinders; insures a cool, sweet running engine; reduces carbon by 50 per cent. Buyers of Ford Trucks especially need it. Ford Taxis find it greatest money saver. Yet to find a failure after two years' tests.

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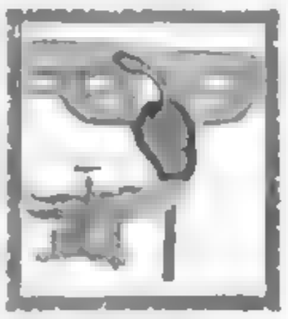

Heater in Position on Manifold

H-S Automobile Repair Parts

for the Ford and Overland Cars

are constructed with the one idea of service. Nineteen years in manufacture of motor parts enable us to know how to give this. Specify H-S Repair Parts to avoid annoying replacements.

Your dealer will be glad to install H-S parts because he knows they're best. Sold through H-S jobbers. Dealers should write for illustrated catalogue.

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The American Public Better Printing—

THE printing which is to sell merchandise nowadays, has to be attractive.

The first astute advertising men who experimented with the best illustrations they could get and the best printing they could buy, discovered that it paid.

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With this demand has come handsome reward for the men who could supply good printing.

To these men, S. D. Warren & Company offer Warren's Standards in Printing Papers.

The Warren Standards answer these questions:

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Or what is the ideal paper for an edition of half a million circulars describing a new kitchen cabinet?

Or what is the paper best suited for describing with colored photographs a vacation resort?

It may be an automobile catalog, or a railroad folder, or a broadside circular to every druggist in America, or a simple series of envelope enclosures, but the man who buys the paper must have some knowledge of paper standards—some assurance that he is buying the right paper for the job.

Standardization in the manufacture of printing papers has changed paper-making from an art to a science.

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The Warren Standard Papers are known by name.

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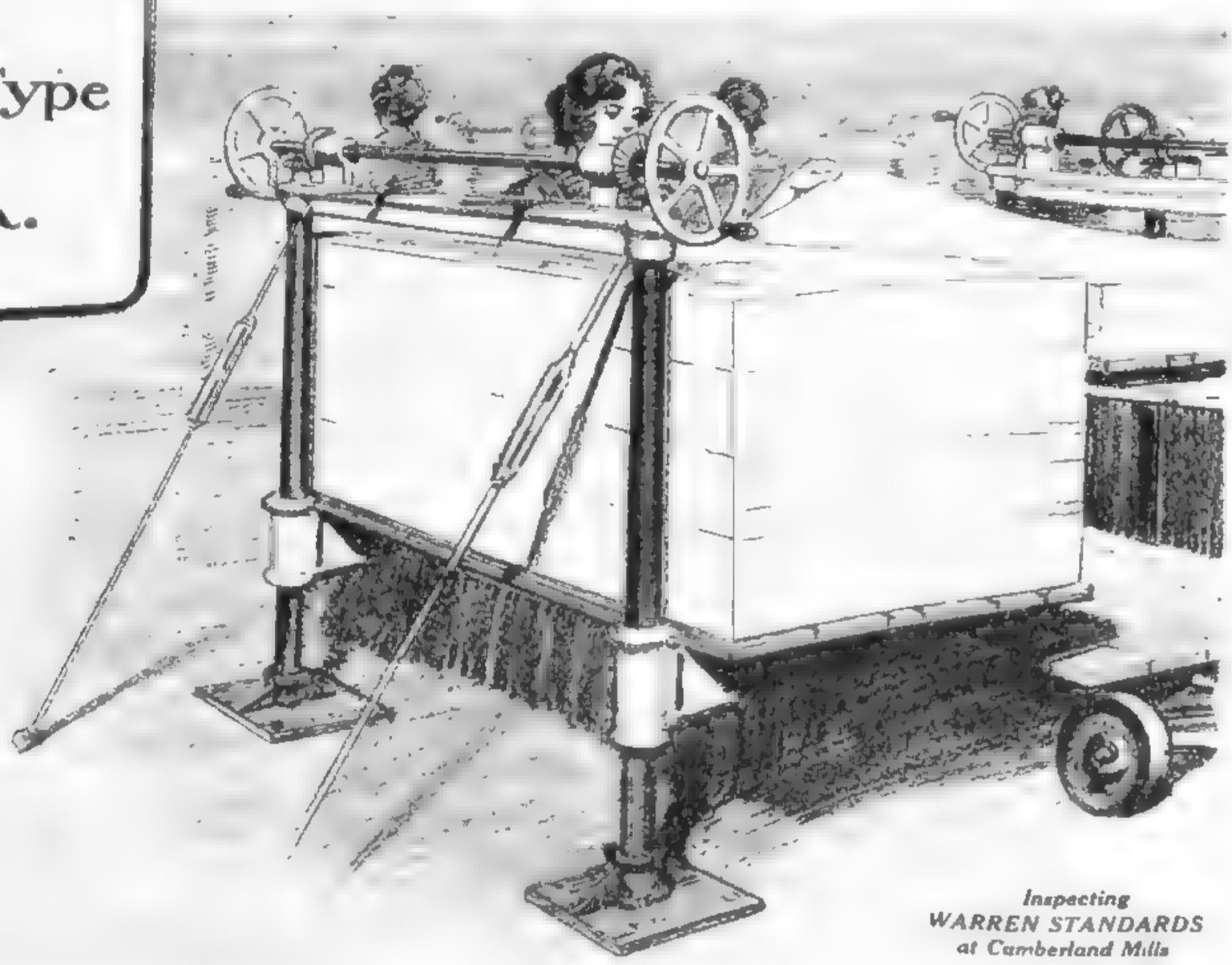
Constant Excellence of Product The Highest Type of Competition.



Inspecting
WARREN STANDARDS
at Cumberland Mills

Is Demanding Better Paper a

Read this book, and names like WARREN'S CAMEO, WARREN'S LUSTRO, WARREN'S SILKOTE, WARREN'S CUMBERLAND COATED and WARREN'S PRINTONE will suggest themselves to you for different work, as the names of standard type faces suggest themselves to a printer.

You may already know WARREN'S CAMEO which, with its wonderful, lusterless surface like old ivory, gives to your engravings the effect of platinum photographs. Then you *know* that famous "Cameo effect," which can be obtained only from Cameo, will be of standard excellence throughout the entire run of booklets.

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WARREN'S CUMBERLAND COATED is an extraordinarily popular paper because it gives better results than are usually expected of papers sold at its price. It is recommended for working easily and uniformly through the press, and for its folding qualities. For large editions calling for high grade half-tone work, in black and white or colors, Cumberland Coated is an ideal stock.

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The 1917 Warren Suggestion Book

will *show* you printing as it actually appears on the Warren Standards. This and supplementary booklets reinforce your own ideas of what good printing should be, by a knowledge of how to choose the paper for producing it. In our Suggestion Book you see art and beauty in the printed page and you are assured by our standardization of manufacture that the same results are possible for you.

Write for the 1917 Warren Suggestion Book today, using your business letterhead. It and supplementary mailings will be sent to you, *free*.

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Printing Papers

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Manufacturers of Warren's Standard Printing Papers

OIL BANKING

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If you are a veteran you know this: An oil that burns up rapidly or breaks down quickly cannot be really cheap. Though it may be low-priced by the gallon, it is bound to prove high-priced by the mile.

You know that a wrong-bodied oil raises your gas consumption. Instead of saving your oil pennies it eats up your gas dollars.

You know that wear and tear on the metal parts means, some day, a heavy bill which the low price per-gallon can never wipe out.

In recent years no oils have made such steady progress toward a dominant place in the market as Gargoyle Mobiloils.

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Correct Automobile Lubrication

Explanation: —The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, for engine lubrication, purified to remove free carbon, are

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

In the Chart below the letters opposite the car indicate the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils that should be used; for example, "A" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A," "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic," etc. The recommendations cover all models of both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

Model of	1917		1916		1915		1914		1913	
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott-Detroit (8 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Allen	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
(Mod. 33-34-35)					A	Arc				
Apperson 8 cyl	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Auburn 10 cyl	A	A	A	A						
(6 cyl)	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Autocar (2 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Avery	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Mod. 5 & 6 Cyclecar			Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Briscoe (8 cyl)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
			A	A						
Buick	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac								Arc	Arc	Arc
	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc				
	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A		
Mod. 40			A	Arc						
Mod. 50	A	A	A	A						
Chandler Six		A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Chevrolet	Arc		Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Clark										
Crow-Elkhart					A	A				
Cunningham (8 cyl)					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
Dart	A	A	A	A						
Mod. 1			A	Arc	A	Arc				
Delaware-Detroit					B	A	B	A	B	A
De Luxe			Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
					Arc	Arc				
Dodge			A	A	F	F				
Ford			A	Arc	A	Arc				
			A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
			Arc	Arc						
Franklin			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Gaeth	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Hal	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Hanson	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Haynes	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Hudson	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
Hupp (8 cyl)	A	Arc	A	A						
Hupmobile	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Jeffery	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A		
(6 cyl)	A	A								
Jones	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Kissel			E	E	E	E				
(6 cyl)										
Kline	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Kelly-Springfield	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
King					A	Arc	A	A	A	E
(8 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Knox	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
(6 cyl)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc
Mod. 48			A	A	A	A	A	A		
Lexington	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Locomobile-Stewart	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
(Mod. M)	A	Arc	A	Arc						
Lozier	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	Arc	Arc
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Mercer	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Metz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
(2 cyl)					Arc	A				
Mitchell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Moline			A	A					A	Arc
Knight	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Monroe (4 cyl)					Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
(6 cyl)	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
National	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
	A	A	A	A						
Oakland	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
(8 cyl)			A	A						
Oldsmobile			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
(6 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Overland	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Packard					A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
(12 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Com'l	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Page					A	Arc	A	A	A	E
(6-66)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
(6-56 & 58)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc				
Pathfinder	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
(12 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Peerless	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
(8 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc
Com'l	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
Regal	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
(4 cyl)	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc				
Reo			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Richmond	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc
Rider	E	E								
Saxon	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E		
Scripps	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Searchmont	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Stearns-Knight	A	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A
	A	A	B	A						
Sterling Wisconsin	A	A	A	Arc						
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
(4 cyl)					A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
(6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Westcott	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc
White	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Willys-Knight	A	A	B	A	B	A	A	A		
Wisconsin	Arc	Arc								
Winton	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc

Electric Vehicles: For motor bearings and enclosed gears use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" the year round. For open chains and differential use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C" the year round.

Exception: For motor lubrication of pleasure cars use Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic" for warm climate and Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" for hot summer drive.

(Concluded from Page 75)

and I could see it bobbing up and down like one of those there bell buoys. His arms were shaking so that he couldn't control his club, and he hit the ball while he was still trying to aim. Then he leaned over it again and this time he was all right, except his direction and distance. The ball stopped off to one side, behind Mr. Conklin's and about a foot farther away.

"I've got you stymied," said Mr. Conklin. "I'll putt and get out of your road."

But Mr. Perkins leaned over and picked up both balls.

"We'll halve the hole," he said. "We're both down in seven."

Seven's his favorite number, I guess.

Mr. Conklin thought he had a kick coming and started to say something, but Mr. Perkins was walking off the green. If they'd both putted it out I bet neither one of them would of gone down in less'n sixteen, the way they were wabbling.

Our last hole's a funny one. You can't see the green from the tee on account of what we call the Airline. It's a kind of a hill, about fifteen or twenty feet high, that runs all the way acrost the course, thirty yards from the tee. On both sides of it there's long grass and marsh, and everything else; and over to the right there's another part of the jungle that you're liable to get into on the eighth.

After you leave the eighth green the caddies always give the guys their drivers, and then go up and stand on top of the Airline, so's they can see where the drives light. When a man has played the hole a few times and gets to know it, he can drive for it just as accurate as if he could see the green. The distance is only about two-fifty, and Mac's often made it in three, and once in a while in two. He can drive right on the green once in five or six times.

I and Jake left our men and took the short cut through the woods to the top of the Airline. Jake said:

"There's no use of us going up there. They'll both flivver and fall short."

I ast him if he had anything on his bird.

"Have I!" he said. "Say, when he was laying against the woods on the eighth, before that mid-iron shot, he kicked the ball five feet toward the middle of the course, so's he could get a real whack at it. And, at that, he whiffed before he belted it."

"Don't forget to remind him of that," I said.

"Do you think I'm Davy?" said Jake.

It was Mr. Perkins' honor, if you could say that about him. Anyway, he shot first and topped into the rough at the left, short of the hill. Mr. Conklin made just as good a drive, and they laid close together. We ran down to give them their mashies.

"Now is our chance!" I whispered to Jake.

"You start," he said.

So, while I was changing my man's clubs, I said kind of offhand:

"Play easy now. Be sure you hit the ball. You remember, when we were in the ditch on the eighth ——"

He had a coughing spell and I waited till he was through with it. Then I begun again:

"When you're trying to loft a ball up over something you're liable to be nervous and miss it entirely. You did it on ——"

That's as far as I got. He didn't know what to say; but he had to say something. So he ast me to give him his niblick instead of a mashie.

I said:

"I wouldn't change if I were you. It was a niblick you tried to get out of the ditch with, on the eighth, and ——"

He interrupted me.

"Say, boy," he said; "I'm forgetful sometimes. Before we wind up, I better settle with you, or I'm liable to walk off without doing it at all."

"Go ahead and shoot," said Mr. Perkins. "I've got to be getting home."

"I'm going to settle with the boy here first," said Mr. Conklin, and he dropped his club and begun going through his pockets.

He came up with a two-dollar bill.

"It's a quarter a round, ain't it?" he ast me.

"Yes, sir," I said; "and the ball I gave you is twenty cents. You'll find that's a mighty good ball. It don't even hurt it to lay in the water, like when we were ——"

He interrupted me again.

"That's all right," he said. "I owe you forty-five cents. This is the smallest I've got; but it don't make any difference. I guess you can find some use for the rest of it."

And he slipped me the two-spot.

It took them two more apiece to get over the Airline and into the marsh on the other side. They laid ten feet apart, with Mr. Perkins away. His ball was in a bad spot. There was weeds, a bunch of them, right behind it, and you were lucky to hit it at all. If you did hit it you wouldn't have any force after cutting through the weeds.

"You got a rotten lie," said Jake, so's we could all hear him. "I should think you could kick it away from those weeds to where you could get a crack at it."

"Kick it away!" said Mr. Perkins. "That's against the rules."

So Jake said:

"Why, don't you remember when you laid next to the woods ——"

Mr. Conklin wasn't the only one with a bad cold.

"You're even worse off now," said Jake, "than when you were laying against those trees on the eighth. And then ——"

Mr. Perkins had heard a-plenty. He went up to Jake, pretending to look in the bag for another club or something. And when he moved back to his ball again to shoot, Jake was putting the day's receipts in his pocket.

Whether Mr. Perkins was mad or not I don't know; but he cut through those weeds with that mashie as though he'd been saving up for this shot all afternoon. And, believe me, he got a whale of a shot, the ball carrying pretty near to the green and rolling onto it!

I thought to myself "It's good night to my man!"

But maybe he was sore too. Or maybe he'd just come to realize how bad he needed a new ball. Anyway, he pulled one pretty near as good as Mr. Perkins', stopping just off of the green.

"What's come over them?" I whispered to Jake.

"They ain't muscle-bound no more," he said. "They've both loosened up."

Mr. Conklin approached and went six or seven feet past the cup. Mr. Perkins was quavering again, and he stopped about the same distance short. He was away. He already had his putter in his hands, but he was too scared to know if it was a golf club or a monkey wrench. What did he do but stick it into the bag and haul out his spoon, the first time he'd touched it all day!

"What are you going to do with that?" Jake ast him.

And then the poor goop came to and looked at it.

"I've played too hard," he said, kind of half amiling. "Conklin, what do you say if we call it square?"

"I'm willing," said Mr. Conklin; and you bet he was!

Neither one of them could have hit their ball in three putts.

"We'll call this hole halved in fives," said Mr. Perkins. "And—let's see: As near as I can figure, that gives us both a medal score of fifty-four apiece."

"He means," said Jake to me, "that their score's fifty-four apiece after they've meddled with it."

We took their bags and started for the shop.

"How much did you get?" I ast Jake.

He told me a dollar and a half.

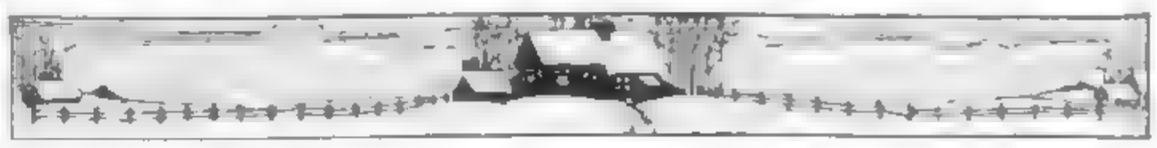
"But I guess we earned it," he said. "We've been out three hours."

So I said:

"Davy can have them after this." And then I happened to think of the bet we'd made him. "Say, Jake," I said, "he's just a kid and don't know how to handle these fellas. He'll learn when he's older. It don't seem right for us to take advantage of him and collect that dough."

"No," said Jake. "Let's show him the proceeds and tell him the bet's off." And then he said: "Say, my old man told me if I saved up twenty-five dollars between now and Christmas he'd give me ten to put with it. What do you think about us both taking these geezers' money and putting it in some bank?"

"I'm with you," I said—"only the bank won't be one of Mr. Conklin's."



Mrs. Seeley's Tour from Corvallis, Oregon, to Boston, Mass., and return–9700 miles– at 1½ cents per mile

Operating Cost $8.19 per Month

The facts and figures given herewith were compiled by Miriam Thayer Seeley—Professor, Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Oregon—who, with her husband, Milton J. Seeley, traveled in a Maxwell touring car from Corvallis, Oregon, to Boston, Mass., and return—*9700 miles*.

On their double transcontinental journey all sorts of road conditions were encountered, several mountain ranges were crossed and recrossed, and in every conceivable way the Maxwell car was subjected to unusual hardships.

Yet, over these roads and these mountains the average gasoline consumption was about 22½ miles per gallon. And the repair charges *for the equivalent of almost two years' average driving*, were only $14.00.

Mr. and Mrs. Seeley planned and made this trip for their own pleasure entirely. No effort was made to set any records and the accompanying data were voluntarily given to this company—merely as a matter of mutual interest.

Complete Operating Expense

Automobile trip — Maxwell Touring Car — from Corvallis, Oregon, to Boston, Mass., and return — 9700 Miles

Total number of miles traveled East		4,500
Total number of miles traveled West		5,200
Daily average in miles covered—		
Plains	175	
Mountains	150	
Average number of miles per gallon of gasoline (transcontinental East)		22.4
Average number of miles per gallon of gasoline (West from Chicago) with loaded trailer		17.2
Cost of gasoline going East		$ 53.11
Cost of gasoline going West (with loaded trailer)		67.99
Cost of oil and grease going East		6.70
Cost of oil and grease going West (with trailer)		8.36
Cost of food going East (2 persons)		19.38
Cost of food going West—		
Boston — Chicago (2 persons)	$ 4.16	
Chicago — Spokane (4 persons)	13.31	
Spokane — Portland (2 persons)	3.75	
		41.14
Repairs going East (including service)		1.50
Repairs going West (including service)		10.50
Tolls going East (bridge and ferry)		4.40
Tolls going West (includes admission to Yellowstone Park $7.50)		9.00
Cost of tires	Rather difficult to estimate	

I used average tires of the same make as the Maxwell car is equipped with, which gave more than 9,000 miles.

MIRIAM THAYER SEELEY

March 31, 1917 Corvallis, Oregon

The average motorist drives about 5000 to 6000 miles per year. Assuming that 9700 miles represents about a year and a half's use, the total cost for gasoline, oil, repairs and service readjustment is only $8.19 per month. This, of course, does not include tire replacement cost, but as the statement proves, tire mileage, on account of the Maxwell light weight and scientific balance, is very high.

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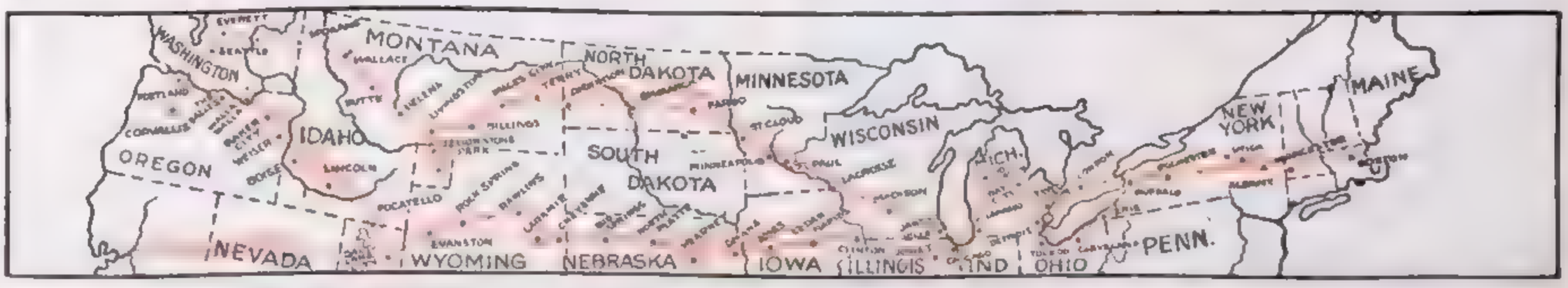

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DEVOE
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DEVOE & RAYNOLDS CO. Chicago
The original store at the corner of Water Street and Fletcher New York City occupied by William Post in 1754

LITTLE ORPHANED ALLIES

Continued from Page 23

From the hills behind Nancy one can see, on a clear day, the spires of the Cathedral at Metz; and from over in that direction somewhere, the Germans for two years now have been sending in an occasional gigantic shell. They say these shells come from about fifteen miles away, and the French have tried to locate the gun with shells of their own—but without success. However, they have arranged a system of signals that serve at least to minimize the gun's effectiveness. When a shell starts over the French trenches a plug in a telephone switchboard announces the fact to Nancy; and, quicker than you could take a deep breath, every bell in the city is clanging and the population is scurrying to its cellars. When I was there it was thought that another shell was about due to arrive—mind you, they are the giant kind, more than five feet long—and everyone was rather nervously alert. But as I have said, it came a day or so later; and it caught a few victims, though not many.

At one time there were more than six thousand refugees crowded into the great barracks at Nancy, but many of them have gone away within the past two years and only about three thousand are left. These are people from the occupied Alsace-Lorraine borderland and from the wide strip of country in which the armies are intrenched.

More than one thousand of them are children, and they go to school in the officers' quarters, a row of large rooms skirting a long corridor in the main building, which faces the parade ground. The little girls all wore black calico aprons when I saw them and were a much too sombre and sad-looking company. The boys were comfortable, but rather grotesque, in extraordinary combinations of misfit garments, which reminded me of days I have spent in the packing and shipping rooms of certain American war-relief committees. And I was told that two-thirds of these children were not only homeless but fatherless as well!

As we entered the different schoolrooms the children would all rise to their feet and say "*Bonjour, mesdames!*" In one room there was a little girl about nine years old, with tawny hair in two prim slender braids down her back. She stood up with the others, but she was crying bitterly and twisted herself round in a timid way, as children do; so we could not see her face. The teacher then whispered to me that I must please excuse her, because she had received the news only that morning that her father had been killed; and she was old enough to know what it meant, and to grieve for him.

"Where was he killed?" I asked in instant sympathetic interest.

"'Somewhere in France,'" the teacher quoted in what seemed to me to be smiling reproof.

What matter where? Among the hundreds of thousands of dead, he was dead.

A Proud Father

Passing along through one of the great dormitories a few moments later, I saw a soldier sitting by the low sheet-iron stove in the middle of the room, holding a little girl on his knee and talking to her with a kind of eager joyousness. A soldier? What was he doing there? He was on leave from Verdun. Three months he had been in and out of the trenches at Verdun. He had helped to take Douaumont, and afterward they had given him his first leave—for three days only. He was mobilized from one of the border towns that now lie behind the German lines, and was sent north; and for months following the invasion he had not known what became of his wife and small daughter. Then they were located for him there in the refuge at Nancy, and he was made completely happy. This was the first time he had seen them during those two terrible years—and to-morrow he would go back to his regiment.

His eyes were shining with something inexpressible. The work of war—that was matter-of-course. He spoke of three months at Verdun as casually as though Verdun battles were among the commonplaces of life; but—the way his daughter had grown! And how pretty she was getting to be! He was quite incoherent about that. When I said "Good-by and good luck!" he made a quick sign of the cross and thanked me solemnly. *Bonne chance!* That is to be desired. All French soldiers are superstitious about such good wishes, especially from a stranger. They receive them prayerfully.

All of which small incidents are as mere grace notes in a grand symphony of heroism and sacrifice, horror and grief.

The widowed and the fatherless are a mighty host; and because, in France, mothers of men's children and the children of men are dependent on men, they are, for the most part, tragically bereft. It would be better for France if there were more of these fatherless children—a son of France living for every son dead; but it is her further misfortune that a majority of her million plus some hundreds of thousands dead were themselves but the mere men children of France. Otherwise there would be more than four hundred thousand war orphans counted to-day. As a matter of fact, this is an official estimate rather than a definite enumeration, and it includes only needy children whose fathers have lost their lives in the war. Besides these, there are also the children of thousands upon thousands of other men—many of them envying the dead—who through mutilation of one kind or another have been incapacitated for normal living for as long as their lives may last.

Wards of the State

How many orphans there will be in the end is beyond conjecture, because they keep on killing; and however hopeful we may be, we have no idea how long the slaughter is to continue. We know that while it does continue there will be Frenchmen fighting, and that it must continue until the ideal of international security and lasting peace, for which they have fought, has been achieved. If in this achievement France is all but annihilated—is condemned to a long aftermath of poverty and national anæmia—France will face it; debt-cramped and grief-laden, but strong in pride and high courage.

A majority of French war orphans are the children of mothers without means. This would naturally be so, since the masses make up the "classes," when it comes to conscription. And a large number of them—nobody outside France is ever likely to know how many—are illegitimate. Many mothers are capable of a meager kind of self-support. Some there are who are splendidly self-supporting and require no assistance from any source; but many more are destitute of both means and earning capacity. Frenchmen who voice the sentiment of France regard every child whose father has died that France may live as a legitimate child of France, and it is the will and intention of the government that all such children shall have every advantage the lives of their fathers held in prospect for them.

So long ago as March, 1916, a bill was introduced in the French Senate providing for the adoption by the state of all war orphans. The bill was drawn by Monsieur Paul Painleve, Minister of Fine Arts and Public Instruction. Monsieur Painleve is a member of the Institute of France, one of the foremost scientists of the age, and professor of mathematics at the Sorbonne. There is no man in France more highly regarded or whose opinion has greater weight.

To meet the present necessity, a committee was formed to consolidate all measures and efforts for the relief of the fatherless, and representatives of practically every faith and faction in the country were drawn into it; the idea being to make the care of orphans a national endeavor, in which all parties and all creeds shall be equally interested and equally disinterested. Among the members of this committee are Monsieur Appell, member of the French Academy of Science and dean of the Faculty of Science of Paris; Monsieur Boudoton, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court; Mr. Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, an American; Monsieur Croiset, member of the French Academy of Inscriptions and Letters and dean of the Faculty of Letters of Paris; Monsieur Emile Deutsch, a great industrial millionaire; Monsieur Louis Dubreuilh, head of the Socialist party; Monsieur Dupin, an eminent Catholic; General de Lacroix, an equally eminent Protestant; Monsieur Liard, president of the University of Paris; Monsieur Pages, Inspector General

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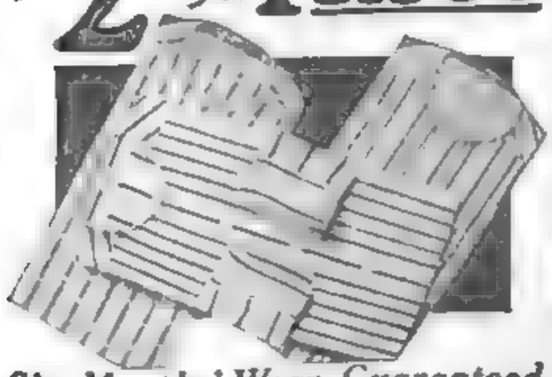

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of Public Instruction; and the Reverend S. N. Watson, rector of the American Church in Paris.

Sounds like a committee that might be trusted with a few responsibilities and a little loose change, does it not?

Fifty-two local committees, working in all parts of France, had, by the beginning of November, 1916, already entered the consolidation and accepted centralized supervision and direction. There have been no government appropriations, so far, to meet the need of the orphans, and the response to appeals made outside of France has amounted to very little in comparison with the need. A plan for an Orphans' Day was decided upon; and the first one, in May, was successful to the extent of three million seven hundred thousand francs; while the second, in November, brought from the French people, in centimes mostly, more than four million francs. It is this money, together with a few special gifts and some American assistance, which the central committee is going on with, disbursing it through the local coöperating committees throughout France.

The French are liberal in an astonishing degree, and the best and the worst of them have given and given, and keep on giving. Besides taking care of their own, they have contributed vastly more to outside relief—to the Serbs and the Belgians and others—than we have; and no one ever hears the complaint among them that they are tired of the unending demand. Thank goodness, it is no longer possible for any of us to retort: "Oh, well, why shouldn't they? It's their war!"

When the adoption bill becomes a law a new division of the Department of Public Instruction will be created, the province of which is defined by the proposed title: Bureau of Guardians of the Wards of France. Membership in this bureau will be conferred as an honor, without remuneration; and when the list of guardians is completed there will be in every school district throughout France a local representative, a man in close touch with peasant-family conditions in his region, to see that each child receives the moral and material support of the state which the law will guarantee. At the same time, all local committees and philanthropic undertakings, wherever they may be, will be incorporated in the general plan, their efforts encouraged to the utmost, and their results dovetailed, so far as is possible, with the results of the administration of public funds.

The National Orphan Bill

It is intended that the whole work shall be carried out with a minimum of operating expense; and at present they are giving a convincing exhibition of what they can do in this line, the whole cost of collecting and disbursing French funds for orphans amounting to about three hundred dollars a month. And this includes postage and printing, office appurtenances, and small wages to a few clerks. Most of the work is being done by public schoolmasters and women teachers from the occupied districts, whose salaries are in part continued by the government and who volunteer for this service for the duration of the war.

The first article of the orphan bill is a proclamation that reads: "France adopts every orphan whose father, mother or supporting member has died a military or civil victim of the war. All children, born or conceived before the end of the war, whose father, mother or supporting member has been incapacitated for gaining a livelihood through wounds received, or illness contracted or aggravated, in consequence of the war, shall be looked upon as orphans. All children thus adopted are entitled to the protection and the moral and material support of the state in their upbringing until they attain their majority." Then follow detailed provisions for determining varying conditions of orphans and regulations to insure the right operation of the law.

No mention is made of the point of legitimizing the illegitimate, though it is a point to which many persons attach tremendous importance. It does not seem to be a matter of any concern at all to the French themselves, though perhaps adoption by the state is equivalent to legitimization. They have a more immediate difficulty to deal with, and that is the legalizing of the status of unmarried mothers, so that they may receive the pensions and separation allowances to which they are in every way

(Continued on Page 84)

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(Continued from Page 81)

entitled, except by legal right. The legalizing of their position would naturally legitimize their children. It is a perfectly amazing problem; and its solution will result, no doubt, in much easier legal processes in France by which to adjust the everyday affairs of life as such affairs are encountered.

I came upon this curious phase of French life the first time when I went one day to visit the widows and orphans' bureau in the Fourteenth Arrondissement of Paris. Monsieur Ferdinand Brunot is the mayor of the Fourteenth Arrondissement, which is one of the poorest and most populous in the city; and Madame Brunot is in charge of the work for war orphans and widows. Her headquarters are two cold, bare rooms on the ground floor of the *mairie*; and there she works day after day—day in and day out—with a devotion that could not be surpassed.

When I went to see her these rooms were crowded with children and widowed mothers, most of them in a rather pitiful display of tag-endy and amateur mourning. There are one hundred and sixty-five thousand inhabitants in the Fourteenth Arrondissement; sixteen thousand men of the quarter were mobilized the first month of the war, and a majority of them have been killed. There are forty thousand needy persons on Mounsieur Brunot's official list, and the number grows steadily.

Madame Brunot brought one woman after another up and introduced her to me, telling me in almost every instance a heart-breaking story. There was the terribly white and hollow-eyed little woman in decent black. Her husband was killed at the Marne—and she was dying of tuberculosis. There were two children. One of them had been adopted by an American through the medium of Life—"a beautiful American joking paper," said the sick-unto-death widow with a wan smile; and that made me cry. But the money given was only fifteen francs a month, which is all that has been asked for in the adopting plan, you know; and the woman in the country who was taking care of the children demanded thirty-five francs for each of them—that is, seven dollars a month. And they say it is as little as anybody will accept for a child's keep these days. Food is so frightfully expensive.

"And this is Madame Delbet," said Madame Brunot, introducing a very nice-looking young woman who had a babe in her arms and two children clinging to her skirts. "Her husband was killed two months ago at Verdun; and, merely because she was not married to him, she gets no pension and has had no separation allowance at all. It has been terrible for her; and there are thousands just like her."

The Course of True Love

After I had met a few other highly respectable and wholly respected unmarried wives I began to make inquiries, and had revealed to me an astonishing state of affairs. There are no more moral people on earth than the peasant and working classes of France; but the laws are so complicated, and it is just so expensive and difficult to get married, that the commonest thing in the world is for such people to postpone the legalizing of the married state until some period in their lives when they have the money and the time necessary to be spent in the process. Nobody objects to such a union, and it carries with it a very slight stigma, if any at all.

But naturally the unmarried wife has no protection under the law; and when the war began and general mobilization was ordered a situation was created such as nobody had ever dreamed of. Practically every *mairie* in France was besieged by men and women, mothers and fathers of families, doing everything in their power to get their marriages legalized in a hurry. In France this is not a possibility; the mobilization was an imperative rush; and the result was that thousands of men went off to defend their country against instant invasion, leaving women and children with nothing to live on. Wives of French soldiers are given a franc and a half a day as a separation allowance, and half a franc for each child; but it takes a bona-fide marriage certificate to get it.

The French are and always have been slaves to legal formalities which cannot be disregarded and to which an importance is attached that is inconceivable to an American mind. Being born, getting married, and dying a natural death are such expensive and complicated privileges that really few people can afford to indulge in any of them. Registration and certification are carried to the *n*th degree in every act of life, and marriage regulations are such that the element of impulse is wholly eliminated. If the French were as impulsive and volatile as they were once supposed to be they would long since have remade their laws, or else they would have abandoned the holy institution of matrimony altogether.

When a man wants to marry a girl he must present himself at his *mairie*, with her birth certificate and his own, at least two weeks before the date chosen for the event; and he must have with him the written consent not only of her parents or guardians but of his own as well. His application for a license must be posted at this time where everybody can see it, and if anybody objects to his marriage the objection must be met and dealt with and the operation begun all over again. Without the consent of parents or guardians on both sides of the contract no immediate registration is possible, and it takes a full year to render parental objection ineffectual.

This is done by a man through what is known as filial correspondence. He is required to write his parents four letters one every three months for a year—begging, with studied politeness, for their approval of his proposed marriage. If they do not answer, or if they continue to withhold their consent, their wishes may at the end of this period be disregarded; but not before. Such disagreement and obduracy, however, are not so common as to constitute a serious obstacle to marriage, and I mention this curious regulation only to emphasize the strictness of marriage regulations in general. Just the ordinary requirements are sufficient to discourage any kind of precipitance.

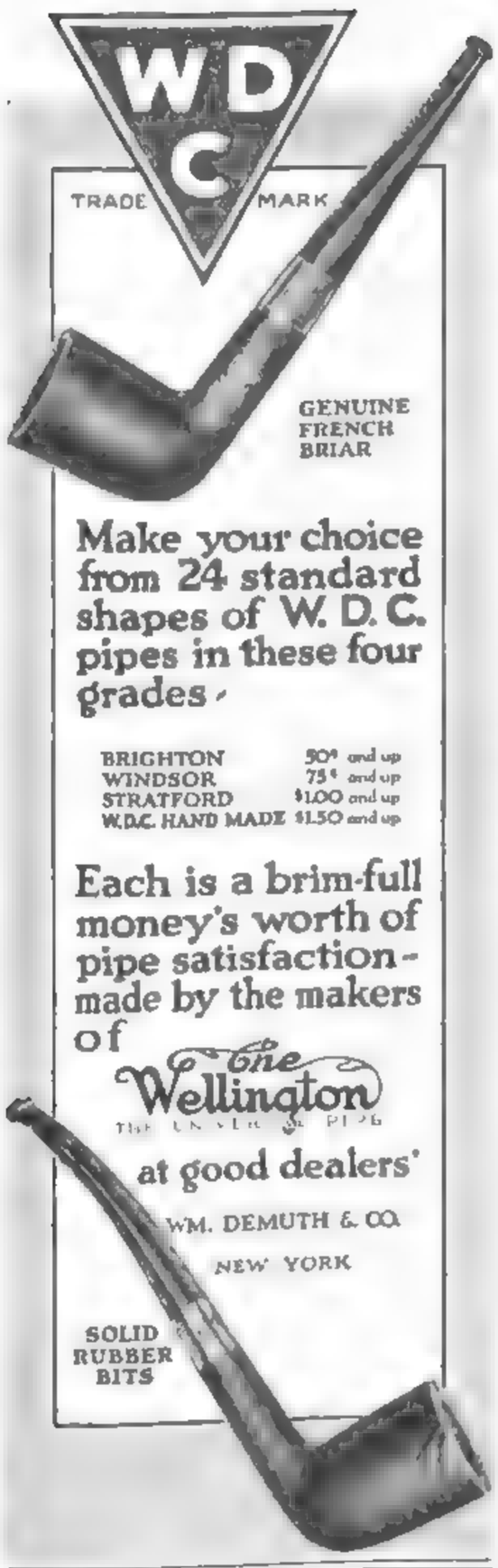
Adopting French Orphans

There is, first, the posting of the application for a license, and that calls for a fee; a long wait and the license is issued—another fee; a civil ceremony—fee; registration of the marriage certificate—fee; and then comes the long-drawn-out and expensive religious process. Is it any wonder, then, that hundreds of men and women who have neither time nor money to spend on life's trimmings should present themselves before their families and friends with the simple announcement "We are married!"—and let it go at that? But along comes the Great War and the consequent thousands of worse than widowed and orphaned. With that we have nothing to do; though it will be interesting to see how France deals with it.

I want to say that French mothers like very much to have their children "adopted" by Americans, and that invariably they are almost pathetically grateful for the manner in which it is done. The sum of ten cents a day for a child's keep is not much; but it is all that has been asked for, and it helps tremendously. And it is rather wonderful to get it from a stranger friend, who will take a continuing interest in the child's welfare without separating him from his family or interfering in any way with his upbringing. That is generosity—and each instance of it tends to strengthen by just so much a splendid bond of international friendship.

The "beautiful American joking paper" and the women of the Fatherless Children of France organization, who are doing this work in the United States, are combining a real patriotic service with a fine humanitarian performance; and I, for one, wish it might go on indefinitely. It cannot interfere in any way with the broad general settlement of the orphan problem that is proposed. If all the orphans become the wards of France the records of those adopted by Americans will be in the hands of the government, and only the promised protection and moral support will be necessary for most of them. And they will be the lucky ones if their American "parents" choose to make them so.

Can you not imagine young minds, budded in disaster and bleak sorrow, growing and expanding with the passing years and reaching out across the beautiful blue far-away to vision the forms and faces and surroundings of second fathers and mothers in a wonderful land? They are romanticists and poets, most of them, by God's own grace; and the strength of them will be strengthened by the glorified blood of their fathers who "died on the field of honor." And they will know that those other men,



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their American fathers, who love honor, and who honor them for the honor they have inherited, will be looking toward them always with smiling and encouraging eyes. All of which is not highfalutin talk, but plain fact.

There is just so much in the "personal touch," that it would be a good thing for the United States if there were a million Americans ready to "adopt" the inevitable million French war orphans.

When I left Madame Brunot, with her pitiful company of widows and orphans, I went upstairs to call on the mayor. Besides being mayor of the Fourteenth Arrondissement, Monsieur Brunot is an eminent savant, lecturer at the Sorbonne on the history of the French language, and the author of a number of learned books. During our conversation he handed me a little book entitled Practical Guide to Public and Private Works of Relief in the Fourteenth Arrondissement. As I looked through it I said to myself:

"And to think, we Americans rather fancy ourselves unique in our ardent willingness to help others along!"

The book contained one hundred and fifteen addresses and covered every kind of assistance that one human being could possibly render another.

"But what a splendid little book!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said Monsieur Brunot with a mirthless kind of laugh; "it is the most useful one I ever wrote."

And he put it back on his desk under a small bronze bust of George Washington, which he uses for a paper weight. I might have thought the bust was a sort of stage property brought into service for my especial benefit if Monsieur Brunot had been anticipating my visit; but half an hour before my arrival at the *mairie* he had never heard of me. And George Washington looked very much at home, as though he were a well-established part of the general scheme of things. And he was, too.

Washington in France

In France one rediscovers George Washington. His portrait is more than likely to be found occupying the place of honor on the wall in nearly any kind of public office anywhere in France; and, in a way, he is considered by many to be the Father of France as well as of his own country, because his example and its results have been as a beacon light to French aspirations through all of France's vicissitudes. An eminent French scholar said to me:

"We revere the memory of George Washington as we do, and make him an intimate part of our national life, quite instinctively. He emphasizes to us our own mistakes and points a need in our modern existence of which we are exceedingly conscious. There has been only one man in our history who was capable of being to us what George Washington was to you, and that man was Napoleon Bonaparte. Napoleon chose to be a Destroyer instead of a Builder, and we have variously suffered the consequences.

"We have to blush for him and explain him oftener than we can glory in his record; and this can be especially embarrassing just now. He created precedents there is no getting round, but which in no way represent the natural French trend. And when an Englishman, forgetting his present alliance with us, says that the Kaiser is so jealous of Napoleon he can't sleep nights, it makes a Frenchman cringe. It is a George Washington of our own that we have lacked; so we have adopted your George Washington."

Is that not an interesting little side light?

When I was at that arrogant age during which I knew more than I can ever know again, a much older woman than myself reproved me one day for a supercilious disregard of certain social obligations by saying: "You can't have a friend, you know, without being a friend." And it had the effect of making me think—an unwonted exercise.

Under the trying circumstances attending the long period of our marvelously maintained neutrality, I met on many occasions and was made to realize French friendship for us; and I thought always that I saw in it an all-condoning and understanding regard that was consciously sentimental. Certainly it is sentimentally that France is close to the hearts of us, and has been through all our generations. It did not take this war and the spectacle of France on a pinnacle of unprecedented

(Concluded on Page 88)

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From the great mints of the nation comes a stream of gold coins, each made from metal of exactly the same purity and "fineness" and alloyed in exactly the same proportions. By maintaining this supreme degree of accuracy, the gold standard of the country is upheld, our national credit supported, our currency system insured and our business transacted.
From our Dutch Boy factories comes a stream of solder bars and babbitt ingots, each made from metal of the same purity and "fineness" and alloyed in the same proportions as every other of its kind.
By this great accuracy, the engineer and the manufacturer, the tinsmith and the machinist, the electrician and the plumber are enabled to get solder and babbitt exactly as they want it, always the same.
Dutch Boy solders are made in all degrees of fineness, from the No. 111 for extra high grade work to the No. 888 for wiping purposes.
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(Concluded from Page 85)

patriotic and martial glory to win our unstinted admiration. But friendship goes further than that.

There is a curious and rather frowsily argumentative tribe cast up by the unquiet times who try to make out that we are hated and despised, for what we have done and have not done, by all the nations of the earth—they usually add an emphatic "anyhow"; and that the rôle best suited to us internationally is that of porcupine. They think now that our entering the war has "let us in" for an eventual revelation of our real position which will make us sorry we spoke. But fortunately this tribe is not wholly convincing.

One must believe in friendships between peoples, in impulses to laud excellences and to condone faults in the large; else there is nothing left to believe in but soulless selfishness and brute strength, and we are witnessing now—behold the great German nation!—to what a pass such belief can bring a people. We must believe in the ideal that men have died and are dying for; and if it did not or does not exist in their minds we must make it exist in ours: "The better fellowship of the nations, which the work of their hands has gone to establish."

The average person the world over knows little about any country save his own, and little enough about that, as a rule; but the average Frenchman knows considerable, in a sketchy kind of way, about the United States of America. And his vision is curiously in accord with our own. Our own is not self-depreciatory or even modest, for which Heaven be praised! Else we surely should not have long to live. Nations thrive on healthy conceit and self-glorification; and the real reason the "eagle-screaming American" was resented in Europe in days gone by was that he had lusty young lungs, something to scream about, and threatened for a long time to dominate the international chorus.

He has not been disturbing the peace of Europe for some time now; and when he gets back on the job he will be hearing a lot of new tunes, to which he will have to listen with unqualified respect. But, at least, he will still have a brave tune of his own, thanks to the fine turn of his international fortune.

The Frenchman gets his impressions of us, in the first place, from his school histories. They use almost as flattering a version of our national story as we do ourselves, with nothing in it that is not in consonance with a Frenchman's conception of national nobility and right purpose. We had their Lafayette and Rochambeau, and their invaluable moral and material support when we needed it. They have always had our gratitude and honest admiration; and since the beginning of this war they have had our volunteer heroes of the air and the ambulance, and American comrades by the hundreds, fighting with them side by side. It is an *entente cordiale* founded on historic sympathy, on a spiritual plane, and not on the superb tact and diplomacy of an Edward the Seventh. Which same is not meant to be in the nature of an invidious comparison. "Agamemnon found it an invidious affair to give the preference to any one of the Grecian heroes." And that is another kind of neutrality.

Recent generations of Frenchmen have learned to think of the United States in terms of wealth, primarily; as rather formidable and competitive; though a country of boundless opportunity, in which every citizen is enabled to share to a greater extent than in any other country on earth. But back of that there is the looming large image in his mind of a people who suffered through a three years' war as no people had ever suffered before, and for no other purpose than the upholding of high and solemnly declared principles of human rights and liberties.

It is a notable fact that even educated and close-thinking Frenchmen lose sight of the political aspects of our Civil War—which is rather hard on the Southern half of our country, though not deliberately so—and base their whole conception of the whys and wherefores of that long struggle on the story of Uncle Tom's Cabin. Uncle Tom's Cabin is a French classic, not to know which is for a Frenchman to write himself down as unlearned.

Lincoln is a great figure—greater in the French mind than any French figure of modern times; and many of his homely epigrams are as much a part of the French language as they are of our own. Then, behind Lincoln and the terrible period of his sublime service looms the French-shared background of our history, dominated by the image of George Washington. And the French have adopted George Washington.

So far as I have been able to gather in France, the French really think that our record has been as blameless as need be; and during the past two years they have been more willing than anyone else to believe that when the time came we could be depended upon to do the right thing in the right way. Doing "the right thing in the right way" has always been a sort of American specialty. At least, we have always rather naïvely thought so.

But I am writing about French war orphans principally—and not with any idea of helping to get American troops into the trenches before Christmas. This certainly is not intended as an appeal—merely a review of a few facts; but I shall probably not be doing any harm if I say, Meantime there are the children!

In the French Senate bill providing for the adoption of all war orphans the difficulties with regard to funds are left for future consideration, the ideal, if not the idea, being to combine philanthropic contributions with government appropriations; and the hope being that philanthropic contributions, for the right administration of which the honor of the state will be pledged, will go a long way toward covering the necessities.

AIR POWER FOR THE UNITED STATES

(Continued from Page 10)

and then tell you the meaning of those facts: "Recently Aviator Thompson flew over Washington, dropping imitation bombs where he pleased.

"A few weeks ago Stephen MacGordon, one of our ablest young aviators, flew, with a passenger, from Newport News to Washington and return in a little over five hours.

"If the air-line distance from Newport News to Washington is laid out due east from Washington, the other end of the line will be forty miles off shore at Cape Henlopen.

"During the past few months three steamers have entered Hampton Roads without the slightest hint or news of their coming being known until they poked their noses inside the Capes.

"The smallest of these steamers, the Appam, could easily carry a squadron of twelve up-to-date aëroplanes.

"What do these facts mean? They mean this: That Washington is just as accessible to an air raid as Boston, New York, Charleston or Savannah, or any of our seacoast cities.

"A small, innocent-looking tramp steamer like the Appam, with a squadron of modern aëroplanes upon her decks, could, under cover of night, slip in near the coast abreast of Washington, launch the machines into the air, each carrying five hundred pounds or more of high explosives, and by the first rays of morning light the squadron of aëroplanes, forming in line just east of Washington, with a space of about one city block between each two machines, could sweep across the city over a zone of twelve city blocks wide, dropping bombs of high explosives.

"The machines, then wheeling, could regain their ships in a few hours, leaving behind them results that perhaps you can imagine.

"There is at this time absolutely no means at hand for preventing or resisting such a raid. There is not an airship in or near Washington. There is not an anti-aircraft gun in or near the city."

About the same time Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, in a remarkable address before the National Convention of the Navy League, in Washington, said, among other things:

"Navies do not protect against an aërial attack. Armies do not protect against an aërial war.

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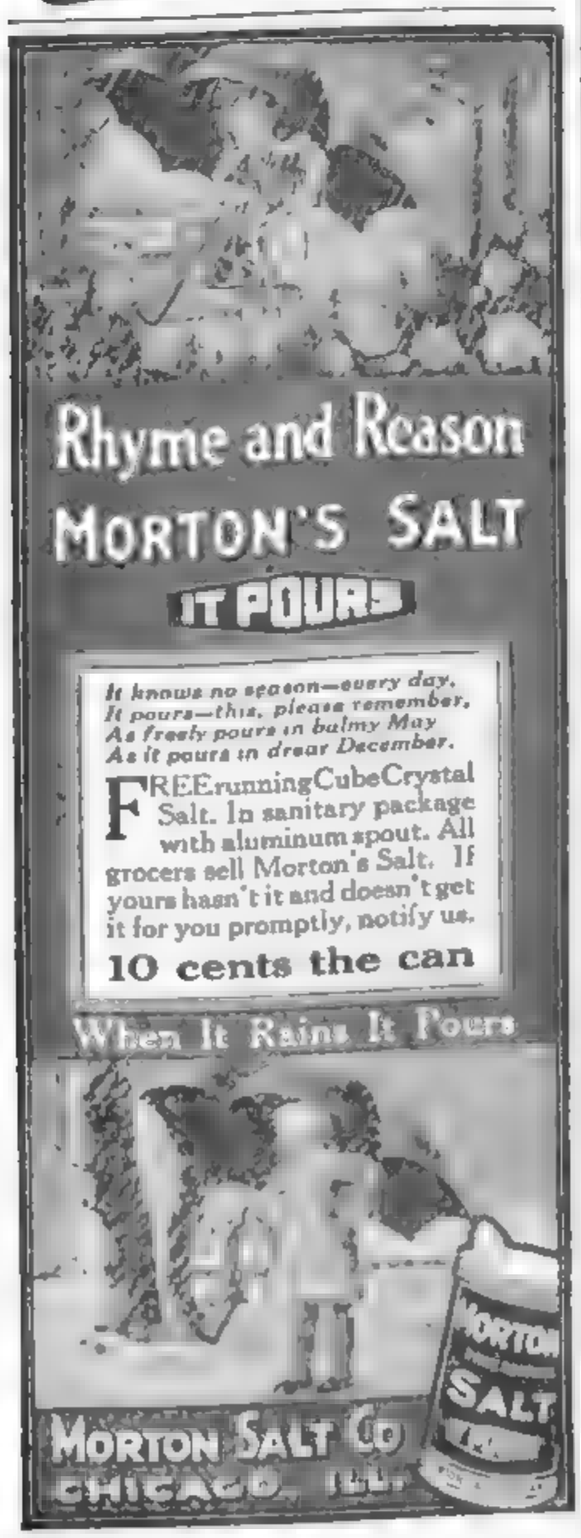
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As freely pours in balmy May
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10 cents the can
When It Rains It Pours
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"We must foresee that our great cities are liable to be raided, airships raining down bombs upon the inhabitants. And what have we to protect us? Nothing! The army and navy cannot protect us.

"Only recently we saw a heavier-than-air flying machine hovering over Washington. It made a circle over the city and went away. The machine had come from Newport News to Washington and returned, without landing, in five hours. It takes twelve hours to go to Newport News by boat. It takes five to seven hours by train. And this machine had come up from Newport News to Washington in two and one-half hours and returned in the same time. Suppose that had been a hostile machine.

"We have every proof that if any hostile fleet should come anywhere near our shores it could have flying machines hovering over Washington in about two or three hours. But this machine which came up here made only fifty miles an hour. If it had been one of those high-powered European motors that give a speed of about a hundred miles an hour, it would have come up in about an hour and a half. Think of that! A hostile machine could come from the sea in an hour and a half and hover over Washington!

"Neither the army nor the navy is of any protection—or is the very slightest protection—against aërial raids. We may, therefore, look forward with certainty to the time that is coming, and is indeed now at hand, when sea power and land power will be secondary to air power; and that nation which gains control of the air will practically control the world."

Mr. Kahn's Statement

On February sixth, Representative Kahn, ranking Republican member of the House Military Committee, stated on the floor of the House:

"Brigadier General Squier testified before the Committee on Military Affairs recently that an enemy ship could lie off three hundred miles from the city of New York, and could easily send a number of flying machines into the city of New York; that, unless we were ready to shoot them down with anti-aircraft guns, they could do incalculable damage in the financial district in ten minutes' time."

That statement was made to the Military Committee by the principal aviation expert of the army, a distinguished officer who was at the battlefront in Europe, and who had special facilities for observing the damage being done by foreign aircraft.

On the fifteenth of February, in a public address in New York City, I stated:

"This country had a surprise when the Deutschland raised its conning tower out of our waters.

"It had a shock when the U-53 ran amuck off Nantucket.

"Within thirty days we may have a hundredfold greater shock from the air, with ourselves as victims instead of spectators.

"Tons of high explosives could be dropped on New York, or Boston, or Charleston, or Washington, or on any of our great coastal cities, leaving a frightful trail of destruction and death."

That statement was commented upon from various angles by the press of the country. Some accepted the warning. Others considered it jocosely. One paper suggested that if I feared anything of this kind I might put up my umbrella. Others characterized me as a notoriety-seeking sensationalist and alarmist.

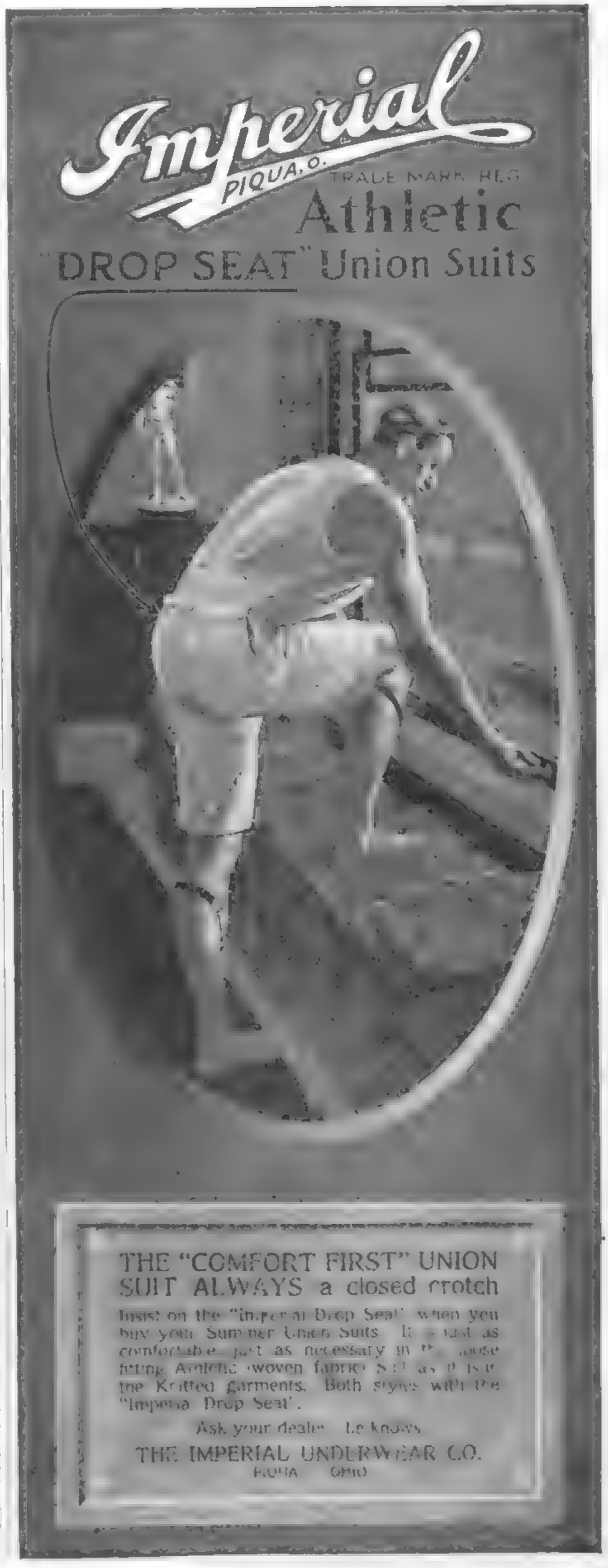
I do not speak of this in a captious mood. I welcomed and was most glad to see the comments. The adverse ones gave me an opportunity to endeavor to set the papers right. And in a letter to a reputable newspaper, of date of February 20, 1917, on this subject I noted the following:

"The Emden, the Moewe, the Appam, and the other raiders now at work, all show conclusively that it would not be a difficult thing for one or more craft, under cover of night or thick weather, to creep close in to our coast undetected.

"From the coast to Washington, to Baltimore or to Philadelphia is a distance the equivalent of which is daily covered by aëroplanes on the European battlefronts.

"Another Deutschland could easily bring a squadron of aeroplanes and explosives to some secluded inlet on our coast."

(Continued on Page 92)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$350 The Lowest Hauling

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Accepted By Every Line of Business

The Universal Satisfaction Hauling Unit—For Every Line of Work Ever Done by Motor Trucks

In eighteen months Smith Form-a-Truck has become the accepted motor hauling and delivery unit, exceeding, in number used, all other makes of attachments combined, or any other make of motor truck.

Remarkable Strength

Smith Form-a-Truck is built for maximum strength—deep channel steel frame strongly reinforced; sturdy rear axle; unusually strong wheels (2-inch spokes); a highly developed chain drive and a mechanical balance which places 90% of the load on the rear axle of the Smith Form-a-Truck itself.

More than any other one feature, strength is the reason why Smith Form-a-Truck is as much used by contractors as it is by merchants requiring speedy delivery of light parcels.

Proved Construction

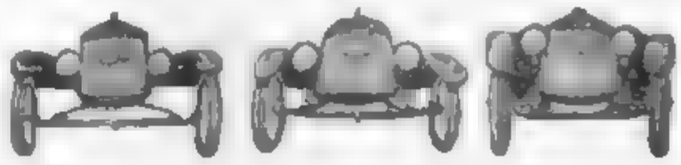
Smith Form-a-Truck combines with any one of six power plants, each one of which is proved in every detail of mechanical service.

The low price at which any one of these power plants can be obtained, coupled with the low cost of the Smith Form-a-Truck attachment itself, furnishes a real motor truck construction at from 40% to 60% lower price than you will pay for any other one-ton truck.

When the Ford power plant is used, we furnish the Strong Sight Feed Oiling System, guaranteeing freedom from lubrication difficulties.

Amazing Adaptability

Smith Form-a-Truck can be found equipped with every type of body ever put on a motor truck chassis, including a remarkable Eight-in-One Convertible farm body which places any body ever used in farm hauling at the disposal of the user, in an instant, by the simple manipulation of six levers.



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Form-a-Truck

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Endorsed by Over 30,000 Users

The Established Hauling Unit—Displacing Every Other Form of Hauling or Delivery

Initial orders for Smith Form-a-Trucks by large corporations have invariably been followed by orders for fleet equipment. Increased facilities for delivery, enlarged radius of operation made possible to smaller users have resulted in increased profits and noticeable business development.

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Records of owners show that in practically every line of business Smith Form-a-Truck delivery and hauling is covering from two to three times the area covered with any other form of delivery, and yet adding nothing to cost of operating delivery department. This has demonstrated a net saving in delivery charges, spread over a greatly increased volume of business, of from 40% to 60%.

Always Prompt Deliveries

Huge manufacturing facilities, developed to obtain a production which will easily total 50% of the entire production of motor trucks and attachments of all makes for this year, guarantee prompt deliveries.

Change from slow, money-wasting, horse drawn delivery, or delivery and hauling by heavy, costly motor trucks, to the light, rapid, economical delivery by Smith Form-a-Truck can be made immediately.

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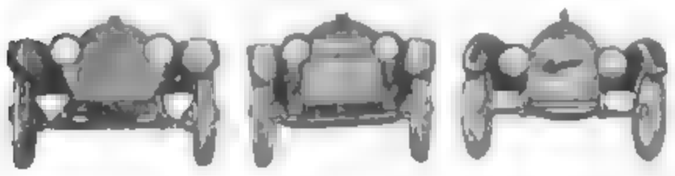
National buyers, purchasing equipment for branch houses, can have satisfactory delivery made through Smith Form-a-Truck dealers in practically every city in the country.

Write for full information to-day.



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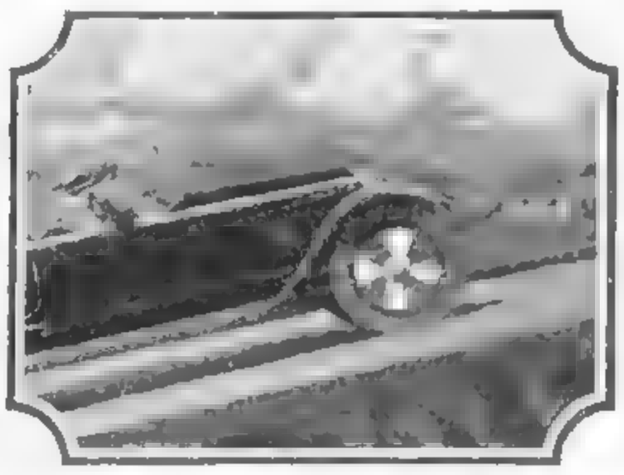
at all speeds is dependent upon a thoroughly efficient ignition system.



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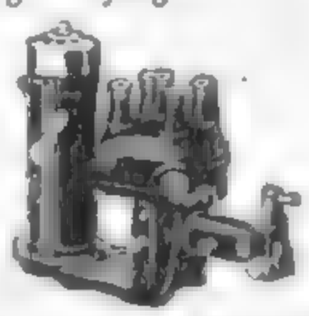
Delivers to each cylinder a big, hot dynamic spark of unfailing intensity at all speeds—starting to maximum.

Reduces gear shifting and motor stalling



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Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few drops of Freezone applied directly upon a tender, aching corn stops the soreness at once and soon the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off with the fingers without even a twinge of pain.

Freezone

Removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Does not irritate or inflame the surrounding skin or tissue. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a small bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the U. S. or Canada

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FOR THAT HUNGRY FEELING

Lower the food bill with FULL-MEAL. This appetizing canned food consists of fresh beef, green peas, lima beans, rice and seasoning, nicely proportioned.

FULL-MEAL

Can be served baked—as a stew—as soup—in sandwiches or as a meat pie. Just the thing for emergencies. Recipes upon the label.

Your grocer will supply it; if not, send us his name and your address, enclosing 25c for full sized can, parcel post, prepaid.

The Hascrot Canneries Co.
Dept. A, Cleveland, Ohio

(Continued from Page 89)

In an illuminating article of the date of March fourth the New York Sun presented the following:

"If it were the wish of the commander of a foreign fleet lying off our shores to destroy the capitol at Washington, he could do so easily, and with absolute certainty and safety, within twenty-four hours after arriving on this side of the Atlantic. It should be obvious that no coastal city is safe to-day unless we are supplied with great numbers of aëroplanes, a large corps of thoroughly trained pilots, anti-aircraft guns and apparatus, and men familiar with their use."

On the eighteenth of March there appeared, and apparently from an authoritative source, an article in great Eastern papers, from which I quote the following:

"An expert of the French air service, just returned from France, an American who has served in the French Army since September, 1914, and who bears the highest credentials, informed this paper yesterday that at least ten 'warplane submarines' have been equipped by Germany to serve as mobile floating bases for launching aërial attacks on coastal and inland cities.

"The ten U-boats of this type, known by the naval authorities of France and Great Britain to exist, might lie fifty to one hundred miles off Sandy Hook and, taking advantage of fog or dusk, set up bombing planes and launch them.

"Nothing need defeat their pilots from sailing within a few hundred feet of the Woolworth, Singer or Equitable Life buildings.

"Within ten minutes, and within an area of five or six blocks of the financial district of Manhattan, thirty fires could be started for a general conflagration.

"One raider of the Moewe type, or a fast cruiser that might on a thick night run the gantlet of the British cordon out of the North Sea, could bear fifty warplanes. A submarine of the type of the Deutschland or Bremen could accommodate a number of planes with ammunition and equipment.

"This danger is real. The new menace to the American coasts is known in Germany; it has been discovered by the French and the English. It would be the blindest folly to withhold this information from the American people. It would be useless to withhold it, because it is already a part of the arsenal of the German Empire."

On March twenty-sixth the New York Tribune carried this news item:

"Philadelphia, March Twenty-fifth.—German submarines may be lurking already off the Atlantic Coast to dash into such harbors as New York, Philadelphia and Boston the moment war is declared, sink commerce, and release aëroplanes to bombard the cities, a retired navy officer declared to-day. He addressed a meeting called by the Philadelphia Navy League War-Relief Committee."

More Testimony

The time is here for immediate and energetic action for the air defense of our great coastal cities. The time is here when every large coastal city should be at work on its section map, its aëroplane stations, its anti-aircraft gun positions, its powerful searchlights, its listening stations—microphones—all connected by duplicate systems of wireless and subsurface telephone wires, with hidden subsurface stations, similar to the mine casemates of a fortified harbor.

On the sixth of August, 1915, in a public address, I stated:

"We need aëroplanes, the modern eyes of war, as vital to our defense and safety to-day as air to the lungs of a warm-blooded animal.

"At an altitude of some seven hundred feet the submarine mines are distinctly visible from an aëroplane; and from an altitude of two thousand feet all movements of a submarine may be easily observed to a depth of some hundred feet."

Ever since that time every legitimate method has been used to impress upon this country the fact that the seaplane offers the cheapest, the quickest and the most effective method of detecting and combating a submarine menace.

The speed and range of vision of a seaplane are three times those of the fastest destroyers. It can detect and follow a submarine that is entirely invisible to any surface craft. It can destroy the submarine when it comes near the surface. As to relative cost, the price of a single destroyer would purchase from fifty to sixty seaplanes.

The proposition is entirely clear to those who have an opportunity to look into the matter. It has been difficult to impress the fact upon the public.

Now note these incidents:

On the ninth of last July the submarine Deutschland lifted its conning tower out of the waters of Hampton Roads, having crossed the Atlantic from Germany and successfully eluded all Allied ships in the North Sea and off our coasts.

This feat was the sensational first-page story in every paper in the world for days.

On October seventh the war submarine U-53 rose, unheralded, in Newport Harbor, made a brief stay, disappeared, and the next morning sank five or six ships off Nantucket, and then disappeared completely.

There are repeated reports, doubtless with some foundation of fact, of the presence of foreign submarines in the vicinity of our coasts at the present time.

Lord Montague's Plan

March Fifteenth.—"A battle between German seaplanes and Russian destroyers in the Black Sea is reported in an official statement issued by the Berlin War Office. The destroyers were approaching Constantza, the Rumanian port, and were forced to retreat after bombs had been dropped upon them by the seaplanes."

March Twentieth.—"How his ship was shelled by a German submarine and was rescued by a French aëroplane was told yesterday by Captain Ramsdale, of the British freighter Eastgate: 'Meantime I had ordered the crew to take to the port lifeboat. Just as we were rowing away I heard the roar of an aëroplane and, looking up, saw a fast French battleplane approaching.

"'The aëroplane dropped down to within five hundred feet above the undersea craft. She submerged with all possible speed.'"

March Twentieth.—"The trapping of two German submarines was reported tonight by Captain E. L. Smith, of the American steamer Alaska, which arrived in France from New York.

"The U-boats were detected lurking near the surface of the sea by keen-eyed observers of the aircraft patrol. The aëroplanes signaled for trawlers and circled about, directing the placing of nets. In a little while nets were drawn completely about the unsuspecting submersibles, which were hopelessly enmeshed and brought to the surface. They were lying side by side in the harbor when the Alaska sailed."

Last summer, in their practice work with the submarine and torpedo-boat squadrons at New London, Connecticut, the members of Captain Trubee Davison's Volunteer Aëro Coast Patrol, Squadron Number One, readily located mines at a depth of eighteen feet, and were able to detect submarines at fifty and sixty feet.

The Aëroplane for January, in a valuable article on the future of the Royal Naval Air Service, says:

"The use of the aëroplane in days to come, for coast patrolling, is one of the vast possibilities. At low expense, and with speed and regularity, an aërial patrol can be maintained along the seaboards of the British Empire."

This is evidently a reference to Lord Montague's plan—now being considered by the British Government—for an aëro coast-defense system for Great Britain, on a peace basis, after the conclusion of the present war. This plan contemplates twenty thousand aëroplanes and a personnel of a hundred and sixty thousand.

The time is here for immediate and energetic action, for a numerous and efficient aëro coast patrol of seaplanes along our entire coast for the detection and destruction of submarines.

Now what about actual and relative strength in this field? It is impossible to state with preciseness as to matters abroad. It is said, however, and apparently on good authority, that:

Little Bulgaria, with an area slightly greater than the State of Maine, is said to have some three hundred aëroplanes.

The personnel of the French air service is said to number more officers and men than our entire army.

The personnel of the British air service is said to number more officers and men than our entire army.

Germany is said to have over ten thousand aëroplanes in commission.

England has a hundred and seven aeronautic stations; Germany and France, over a hundred each.

And all this equipment, both material and personnel, is being increased with feverish rapidity.

And where are we? In the month of February, this year, in the navy, according to data furnished by the United States Government and already published, there were in service 37 seaplanes, 53 officers and 163 enlisted men. In the army, according to the same source of information, there were 73 machines in service, with 96 officers and 600 enlisted men.

There are in the army and the navy four aëronautic stations.

What about appropriations? Last year, it is officially stated, Great Britain expended two hundred and fifty million dollars during the year on aëronautics alone.

Since January first, Canada, our next-door neighbor, has decided to expend eighty million dollars this year in putting a great air fleet in commission.

Where are we? Last year the appropriations for Government aëronautics were, in round numbers, eighteen million dollars. This year the estimates are about the same amount. In round numbers, less than forty million dollars for the United States for two years, as compared with eighty million dollars for Canada in one year!

Quick Work Needed

Is there any reason why the United States, with its thousands of miles of coast line, with its enormous interests and wealth, should have but one-fourth the air preparedness of our next-door neighbor, within two or three hours' flight of the entire defensive military heart and lungs of the United States, and with a population less than that of New York State?

At the present time the air service of the United States is being handled partly by the army and partly by the navy, just as it was in England before the present war.

But, under present circumstances of grave possibilities, with the largest appropriation and building program in the history of the navy, with the great changes in army organization, and the probability of general military training, neither the army nor the navy should divert a single one of its already dangerously too few officers from the imperative work of its own departments.

This important thing cannot be done by boards or commissions or different departments. It must be done by one-man authority. That is the method which built the Panama Canal quickly and on time after four hundred years of fussing.

As already previously noted, in February we had in the navy 37 seaplanes, 53 officers and 163 enlisted men; in the army, 73 planes, 96 officers and 600 men.

There are now some three thousand applicants for training in aviation registered in Washington, with the number constantly increasing.

An apparently official report from Washington, on March nineteenth, says: "In 1916 the army ordered 366 planes and received 64." This report also says that the aëronautic industry of the country cannot produce what the Government needs.

It seems to me as if certain things are clear. Two years ago we had, generally speaking, no munition plants in this country. When the demand came for munitions, and that demand was known to be backed by cash, the business interests of this country found ways instantly to modify existing plants of various kinds for that service, and our munitions trade sprang overnight almost into an enormous industry.

This aeroplane matter is just as vital to us as the munitions question; and it seems to me there can be no question that existing industries in this country—particularly the automobile interests—can, if they see orders for aëroplanes by the thousands instead of dozens, assured by the Government, modify their existing plants and begin turning out aëroplanes suitable for training purposes at once.

The Government has been given authority to take over the basic aëroplane patent. It has recognized and accepted two or three standard types. Now, in my opinion, the thing needed to set the ball rolling is the thinking on the part of the Government in thousands instead of hundreds, and the placing of orders at once. I may be wrong.

Our first necessity is training machines, to enable every one of our patriotic and ambitious youths who desire training in flying to have it. It is hardly possible to pick up a paper now without seeing that the War Department is overwhelmed with applications from men anxious to enlist in the Aviation Reserve Corps, but that there are no machines with which to train them.

After training planes, our next necessity is seaplanes for submarine detection; and then seaplanes in ample numbers for coast defenses, including protection of our coastal cities. These are the immediate and vital needs. We must have immediately a separate independent Air Department, with full and undivided control of the upbuilding of our air service.

If we do not establish such a department there will be no excuse for us later, for we have before us the striking object lesson of Great Britain's experience in this very particular; and with that object lesson and experience before us, we cannot plead ignorance, as Great Britain could two years ago.

Great Britain has an Air Minister, Lord Cowdray, said to be one of her biggest executives. France has her Secretary of Aviation. We must have at the head of this department some big executive who has imagination, whose position on preparedness is unequivocal, and who has the confidence of the public and the press. Then give him not less than one hundred million dollars a year for the building of our air service and hold him responsible.

And let us do it now! Let us be ready, in working order, before we get to the stream, rather than be compelled to change in the middle of the stream, as did England.

Where are we to find a man for the place? I can name two right now, if either will accept the grueling work and the risk the position will entail—ex-President Roosevelt and General Goethals.

What to Do Now

The place measures fully up to the stature of an ex-President. It will demand all the ability of the builder of the Panama Canal. But the man who accepts this position must be ready to sacrifice himself. He will either make good or he will not; and this country may, at very short notice, reach such a boiling state of mind that there will be no halfway station between success and failure for those in responsible places. If it is failure, it will be: Get out! Put someone else in. This work of air preparedness is not just for this present emergency of a war with Germany. That is only a present incident, which should spur us to more immediate readiness.

This work of air preparedness is for preparedness on our part for that great realignment of powerful, conflicting, impoverished interests which is coming, without fail, at the end of the present war, and which is a far greater contingency for us than a possible war with Germany under present conditions. This matter is for preparedness beyond that—preparedness for that commercial air power which is coming in the future, and in which we should lead.

The emergency is here now. We are not prepared; we must be prepared immediately, and we are not working in a way to accomplish immediate preparedness. We have simply to get busy in our characteristic American way, and meet and conquer the emergency.

Now what shall we do? Every member of the National Legislature I have heard speak recently has said the present Congress will give everything that is asked of it for national defense. The tenor of all we see in the papers is to the same effect.

If that be so, then let Congress be asked to create immediately the office of Secretary of Aëronautics, with full power and responsibility.

Let the President be urged to appoint immediately the biggest man he can find, and tell him: "Damn everything if necessary, but give the United States an air fleet in a year!" If England and France could create the great air fleets and services they now have in two years, under the conditions confronting and afflicting them, we, with their experience to guide us and their mistakes to profit by, should be able to do it in one year. We must do it in a year! The efficiency of our army and navy; the protection of our coasts and coastal cities; the safety of the Panama Canal; the existence of the nation—all are involved.

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New Machines for Half the Former Price

At the very height of its success, The Oliver Typewriter Company again upsets the typewriter industry. Just as it did in 1896, when it introduced visible writing and forced all others to follow. Now this powerful Company—world wide in influence—calls a halt to old expensive ways of selling typewriters. It frees buyers of a wasteful burden.

A company strong enough, large enough and brave enough to do a big, startling thing like this, deserves a hearing.

The full facts are set forth in our amazing exposure, entitled "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and The Remedy." One copy will be mailed to you if you send us the coupon below.

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Henceforth The Oliver Typewriter Company will maintain no expensive sales force of 15,000 salesmen and agents. Henceforth it will pay no high rents in 50 cities. There will be no idle stocks.

You, Mr. User, will deal direct now with the actual manufacturer. No middlemen—no useless tolls. We end the waste and give you the savings. You get the $51 by being your own salesman. And we gain economies for ourselves, too. So it isn't philanthropy. Just the new, efficient way of doing business to meet present-day economic changes

Note this fact carefully. We offer the identical Oliver Nine—the latest model—brand new, for $49, the exact one which was $100 until March 1st.

THE LATEST MODEL

Do not confuse this offer of The Oliver Typewriter Company itself of a brand new, latest model 9 with offers of second hand or rebuilt machines.

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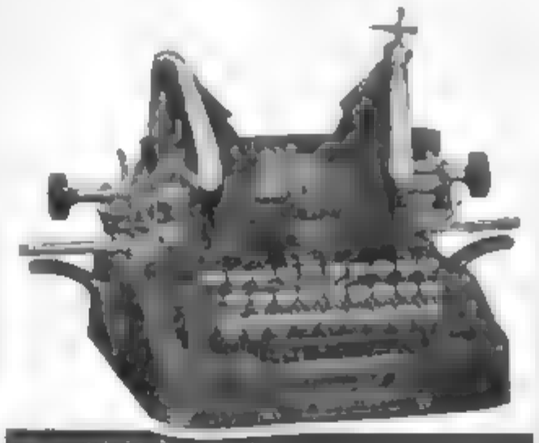
This Oliver Nine is a twenty-year development. It is the finest, costliest, most successful typewriter we ever built. It is yours for 10 cents per day or monthly payments of $3.00. Everyone can own a typewriter now. Will any sane person ever again pay $100 for a standard typewriter when the Standard Visible Oliver Nine sells for $49?

Send today for your copy of our book and further details. You'll be surprised



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Welsh "Rabbit" is the delicious name of delightful cheese dishes. Just Welsh "Rabbit" that is smooth, golden, mealy perfection.

Just heat and serve—add nothing to it but heat.

At all good grocers, 20c and 35c

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—for cuts and scrapes

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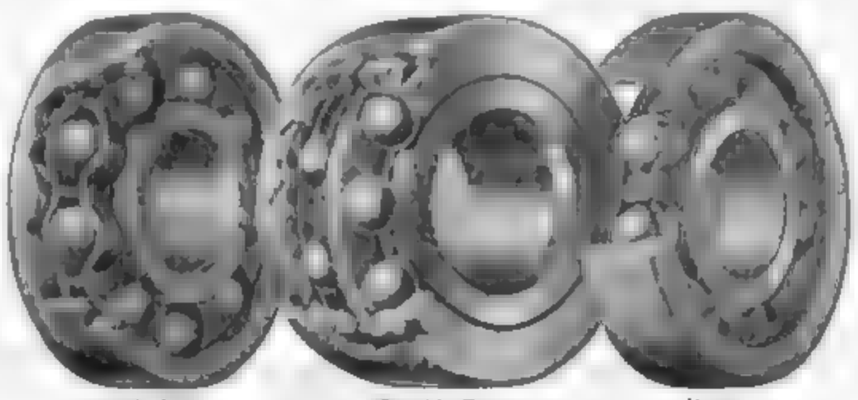
Self-contained, tamper-proof, permanently adjusted units that conquer frictional wear and waste in your motor car mechanism.



Single Row Double Row Radax

In every machine, strains, stresses, pulling and pushing loads occur. New Departure ball bearings scientifically and successfully absorb these inevitable conditions and thereby promote maximum efficiency and service life of the machinery.

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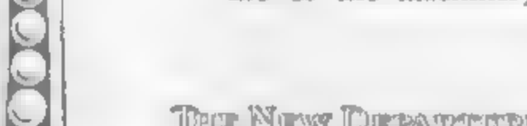

is made with a center core of kiln-dried wood slats and that makes all the difference in the world.

It makes for great strength, durability, cold, heat and moisture-resisting quality, and adaptability to a wide variety of decorative methods.

Compo-Board is *not* simply a *substitute* for lath and plaster. It is *something better*—it's the *modern* wall lining.

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those highly polished surfaces that show finger marks so plainly. The Victrola, Piano, Dining Table, White Enamel, Hardwood Floors, any Varnished Surface. The more service it gives the more need for

O-Cedar Polish

Simply dampen a piece of cheese cloth, wring out the excess water, add a little O-Cedar Polish to the cloth, then go over all the varnished surface. Finish with a dry cloth. All the dust and the imperceptible particles that injure varnish are removed without the semblance of the slightest scratch.

A perfectly smooth, clear, glossy surface is the result that improves with each cleaning.

At All Dealers'. 25c to $3.00

Channell Chemical Co.
CHICAGO TORONTO LONDON

BIG CROPS VERSUS BIG GUNS

(Continued from Page 11)

of feeding and through more complete control of contagious diseases.

Milk production could be increased fully one-fourth by more liberal and intelligent feeding. Pork production could be increased substantially through the more extensive use of fall litters, better care and feeding. The poultry products of the United States could be doubled within a year.

Contagious diseases of farm animals take a toll of more than a quarter of a billion dollars annually. More than half of this loss is due to controllable diseases, such as hog cholera, blackleg and Texas fever.

One of the principal limiting factors in food production this year may be a restricted labor supply. In many sections of the West and South the supply, relatively speaking, will not fall far short of normal. The pinch will be felt more in the Northeast, in the neighborhood of great industrial centers. It will be impossible to secure a large army without some further disturbance of labor. The problem will be to draw into the field forces not regularly used, or to make existing forces more efficient. The time of special stress will be during the harvest season, and every step should be taken by the state and Federal agencies and organizations to furnish relief when it is needed.

This matter is receiving the earnest attention not only of the Department of Agriculture and the Department of Labor but also of state and local agencies throughout the country.

Many measures for possible relief are under consideration. In the South the existing labor supply can be more fully utilized through increased agricultural diversification. At present the South's agriculture largely is based on the two-crop system—cotton and corn. If diversification were more largely practiced this labor would be more effectively and economically applied. It is estimated that there are more than two million boys, between the ages of fifteen and nineteen years, in cities and towns, not now engaged in productive work vital to the nation in the present emergency. Many of these boys have had contact with rural life and know something about farming operations. This constitutes the most important unorganized and unutilized labor resource available. It has been suggested, also, that high schools and colleges in rural communities might suspend operations before the end of the regular terms and resume their activities later in the fall. This would be a possible means of addition.

A Food and Labor Survey

Another suggestion worthy of serious consideration is that industrial plants should, so far as possible, arrange to do their repairing during the harvest season and thereby make possible some additional liberation of labor. And, finally, the suggestion of mobilizing in particular districts groups of labor for emergency assistance is by no means beyond the range of possibility. State and local organizations, especially, should give this problem their most earnest consideration, and no doubt they will find means in their various communities of furnishing assurances that farming operations will not only be continued on their normal scale but will even be extended.

I have suggested to Congress the importance of a complete and careful survey of food, labor and other resources of the country, and of the needs of the local communities, to the end that every part of the country may be maintained in effective service.

Power should be conferred upon the Secretary of Agriculture, in coöperation with the Federal Trade Commission, so far as practicable, to secure such information regarding the food supply of the nation and all business enterprises dealing in foods as may be necessary to enable Congress to legislate suitably for the protection of the people in the existing crisis and for the information of the nation in its daily conduct; giving to the Secretary of Agriculture, for this purpose, authority to administer oaths, to examine witnesses and to call for the production of books and papers, with means of enforcement and penalties.

Authority also should be conferred upon the Secretary of Agriculture to establish market grades and classes of farm products, including seeds, and standards for receptacles for such products. For this purpose he should consult the various trades concerned. The established grades for corn and wheat will undoubtedly be of much advantage in purchasing supplies; and the establishment of grades for other products will be fully justified for the same purpose.

Furthermore, such standards, with a suitable degree of supervision of their application, will result in returning to the producer the value of the particular qualities he produces, thus encouraging adequate production in the future. This is of special importance in connection with the perishable crops, but applies with almost equal force to the staples.

The Secretary of Agriculture should be authorized by law to license warehouses, packing plants, mills, cold storage, produce exchanges, coöperative and other shipping associations, commission merchants, auctioneers, brokers, jobbers and wholesale distributers, engaged in the business of marketing and distributing farm and food products. Authority should be lodged in the Federal Government, in case of need, to take over and operate such of these businesses as may be warranted.

Other Emergency Measures

In order to facilitate the solution of transportation problems Government agencies should do everything possible to bring about a relatively adequate supply of railroad cars for moving food and other necessities.

Communities, counties and cities are urged to take steps that will lead toward a larger degree of local and district self-support—especially in perishable products—by making inventories of food needs and surveys of neighboring possibilities of production, and in general by closer coöperation of the local consuming and producing interests and by the provision of local marketing facilities.

To bring about a greater equality of distribution, considering the consumptive demands of population centers, the market-information facilities of the United States Department of Agriculture and the several State Departments will be extended and made as effective as possible. It will include the publishing as widely as possible, for the information of producers and consumers of farm products, of average prices of foods, feeds and livestock, and particularly those paid by the War Department, if purchases are made direct, in the open market, instead of by the usual contract method.

If not incompatible with wise policy, the War Department, I hope, will determine and state where training camps are to be located, so that local production can be expanded to care in some degree for the increased consumption, as a measure of general economy and to effect a further relief of transportation facilities.

Appropriate steps can be taken through suitable Federal authorities, such as the Council of National Defense, the Department of Agriculture, the Department of Commerce and the Federal Trade Commission, to facilitate the supplying of agricultural implements and machinery—particularly for seeding and harvesting—by bringing about reasonable deliveries of the necessary materials, in preference to filling orders for such products as are not required in the existing emergency.

Steps are to be taken to secure, if possible, the preferential movement of freight shipments of farm machinery, seeds, fertilizers and spraying materials.

The very low food reserves of the world, due to last year's short crops, the increased demands due to the consumption and waste of war, and the disappointing condition of the winter-grain crop, give ample assurance of profitable prices to producers this year. Therefore, the fixing of maximum or minimum prices need not be undertaken at this time; but the fact that such a course may become necessary in the future advises the creation of agencies which will enable the Government to act wisely when the necessity may arise.

To this end it would be well for Congress to authorize the Council of National Defense, if deemed necessary, to purchase, store and subsequently distribute food products, or to fix prices in any national emergency caused by a temporary or local overproduction, or by a sudden ending of

(Continued on Page 97)

The girl who wanted more color

The secret she learned is one you, too, can use to give your cheeks the lovely glow—the radiant complexion you have longed for

THE girl to whom a pale, colorless complexion is really becoming is one in a thousand. The rest of us *must have* at least a touch of color—and if we are to possess *all* the charm of that radiant, velvety skin—one you love to touch—we must have the kind of color that "comes and goes."

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To change this condition, your skin must be freed every day of the tiny dead particles so that the new skin will form as it should. Then, the pores must be cleansed, the blood brought to the surface and the small, muscular fibers stimulated.

You can do this by using regularly the following Woodbury treatment. It will keep the new skin, which is forming every day, so healthy and active that it cannot help taking on the radiant touch of color you want your complexion to have.

Begin tonight to get its benefits for your skin

Use this treatment once a day—preferably just before retiring. Lather your washcloth well with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Then finish by rubbing your face for a few minutes with a *piece of ice* wrapped in a soft cloth. Always be particular to dry the skin well.

If your skin happens to be very thin and rather sensitive, substitute a dash of ice water for the application of the ice itself.

The first time you use this treatment you will begin to realize the change it is going to make in your skin. You will feel the difference at once.

Use the treatment persistently and before long your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater clearness and freshness as well as the lovelier color which the daily use of this Woodbury treatment will bring.

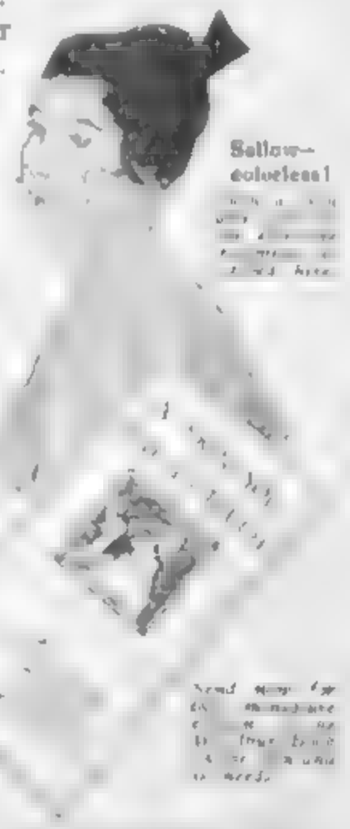
Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment.

Get a cake today. It is for sale by dealers everywhere.

Send 4c now for book of famous skin treatments

One of the Woodbury treatments is suited to the needs of *your* skin. Together with value- [illegible] miniature edition and a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough [illegible]

Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 908 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio



Sallow—colorless!

For sale by dealers everywhere throughout the United States and Canada

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HOUSEHOLD FINISHES

The Best is None too Good for the Work You Do—

When you renew a floor that looks shabby, give it a coat that will last.
When you retouch a chair that's badly marred, put on a finish that stays put.
When you have these worth-while things to do, it's surely worth while doing them well. The best—Jap-a-lac Household Finishes—are not a bit too good for all the different kinds of refinishing and retouching you do.

For each particular job, there's a particular kind of Jap-a-lac. There's a white enamel, a clear varnish and many other kinds. They'll all come in handy this spring.

The difference in cost between a high type of household finish like Jap-a-lac and some inferior material is so slight that you cannot afford to run risks. When actual life and true satisfaction are considered there is no choice.

Jap-a-lac Household Finishes Include—

Jap-a-lac Varnish Stain
Seven attractive, transparent colors; stain and varnish combined.

Jap-a-lac Floor and Interior Varnish
A durable, clear varnish for floors and general interior use.

Jap-a-lac Enamel
Solid enamel finishes. Seven colors. Also flat and gloss whites and flat and brilliant blacks

Jap-a-lac Gold Paint
A brilliant gold finish for wood or metal.

Jap-a-lac Aluminum Paint
A practical, silvery finish for wood or metal

Jap-a-lac Porch and Floor Paint
A weather-resisting paint for both inside and outside use.

Jap-a-lac Screen Enamel
A durable enamel for screens and other metal surfaces Black and green

Jap-a-lac Stove Pipe Enamel
A black, heat-resisting enamel, brilliant and lasting

Jap-a-lac Graining Color
A compound for producing beautiful wood grain effects, over Jap-a-lac ground color

Jap-a-lac Crack and Crevice Filler
A wear-proof filler that does not crack or shrink.

Jap-a-lac Household Finishes sold by dealers everywhere.
Send for color card and interesting, instructive booklet.

—and the Same Holds True with Your Painter

Your painter cannot produce the results you expect with ordinary varnish or enamel. He can give you a low price if you let him use "any old finish"—but he won't be satisfied and neither will you.

With Glidden Architectural Finishes and a price that's within reason he'll give you what he calls a "bang up job." And it will be.

The next time you have a painter's kind of job, get the best man you can find and give him this list to choose from. Then you can be sure of lasting satisfaction.

Leading Finishes in the Glidden Line—

Look for the familiar green label

Superior White Enamel
For interior use; dries with a durable high gloss finish.

Endurance Wood Stain
A deeply penetrating stain producing richest wood effects. Many beautiful colors.

JapSpar (The all-test varnish)
A tough elastic varnish for exterior and interior surfaces.

M. P. Durable Interior Varnish
An extremely durable varnish for the finest interior wood trim.

M. P. Durable Floor Varnish
For floors and stair treads. Stands hardest wear

Velvet White Enamel
A perfect, durable, eggshell finish without rubbing.

Flat Wall Finish
A velvety finish for wall and ceiling decoration. Many attractive colors and white.

Glidden Architectural Finishes sold by dealers everywhere.
Special color suggestions and helpful information sent upon request.

THE GLIDDEN VARNISH COMPANY, CLEVELAND, U. S. A.
THE GLIDDEN VARNISH COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, CAN.

GLIDDEN

(Continued from Page 94)

the war, or by restraints of trade, manipulations or uneconomic speculation, in order that producers may not be required to suffer loss on account of the extraordinary efforts they are now asked to make, and in order that consumers may not be required to pay oppressive prices in case of disorganized or inadequate transportation.

We are the most wasteful people in the world in our ways of living. Our tastes and desires have been educated beyond our incomes. The annual waste of foods in this country has been carefully estimated to be at least seven hundred million dollars. Almost as great a saving may be made through the economical manufacture, purchase and use of food as can be made through processes of production that are immediately feasible.

Our breadstuff supply may be increased one-twelfth—or eighteen million barrels of flour a year—by milling our wheat so as to make eighty-one per cent of the kernel into flour, instead of seventy-three per cent, as at present. This flour would have as high nutritive value as that which we now use. An important saving may be effected by making the diet as largely vegetarian as possible, without lowering food efficiency, by a partial substitution of such foods as beans and peas, and of milk and its products, including skim milk, for the more expensive meats. At present prices a larger use of corn and rice products as partial substitutes for the more expensive wheat products is suggested.

The substitution of home-grown and home-prepared grain products for the much more expensive refined commercial foods will make a large saving. Adequate gardens should provide the home supply of vegetables, which are expensive foods when purchased at existing prices. The home storage and preservation of foods, such as eggs, vegetables, fruits and meats, should be increased. The serious food wastes that occur in many households through a lack of culinary knowledge and skill may be minimized through instruction in better methods. These economies will be secured chiefly, if not fully, through the further education of housewives. It is highly important that all educational agencies available for this purpose should engage in widespread propaganda and instruction concerning the economical use of human foods.

Mobilizing Resources

The Council of National Defense is charged with the duty of mobilizing the resources of the nation, having as one of its members the Secretary of Agriculture. We are seeking to create:

1. A relatively small central agricultural body, whose services and presence might be required in Washington constantly, to be composed of men who have wide knowledge of agricultural matters and executive experience. In selecting these men attention will be paid to geographical distribution.

2. A small central agricultural body in each state, representing various agricultural interests—including agricultural officials, representatives of agricultural colleges, bankers', business, farmers' and women's organizations, and so on—concerned in the production, distribution and utilization of food supplies and agricultural raw materials. This body should be designated by the governor, and, if the state has a central council of safety or defense, should be coördinated with it.

3. Such county, urban and other local bodies as the state authorities, including the state central agency, may see fit to suggest. The national central body and the state central bodies will be expected to keep in intimate contact and to work in close cooperation.

The problem presented by the necessity for increased food production is not one of acreage. There is no necessity for attempting to open up new lands for agricultural purposes. We have sufficient land under cultivation, or ready for cultivation, to supply the world's need for food. The present emergency is no time for experiment in agriculture. If the public lands are to be used they should be used for grazing, and not for planting and sowing. The whole matter of the increased production of foodstuffs falls under these four heads:

Production and labor; Distribution and prices; Economy in utilization; and Effective organization.

I think it will astonish a great many persons to be told that the United States has a better official agricultural organization than any other country in the world. We have in existence all the machinery that makes for preparedness in raising a large crop. The Department of Agriculture has seventeen thousand employees and agents, who are in direct contact with the farmers and with farming conditions in every part of the United States. The land-grant colleges and the various state boards or commissioners of agriculture are in intimate relation with the farmers in their own states. The Department of Agriculture has established cordial relations of coöperation with the land-grant colleges and the state agencies.

The effectiveness of this machinery and this organization was brought home to me the other day when I called a conference of state agricultural officials and the representatives of the agricultural colleges in all the states east of the Rocky Mountains, to meet me in St. Louis to discuss in practical terms how food production could be increased. We found ourselves in practical agreement, not only in our analysis of the present condition but in the steps to be taken to increase the food supply. I venture to believe that we know our problem and how to meet it.

Mr. Wilson to the Farmers

We must have the coöperation of the farmers. They have a number of large and influential national organizations, including the Grange, the Farmers' Union, the Society of Equity, the Gleaners, the American National Live-Stock Association, the National Wool Growers' Association, the National Grain Dealers' Association—and many others.

They have rendered service in many ways in normal times. They can be depended upon in this emergency.

I have invited the chief executives of some of these bodies to a conference. I shall seek conferences with other farmers' organizations dealing with important specialized activities. Mobilization of agriculture must be as perfect as army mobilization. I wish every farmer in the United States would receive these words of President Wilson as a personal message:

"The supreme need of our nation, and of the nations with which we are coöperating, is an abundance of supplies, and especially of foodstuffs. The importance of an adequate food supply—especially for the present year—is superlative. Without abundant food, alike for the armies and the peoples now at war, the whole great enterprise upon which we have embarked will break down and fail. The world's food reserves are low. Not only during the present emergency but for some time after peace shall have come both our own people and a large proportion of the people of Europe must rely upon the harvests of America. Upon the farmers of this country, therefore, in large measure, rest the fate of the war and the fate of the nations. May the nation not count upon them to omit no step that will increase the production of their land or that will bring about the most effectual coöperation in the sale and distribution of their products? The time is short. It is of the most imperative importance that everything possible be done, and done immediately, to make sure of large harvests. I call upon young men and old alike, and upon the able-bodied boys of the land, to accept and act upon this duty—to turn in hosts to the farms and make certain that no pains and no labor is lacking in this great matter."

If any farmer or planter is uncertain what to do with his own land the agents of the Department of Agriculture, of the Agricultural Colleges, or the Commissioner of Agriculture in his own state can tell him. We are all working together. Every man, woman, boy and girl can help.

A man who is too old for military service, or who is rejected by the recruiting stations as physically unfit, is, nevertheless, serving his country if he works on a farm, just as much as the soldier in khaki, with a rifle on his shoulder. He need not feel, because he cannot go into the army, that he is deprived of doing his share toward bringing the war to a successful conclusion. Our Allies in the field need at this moment our wheat more than our rifles; our meat more than our soldiers. The farmer who makes five bushels of grain grow where three grew before contributes as much to victory and the future peace and security of the world as any man in the trenches.

EVEREADY DAYLO

The light that says "There it is!"

There are nooks and corners in every home that even daylight cannot reach.

In the attic for instance—haven't you often wasted time looking for something that an Eveready DAYLO* would have located *instantly*. Or down-stairs in that dark, cool corner of the cellar where the preserves are kept—haven't you often wished for a light to read the labels by?

For these and many other reasons you really *need* an Eveready DAYLO*—the light that says "*There it is!*" almost as soon as you press the switch. And it's the *safe* light, too—safe where matches, candles or lamps are positively dangerous.

Everyone who has ever used an Eveready DAYLO* *knows* the dependability and economy of its long-lived TUNGSTEN Battery and MAZDA Lamp. No other combination of battery and lamp can give the same uniformly fine service and satisfaction. Look for the name *Everready* on the *light*, the *battery* and the *lamp*.

See the many styles and sizes at your dealer's—at prices from 75c. up. You will find Eveready DAYLOS* displayed by nearly all the better electrical, hardware, drug, sporting goods and stationery stores. Get *yours* today.

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*DAYLO is the winning name in our $3000 Contest. We paid $3000 to each of the four contestants who submitted this name.

and finds it instantly, safely, unfailingly

when a leak in the water or gas pipe must be fixed quickly

when you lose a key, a coin or a ring in the dark

when you can't find the keyhole

when the watch dog barks his alarm

when all the lights in the house go out

when a strange noise in the night needs investigating

when you're trying to thread a needle

when you wish to know who's at the door

when someone stops you on a dark road

when the wrong medicine bottle may mean a tragedy

when you awake in the night and wonder what time it is

whenever you need light—indoors or out—that cannot cause fire or blow out—you need an Eveready DAYLO*.

Don't ask for a "flashlight"—get an Eveready DAYLO.

With that long lived TUNGSTEN battery

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In planning your new home, or in remodeling, think first of the bathroom. It is the heart of the home. Without the most modern plumbing ware in the bathrooms, your home will not be all you want it to be. For these reasons be sure to select

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One-piece construction and the beauty of the enamel are notable features of KOHLER WARE.

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The KOHLER trade-mark, permanent in the enamel of each of our productions, is a *guarantee* of quality.

Write for a free copy of our book, "KOHLER OF KOHLER." It contains illustrations of our products and tells you how we have made enameling a fine art.

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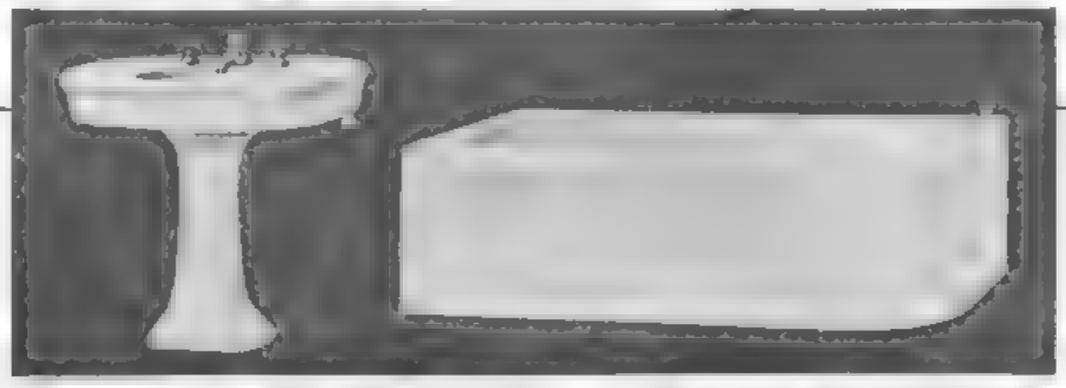
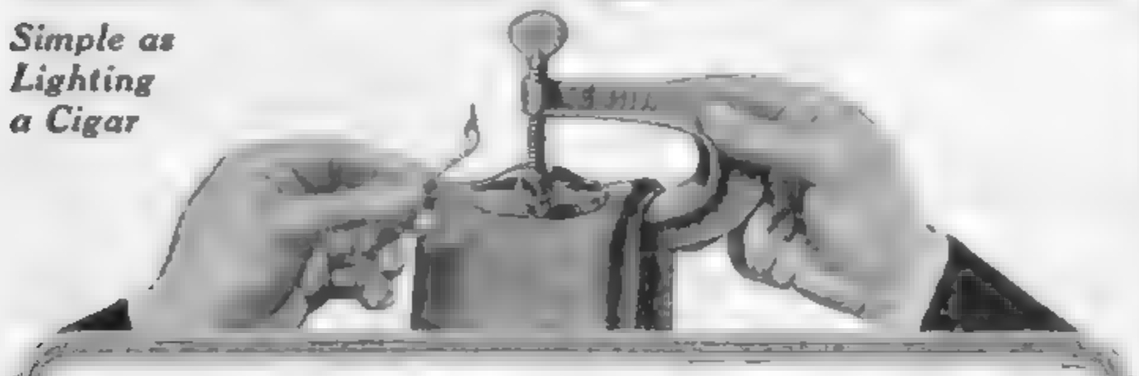


Belmare Lavatory, Plate K-141 E.A *The "Viceroy," Plate V-14* (Patent Applied For)

Simple as Lighting a Cigar



Mends Tubes in 5 Minutes!

No cement, gasoline, acid or flame! A match is all you need with the Shaler 5-Minute Vulcanizer. You can vulcanize a perfect, permanent patch on your auto tube anywhere on the road in five minutes. Two kinds of motorists doing it with this wonderful little vulcanizer. Over 100,000 sold in sixty days.

A combustible disc furnishes the heat. The disc is in a metal container with the rubber patch on the other side, making a complete unit. You simply clean over the puncture and heat the container for a few seconds. It creates just the right amount of heat to vulcanize a perfect patch, stronger than the tube itself.

SHALER 5 Minute Vulcanizer

$1.50

A clamp, 12 patches and 12 heat units, all neatly boxed—that's all there is to the outfit. Carry it right in your tool box. Price, complete, only $1.50. You can buy additional units as you need them, at 75c per dozen.

Order a Shaler 5-Minute Vulcanizer from your dealer today. If he's not supplied send direct to us.

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1400 Fourth Street, Waupun, Wis.
World's Oldest and Largest Makers of Vulcanizers

Bread and meat are needed now more than powder and bullets. Enormous quantities are required now, and will continue to be required for months after the fighting is over.

The exports of wheat in normal times are approximately 105,000,000 bushels. The year preceding the war it was 145,000,000 bushels. In 1914–15 it was 332,000,000 bushels, dropping in 1915–16 to 243,000,000. Up to the end of February, this year, exports of wheat to our Allies were 134,563,000 bushels. Our normal domestic needs of wheat for food, for seeding purposes, and for a reserve to carry over into the next year, require 640,000,000 bushels. The total year's supply, including that carried over from last year, is 804,000,000 bushels. This would give us an available exportable surplus of 164,000,000 bushels for this year. Of this quantity 134,000,000 bushels have already gone abroad. Therefore, we must produce more wheat.

Happily the meat supply shows a tendency to increase. Following the outbreak of the war, there was a natural increase in meat exports, rising, in 1916, to 1,500,000,000 pounds. This increase was met when the domestic production, in 1916, was three billion pounds greater than in 1914. The number of beef cattle in the United States on January 1, 1917, was 1,037,000 greater than on January 1, 1916; and the number of milch cows had increased, in the same period, 660,000. No cattle raiser need ever fear an overproduction of beef. The demand will always keep pace with the supply for his product in the markets.

The 1917 Corn Crop

Corn is the leading food and feed crop of the United States in geographic range of production, acreage and quantity of product. The vital importance of a large acreage of this crop, properly cared for, is, therefore, obvious. Because of the prices obtained for the last crop and the world demand for this grain, its profitableness to the American farmer during the approaching season is clear. The 105,954,000 acres planted to corn in 1916 yielded 2,583,000,000 bushels, or more than four hundred million bushels less than the large crop of 1915—2,904,793,000 bushels; and considerably less than the five-year average—2,732,457,000 bushels.

Conditions now warrant the planting of the largest acreage of this crop it is possible to handle effectively. There are many unproductive and foul meadows and indifferent pastures in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and the Middle Atlantic and Northeastern States which, under existing conditions, can be broken now and planted to corn. The resulting reduction of hay and pasture would be more than replaced by the corn stover, ensilage and grain produced.

Corn, as a cultivated crop, has been found well suited to replace summer fallowing in portions of Washington, Idaho, Oregon, Wyoming and Montana, the forage and grain produced not materially reducing the succeeding grain crop.

Let me repeat: The duty of the individual farmer at this time is to increase his production, particularly of food crops. If he has control of tillable land not in use—or money lying idle, or labor unemployed—he should extend his operations so as to employ those resources to the fullest extent. He will not lose by it; and he will perform an important service in supporting his country in the task that lies before it.

The agricultural sufficiency of a nation is not attained unless the units that compose it are efficient. Those agricultural workers who produce, conserve and market wisely will help toward the achievement of national agricultural sufficiency, and perform valuable service for the nation.

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BINDERS, LEAVES
INDEXES, RACKS, POSTING TRAYS
Voted BEST by THE BIG MAJORITY of machine bookkeeping users. This after rigid comparisons with some twenty other makes.
The reasons: An experience ten times more broad—and 29 years long—enables Baker-Vawter Company to recommend—and to furnish—equipment designed to meet each user's peculiar needs.
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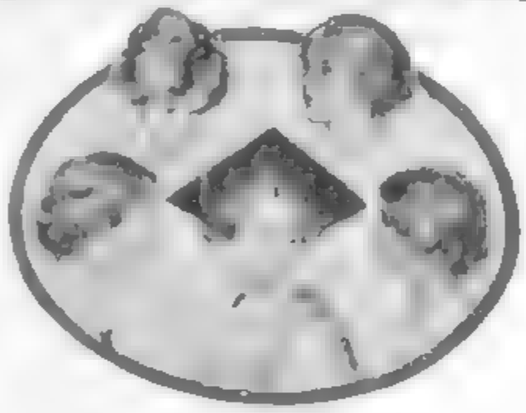

GIRLS WHO MADE HALF A MILLION

NEARLY fourteen years ago *The Ladies' Home Journal* organized a Club for the purpose of helping girls to earn money. It has become the largest Club in the world. Thousands of girls and women of the best social position have joined it, because of the pleasant association with a Club which requires no fees or dues, and no regular hours of working, but most of all because the Club work paid them better than anything else they could do. The total amount of money earned by Club members is considerably over half a million dollars. Their story is told in a little book called "Girls Who Made Good."

Large as the Club is, we have room for new members. Would you too like to join the Club? Would you at least like to read a copy of "Girls Who Made Good"? I will send it to you without charge if you are a girl, if you are interested in earning money, and if you will address

Manager of the Girls' Club

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
399 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

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YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

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Mean speed, economy and permanence

For Your New Building Use GF Self-Sentering. Resists Fire and Decay. Saves Time, Money, Labor and Weight.

IF you ever put up a concrete building, you probably had to erect temporary wooden forms before pouring the concrete. Weeks afterwards when the concrete had set, the forms were torn down. You paid for that construction which today is not a part of your building. You paid for unnecessary lumber, labor and time required to do the work.

Now when you build, try a more modern way—use Self-Sentering. It takes the place of wooden forms and reinforcing steel in concrete roof and floor construction. It is a part of the finished building—because with Self-Sentering every dollar spent, every ounce of material used, every ounce of energy delivered goes into *permanent* construction.

SELF-SENTERING

Self-Sentering is the only material of its kind in which you pay for no waste. All the metal helps carry the load. A Self-Sentering concrete roof need be but two inches thick. That means less concrete, less weight, lighter framework throughout. A Self-Sentering concrete floor affords similar savings that show up in the cost-sheets at the end of the job.

After the framework of the building has been put up, the large sheets of Self-Sentering are laid over the supports and fastened. Then the concrete is poured, the under side is cement-plastered and the whole job completed with surprising ease and speed.

You have a light-weight, fireproof concrete roof and light-weight, fireproof concrete floors. You will be greatly impressed by the strength and rigidity of Self-Sentering. It unites firmly with the concrete poured upon it, or becomes an inseparable part of the cement-plastered walls and ceilings. Thus are insured great solidity, stubborn resistance to fire, weather and decay, and minimum upkeep costs.

Self-Sentering finds use in many modern buildings. It plays an important part in the erection of walls, partitions and suspended ceilings. It can also be adapted to special types of construction, such as tanks, silos, garages and other small buildings, because of the ease with which it can be bent into any shape, making expensive wooden forms unnecessary.

If you desire more complete information about this modern type of concrete construction, let us know what type of building you have in mind. Then we can co-operate with you to your advantage.

For architects, engineers and contractors we have special handbooks showing uses for Self-Sentering.

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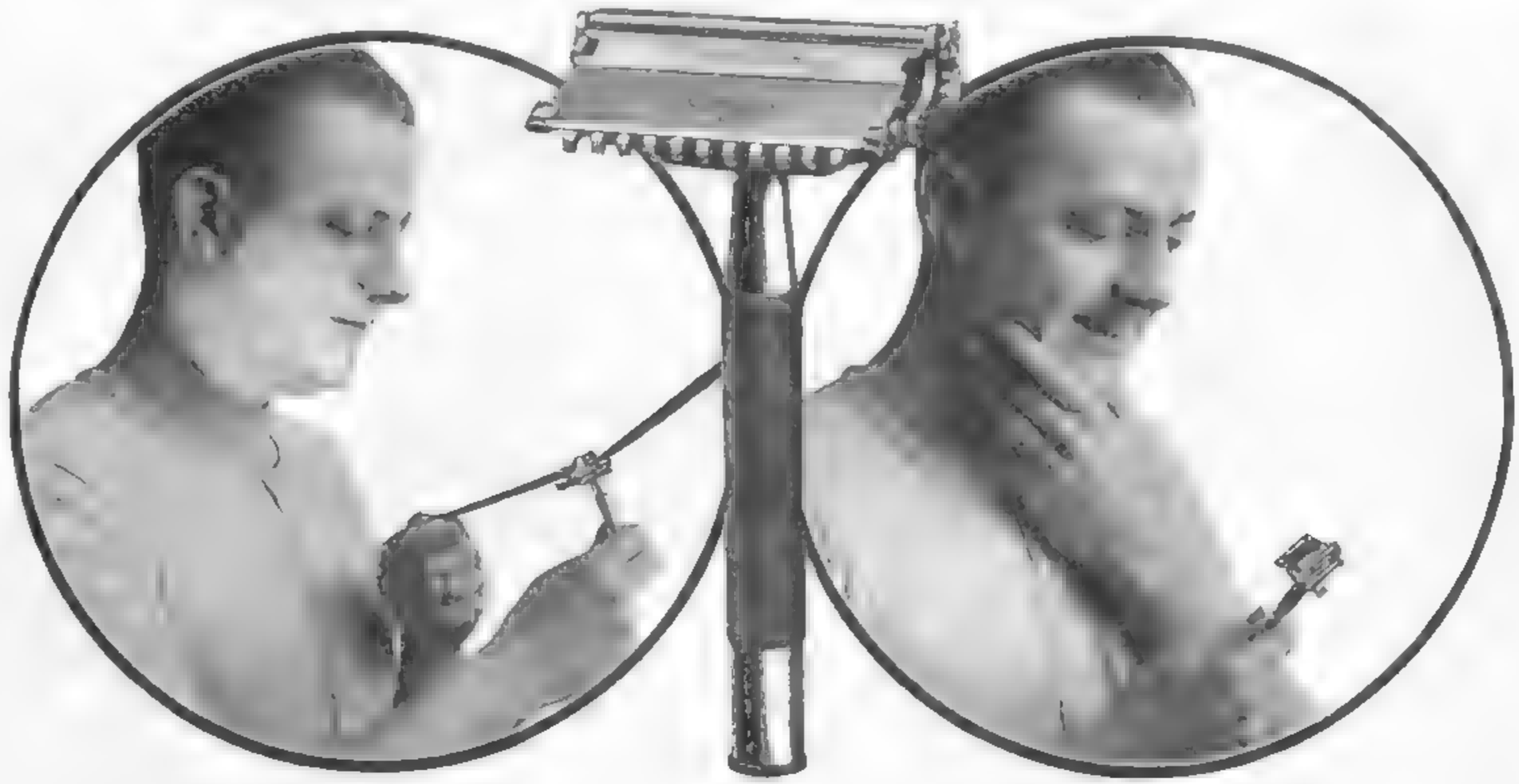


It's the *Stropped* blade that gives the perfect shave

You men who find shaving just one d—ull blade after another should try the AutoStrop Razor. An AutoStrop Razor blade always has a keen edge—because the AutoStrop Razor sharpens it—sharpens it without taking out the blade or taking the razor apart—sharpens it in less time than it takes to change blades in the razor you are using.

This means more than a saving in blades. It means a saving in time and most of all it means a better, cooler, cleaner shave every day. Do you doubt this? The proof is easy and costs you nothing. Go to your dealer and

Borrow an AutoStrop Safety Razor

Pay nothing—deposit nothing. Try it for 30 days. Compare its blade service and its smooth shaving qualities with the razor you are now using. Then decide whether you will keep it or return it.

If you cannot borrow the AutoStrop Razor on these terms, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 345 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

This offer is also good in Canada. 83 Duke Street, *Toronto*

A BILLION A YEAR FROM THE AIR

(Continued from Page 21)

short of her needs. For while the present production of air nitrogen slightly exceeds the former imports of Chile saltpeter, yet it must be borne in mind that the military demands consume perhaps two-thirds of the supply, and agriculture receives only a moderate fraction of its needful plant food. No wonder that crop yields are greatly reduced and that a shortage of food confronts the empire.

While the arc process is not employed in Germany, where cheap electricity cannot be furnished by abundant water power, still the method is of interest because it flourishes profitably in Norway and Sweden, and also owing to the fact that it represents the pioneer effort to achieve the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen by simulating Nature's thunderstorms. The electric discharges of the air are duplicated in principle by the man-made arc, and in this way the associated molecules of oxygen and nitrogen in the air are brought together chemically. Prior to this action, the molecules of oxygen and the molecules of nitrogen are neighbors, much as a mixture of different-size shot. The intense heat of the electric arc inflames the two gases and from the union thus effected is born nitric oxide, a colorless gas.

As the temperature of the nitric oxide falls the gas combines readily with free oxygen, and the result is a brown gas, technically termed nitrogen peroxide. Then follows the corrosive climax when the nitrogen peroxide is transformed into weak nitric acid. This is done by leading the gas into granite towers filled with fragmented quartz, and as the gas rises through this broken material it is met by falling water—imitating Nature's rain. The water absorbs the gas and the fluid is thus converted into dilute nitric acid. Concentration is subsequently effected by evaporation.

The history of the arc process, which dates back commercially less than fifteen years, is full of many ingenious efforts to overcome difficulties and to reduce the cost of production, but at best only partial success has been attained. This is evidenced by the fact that of the total heat developed by the electric arc not more than thirty-three per cent is utilized throughout the entire process. In Norway, where a horse-power year costs but $1.96 for electric energy at the lowest figure and ranges from that up to substantially three dollars, it is practicable to employ the electric arc in the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen, and in both Norway and Sweden the Birkeland-Eyde process has been widely and profitably adopted. But even so, only three per cent of the heat of the arc is actually utilized in bringing about in the furnace the chemical combination between the molecules of oxygen and of nitrogen, and of the rest of that heat it has been possible to put but thirty per cent to useful work—this represents the equivalent of a current wastage of sixty-seven per cent.

Comparative Results

Besides the Birkeland-Eyde process, perfected by Scandinavians, there is the Schoenherr system, developed by Dr. Otto Schoenherr of Germany, and both of these methods have been utilized commercially in Norway; and, finally, there is a third arc process, which was invented by the Pauling Brothers, of Austria. Judged by their respective outputs of nitric acid per hour for a given consumption of current, the Schoenherr process leads, with seventy-five grams of acid per kilowatt-hour; then follows the Birkeland-Eyde system, with seventy grams; and next the Pauling method with sixty grams. The latter, however, has one characteristic feature which is distinctive—that is, the effective way in which it makes it possible to obtain stronger nitric acid from the concentrators.

To Americans, the Pauling Brothers' invention is of interest because it has been tried out here within the past two years at an experimental plant in the South. Electric energy was furnished by the falling waters of a river, and the cost of that power was comparatively moderate, but a great deal higher than the price of such current in Norway—the country where the arc process flourishes. After some months activities at this plant ceased and, under existing conditions, it is doubtful whether the factory could be called a national asset.

To-day, in the United States, it is not possible to obtain energy from a hydro-electric plant at a price anywhere near the Scandinavian figures. What may be done in the future is purely speculative and will depend upon the economical development of our vast, potential water-power sites. It has been estimated by experts of the Department of Commerce that these are capable of producing economically quite 25,000,000 horse power, with greater possibilities if means of impounding the waters be adopted. At the present time probably not more than 6,500,000 horse power, developed by hydro-electric plants, is in use. At Niagara Falls, for instance, the cost of a horse power generated throughout one year ranges from twelve to twenty dollars, and a fair average price is in the neighborhood of seventeen dollars, at least on the American side of the river. Plainly, current at such a price cannot be employed profitably in the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen by means of the arc process. This brings us to the two remaining systems whereby the electric current is helping Germany to solve her nitrogen problem.

The Cyanamide Process

The Haber method need not be dwelt upon because it is controlled by the Badische Anilin- und Soda-Fabrik, and is not at our disposal. But the cyanamide process, now operating so effectively in Germany, is available to us. An American concern is actually producing 64,000 tons yearly of cyanamide on the Canadian side of Niagara Falls. They established themselves in Ontario simply because they could not get electric current at a satisfactory figure on the New York side of the Falls. In 1915, imports from Ontario of calcium cyanamide and lime nitrogen amounted to 33,936 tons, while during 1916 the imports of the same materials reached a total of 60,379 tons, showing our increasing dependence upon these nitrogenous products both for fertilizer and as a source of ammonia for nitric acid.

The cyanamide process can rightly claim a very marked economic advantage over the arc process, because of its much lower consumption of electric energy. To put this in the words of one of the Government's foremost experts, Dr. Thomas H. Norton:

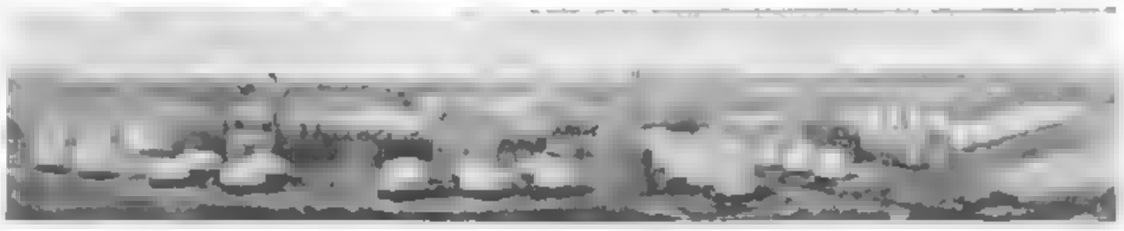
"At present one kilowatt-hour yields seventeen grams of nitrogen in the form of nitric acid by the union of atmospheric nitrogen and oxygen under the most favorable technical conditions; it yields seventy grams in the form of calcium cyanamide from nitrogen, coal and lime."

That is to say, the cyanamide process is more than four hundred per cent cheaper than its earlier rivals of the electric arc. But this is not the whole story. Normally, nitric acid is the form of fixed nitrogen for which there is the least commercial demand, and in that form it is difficult, if not dangerous, to transport to any considerable distance from the point of production. Ammonia and cyanamide, on the other hand, supply the majority of the requirements either of manufacture or of agriculture; and a distinctive characteristic of calcium cyanamide is the ease and comparative cheapness with which it can be converted at the places of consumption into either ammonia or nitric acid, as occasion demands.

Now let us sketch briefly the manner in which calcium cyanamide was discovered, and then outline its present method of manufacture. It is a matter of common knowledge that calcium carbide is the product of lime and coal fused in the electric furnace. It is from calcium carbide, when saturated with water, that we get acetylene gas. The Boer War curtailed gold and silver mining in South Africa and, in doing so, cut down the demand for cyanides, previously used there in large quantities in the extraction of precious metals from low-grade ores. In an effort to find a cheaper basic material from which to manufacture cyanide, Prof. Adolph Frank and Dr. N. Caro, two Germans, discovered that calcium carbide would answer the purpose admirably.

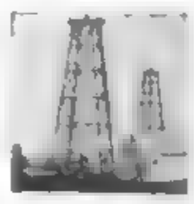
They promptly realized that their ultimate product was not cyanide, however, but a substance which they appropriately termed calcium cyanamide—a new material; and it was not long after that ere it was learned that calcium cyanamide, rich in nitrogen, made an excellent plant food. Then began the development of an industry

En-ar-co MOTOR OIL For National Use



Showing Part of One of Our Five Modern Refineries

From 2,000 Ft. Under the Ground to Fame



The building of En-ar-co National Carbonless Motor Oil is a very remarkable story. It starts at a derrick with drilling a hole down in the earth, approximately 2,000 feet deep. From this hole crude oil is pumped. The crude oil is then forced through a pipe line to the Refinery, which may be from one to one thousand miles away.

Arriving at the refinery, the crude oil is stored in large steel storage tanks. These tanks hold 55,000 barrels or approximately 2,310,000 gallons.

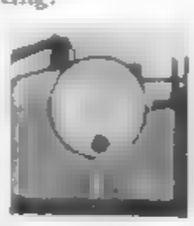
From these tanks the crude oil is again taken through a pipe line by the aid of a pump to the still, where the first separation is made of the different parts that are found in crude oil.

From the heart of the crude oil, there is obtained about 20 per cent of choice oil used for the ultimate purpose of making En-ar-co National Carbonless Motor Oil. This 20 per cent passes out of the still in the form of vapor, which is cooled in a condenser, back to a pure liquid, leaving behind the first undesirable residue oil.

The same 20 per cent is again pumped through a pipe line into a second still for the purpose of crystallizing the paraffine wax in order that this wax may be removed from the oil later on. In this still the oil is again heated and changed into a vapor.

This vapor is then cooled by a condenser to a liquid of even greater purity, leaving a second time any undesirable residue oil in the bottom of the still.

After this is done, the pump once more takes up its burden, pumping the oil through a pipe line to a refrigerating plant where the oil is frozen to zero, after which it is forced through large filter presses made up of blankets, and on these blankets the paraffine wax collects, and the oil, free from the wax, runs away for further treating.



The oil, being now free from wax, is pumped into another still, where scientific care is taken in concentrating the oil, removing from it all those products which would be undesirable in an automobile.

After the oil is concentrated to the desirable consistency, it is taken from the still, cooled, and then pumped to filters, which are filled with a material known as fullers' earth. The oil is filtered through this earth, going in at the top and coming out at the bottom, and in traveling through the earth, any impurities that might have been left in the oil are removed by the fullers' earth. Therefore, in the manufacture of En-ar-co National Carbonless Motor Oil, it has been three times heated up to a temperature of over 600 degrees F., and once cooled down to zero, twice it has been converted into a vapor, and condensed back into a liquid, and in going through this process, ten days' time has been consumed and the oil has traveled around the refinery through twenty miles of pipe line, in order to reach the ultimate end—to perfectly lubricate the cylinders and moving parts of any motor.

En-ar-co NATIONAL CARBONLESS MOTOR OIL

Dealers! Apply for Agency

We shall be glad to receive applications from responsible individuals or firms for agency on En-ar-co National Carbonless Motor Oil in unoccupied territory.

OTHER EN-AR-CO PRODUCTS

White Rose Gasoline—pure, dry, carbon-free. Always uniform.

National Light Oil—bright, clear light for lamps. No smoke, odor, charred wick or chimney. For incubators, brooders, all oil stoves.

En-ar-co Tractor Oil—the correct lubricant for modern tractors.

En-ar-co Motor Grease—for differentials, compression cups, transmission. For use all around the motor car.

Black Beauty Axle Grease—insures a smooth, wear-resisting axle.

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General Offices, Cleveland, Ohio — 76 Distributing Branches

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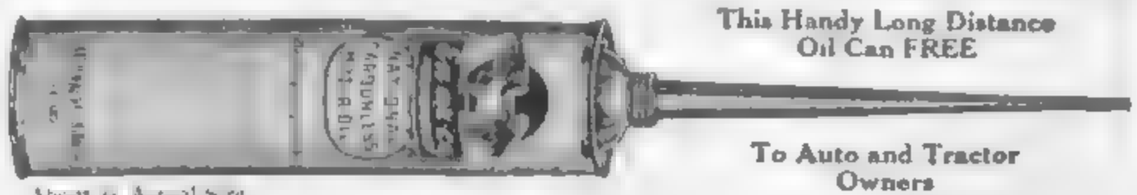

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This Can Only to Auto or Tractor Owners. Not to Boys or Girls.

The Rainy-Day Riddle

With the morning rain, comes the question of what to wear. Will you don old suit, old coat, old *everything*—then feel shabby when the sun comes out?

Buy a Raynster. Then put on your best bib and tucker; cover up with one of these ideal storm-coats and brave the worst of downpours. You're safe—and stylish, too.

Raynsters are a complete line of storm-coats for men, women, boys and girls. Many styles and prices. See Raynsters at your dealer's. You'll find every kind, from strong work-coats to stylish dress-up coats.

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Beech-Nut Mints are brand-new, but not a new brand.

Tasteful satisfaction that melts on your tongue

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bent principally upon the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen in this form for the purpose of providing an artificial fertilizer. At the same time, additional investigations disclosed how readily calcium cyanamide could be transformed into nitric acid or into the intermediate product, ammonia. By heating calcium cyanamide with steam ammonia is given off, and the ammonia, when oxidized by a platinum catalyzer, is converted into nitric acid.

At Niagara Falls, where a company producing cyanamide is located, coal and lime are placed in an electric furnace, and by means of that high heat these raw materials are fused and thus converted into calcium carbide at a comparatively moderate expenditure of current. The calcium carbide, when cooled sufficiently, is ground up and in that form presents a greater exposed surface for the absorption of nitrogen. Contact with nitrogen is not, however, effected by drawing upon the unmodified atmosphere. It is necessary to have pure or undiluted nitrogen for the fixation process. In order to separate the nitrogen from the oxygen, as they are associated in the air, powerful compressors are employed to liquefy the air. Inasmuch as the oxygen is heavier than the nitrogen, the latter, like steam, rises and passes off from the fluid, and by means of fractional distillation the two gases are separated.

Lime Nitrogen

With a supply of pure nitrogen in a gaseous form, obtained in this fashion, the next thing is to bring the pulverized carbide and the nitrogen together. This is done by associating them in electric ovens—not furnaces; and when the heat is at the right height the pulverized carbide absorbs the nitrogen greedily and holds it. The stuff that comes from the ovens is in the shape of black hard cakes, and these, when analyzed, show twenty-two per cent of nitrogen. In the trade this is called lime nitrogen; and to prepare it for agricultural purposes this material is ground fine, partly hydrated to insure the decomposition of the one per cent of unnitrified carbide, and then oiled to render it dustless. When so treated the cyanamide is packed in sacks and is ready to be mixed as an ingredient in artificial fertilizers.

In substance, this is what the German calcium cyanamide plants were doing, before the outbreak of the war, to help along the farmers; and since then those original plants and others that have been created are producing six hundred thousand tons of the fixed air nitrogen, now serving to provide powder and explosives in the first place and fertilizer for the farm lands when possible. The experience of Germany in peace and in war is of profound significance to America. Our principal source of nitrogen is, as Germany's was, Chilean saltpeter. As has been said, during the past twelve months we imported from Chile in the neighborhood of a million and a half short tons of niter, and certainly sixty per cent of this has been used for the manufacture of explosives, much of which has been shipped abroad. That leaves six hundred thousand tons to meet normal domestic consumption. If our traffic with South America be interfered with by a foe we could not look confidently to Chile to supply us with sodium nitrate.

To-day nearly twenty per cent of the saltpeter imported is diverted to agriculture, and we cannot afford to deny our fields this modest allowance of necessary plant food. Indeed, we have commonly neglected to give our acres anything like the measure of fertilizers that we should, and we are, therefore, far behind the more progressive of the countries of Western Europe in this particular. To just what extent we lag is indicated by the following table, which is a fair statement of the case up to the present war, although the figures officially cover the period from 1903 to 1912:

Average Yield Per Acre				
COUNTRY	WHEAT BUSHELS	OATS, BUSHELS	BARLEY, BUSHELS	POTATOES BUSHELS
United States.	14.1	29.6	25.3	94.2
Germany . .	30.1	51.9	36.3	194.4
Great Britain.	31.7	44.3	34.7	202.8

How much fixed nitrogen we shall need to meet existing conditions it is not easy to determine, but it cannot be denied that there must be a constant production of it to keep the fighting forces equal to their work and to enable the farmer to get what he should from his acres. It is a known fact that even the far-seeing Germans found themselves away off in their original estimates of the nitric acid, and so forth, that they would want; and it is equally certain that the war on several occasions came practically to a standstill on both sides because of lack of munitions. In order to prevent this, and also to obviate interfering with our chemical industries by commandeering the by-products of our coke ovens, Congress appropriated twenty million dollars for a Government air-nitrogen plant. But this is only a beginning; it could not supply the equivalent of more than one-third of the amount of nitrogen which we have been obtaining of late years annually from Chile, in the form of saltpeter.

German farmers heretofore have found it to their advantage to use artificial fertilizers, because for every dollar spent in plant food of this sort they have secured two dollars more of grain above the yield obtainable without this stimulant to growth. This explains in large part why both the German and the British husbandmen have uniformly surpassed our native farmers in making their acres fruitful. Why then does not the American farmer do likewise? Simply because his imported fertilizers cost him much more than they do his foreign competitors, and only native farmers who are experienced in the use of fertilizers, who know what kind to buy and how to use them to best advantage, can make a profit at the present prices of these plant foods. On crops that yield higher acreage returns than cereals—for instance, cotton, which brings from twenty dollars to sixty dollars an acre instead of the ten dollars to twenty-five dollars obtained with cereals—the case is somewhat different. One hundred per cent profit from the fertilizer investment is a rule on cotton, and even two hundred per cent is common with the more skillful farmers, even at present prices.

Profits Due to Fertilizers

Plainly, then, this question of an abundance of nitrogen garnered from the air by electrical processes is one of the utmost economic importance, and has a wider and more far-reaching significance than the mere provision against a military emergency. Our fertilizer bill runs annually now at substantially $175,000,000, and this is applied in the following proportions: More than one-third to cotton; a third to truck crops, tobacco, fruit and sugar cane; while nearly a third goes on cereal crops—principally in the Atlantic Coast States.

Under normal conditions Germany, with an area less than that of the state of Texas, uses about a third more nitrogen than we do. If we used nitrogen at the same rate as the German husbandmen we should consume, instead of $88,000,000 worth of this plant food, seven times as much annually, or more than $600,000,000 worth. But before we can do this economically, the price of fixed nitrogen must be reduced to somewhere in the neighborhood of sixty per cent of the present cost. This can be done by recourse to the process on which Germany depends most—that is, the calcium cyanamide method. If we applied nitrogen upon the German scale to our soil, equivalent to about 10,000,000 tons of Chilean saltpeter yearly, the value of our crops would be increased easily $1,000,000,000, leaving a net profit, on a basis of sixty per cent of the present cost for this fertilizer, of $700,000,000.

Austro-Hungary, Canada, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, Norway, Sweden and Switzerland all have their own factories for the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen, and why should not we? It is simply a matter of utilizing intelligently our available water-power resources. Next, it is essential that factories for this purpose be located where we have within easy reach plenty of lime, coal and phosphate rock, for phosphate is likewise necessary to the soil. We have just such ideal combinations of physical advantages in several parts of the United States, and the present international crisis and the high cost of living make it evident that we cannot afford much longer to postpone the establishment of numerous factories of this sort and thus make ourselves absolutely independent of Chile's deposits of nitrate of soda. Surely, it is worth our while in this way to draw nearly a billion dollars' worth of value annually from the air. We can do it and we should do it.

Premier

The Aluminum Six with Magnetic Gear Shift

Perhaps the following facts may tend to explain why Premier, a new car, has become, almost instantly, the most talked about car of the year—and one of the best sellers

Premier is the only car in America equipped regularly with the C-H magnetic gear shift.

Premier is the only car in America, at anything like its price, with an aluminum motor.

Premier's body lines are not slavish adaptations, but crisp and new and sufficiently *different* to give the owner of a Premier the satisfaction of driving an exclusive car.

Premier, your own good sense will tell you, cannot get "rattly" and loose, because of its *eight-inch* bridge girder steel frame—the frames of even the most expensive cars are as a rule not over *four or five inches* deep.

Premier's Lynite aluminum motor is 255 pounds lighter than the conventional cast iron motor of equal dimensions—this takes dead weight off the front wheels, makes steering far easier, and gives you a balanced car that astounds you with its ability to hold the road and with its freedom from skidding.

Premier has Hartford shock absorbers in front, and 58-inch Perfection three-quarter-elliptic springs in the rear—which makes it ride "smooth as a liner."

The "V" type radiator adds six inches to Premier's body room and renders this 125½-inch car the equal in size of a 131½-inch car.

Premier turns in a 39-foot circle.

After having put more than a thousand Premier cars in the hands of users, reports from over the country indicate an extraordinarily low gasoline consumption and unusually long tire mileage.

Premier is not assembled from stock units. Every unit in Premier is especially designed and built to our own engineering department's specification, and our motor, which is built entirely in our own factory, can be obtained in no car but Premier.

The beauty of Premier cars beggars all description.

Competitive cars shy from a brush with Premier on hill or acceleration tests. In traffic, its instantaneous gear shift gives it an unfair advantage over all other cars.

The net of it being that Premier simply gives the public its money's worth—with the C-H magnetic gear shift and the aluminum motor as *plus*.

Where else can you find such a car at $1985?

Write for our New Catalog. It answers every question about everything pertaining to Premier cars.

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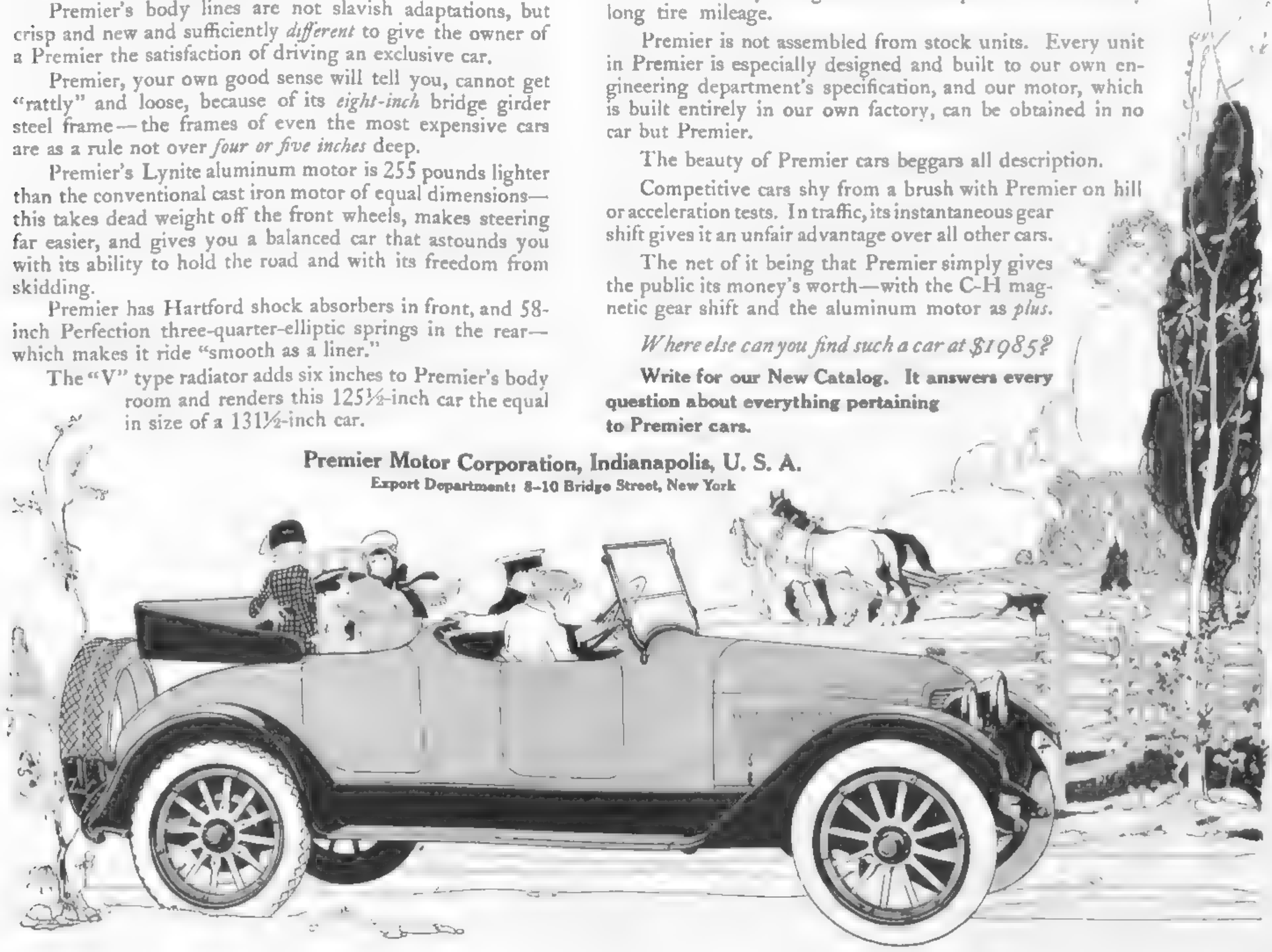
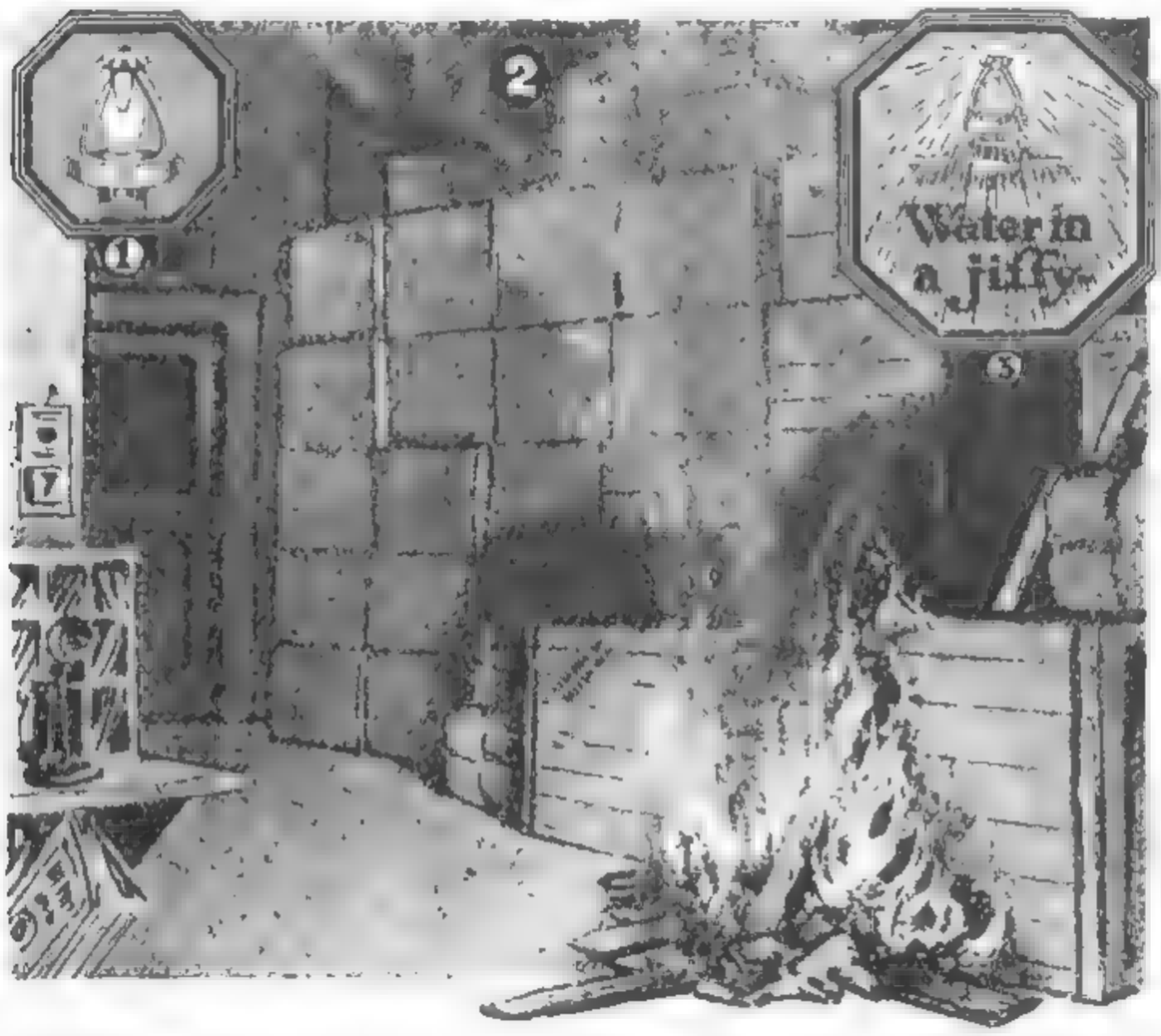
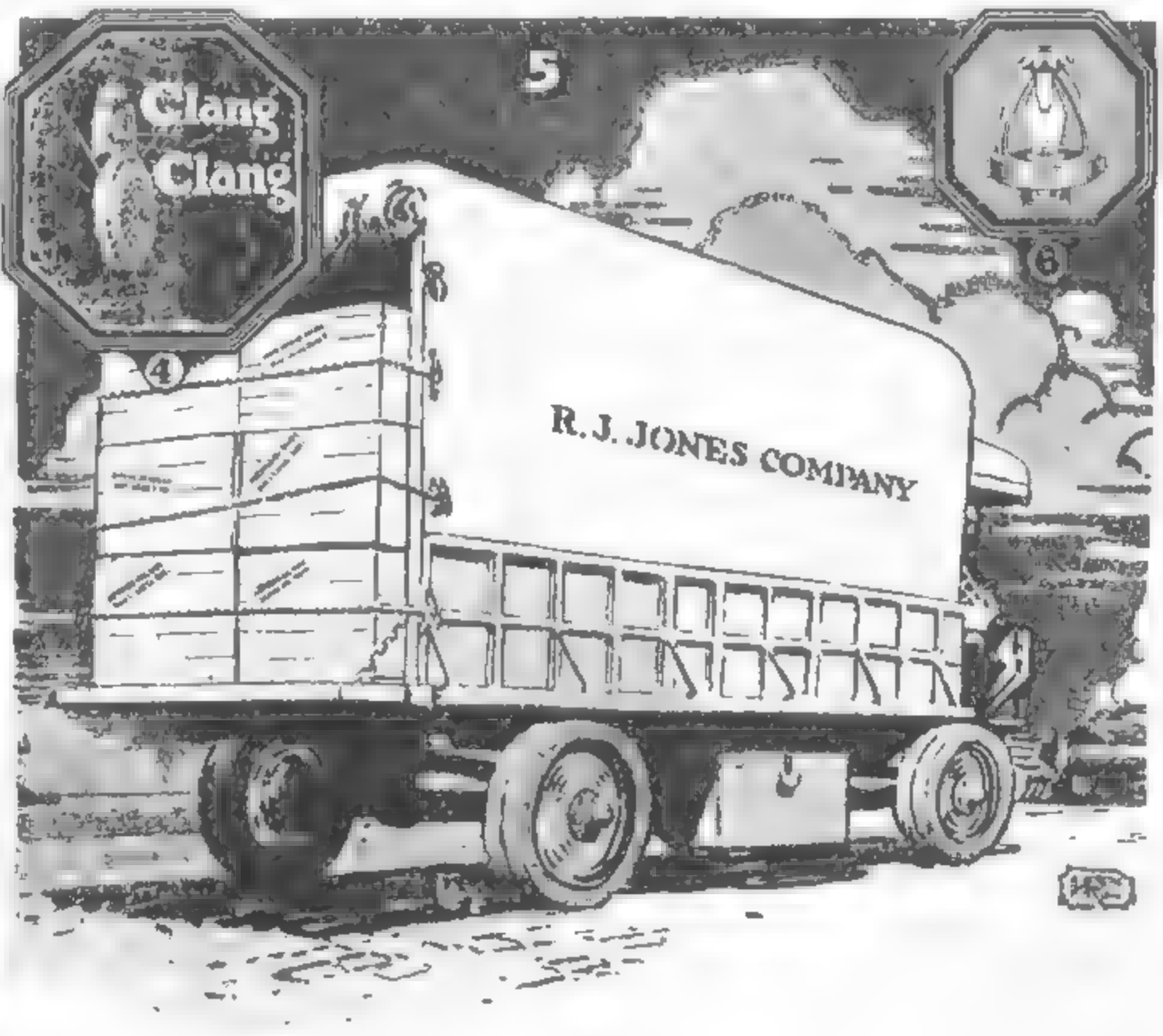


1. On guard 2. A fire starts 3. A Grinnell douses the fire 4. And rings a gong 5. Goods going out on time 6. On guard



The twenty-five cases of goods in this storeroom comprised a hurry-up order for an important customer. Did this little fire stop delivery? No.



Half an hour after the fire started the goods were on their way, because the fire was automatically put out by Grinnells.

Keeps your going business going!

A bad fire will give any business, however prosperous, a solar-plexus blow and knock it out.

"It can't knock me out," you say, "I'm insured."

Yes, insured for 80 per cent. perhaps, leaving 20 per cent. of your physical value not covered by insurance. But that is a small part of the total loss you would suffer from a bad fire.

You need to know what the other losses will be.

Your treasurer or auditor can find out for you if you tear out this "Fire-Loss Estimator" and hand it to him.

Don't be surprised at the largeness of his estimate. It will give you a new idea of the value of *your going business*, and when you see what fire will cost you, you'll want two more figures:

1—The *cost* of a Grinnell Automatic Sprinkler System that will surely protect your business.

2—The saving in insurance expense the system will earn for you. It varies from 40 to 90 per cent.

We will give you the first figure and help you get the second. All we want to know now is the square-foot floor-area of your building, the amount of insurance you carry and the rate.

Address General Fire Extinguisher Company, 277 West Exchange Street, Providence, R. I. Your going business demands action. No other business you have on hand is half so important. Do it *now*.

-----*Tear off here—now*----------*Hand to your Treasurer*-----

How much is not covered by insurance? Use present market prices, not book-value _____

How long would it take to clean up the ruins after a fire? _____

How long after that to erect new buildings? _____

How long after that to get machinery installed and in full working order? _____

How long after that to get your working force into efficient operation in the new plant to fill normal quantity of orders? _____

Estimate the probable cost of the above _____

This "Fire-Loss Estimator" gives a new idea of the value of your going business.

Estimate the loss in profits over this whole period _____

What men (salesmen, agents, office-force and factory-employees, superintendents, etc.) would you keep on the payroll? _____

What would be the cost while they were non-productive? _____

Total interruption cost not covered by insurance _____

Add to the above, to be considered separately, your estimate of possible loss of customers to competitors, loss of good-will, and possible restriction of bank credit _____

GRINNELL

AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER SYSTEM

The Factory-Assembled System

OVER, UNDER, AROUND OR THROUGH

(Continued from Page 27)

jail; because he said so. But I wouldn't go, sheriff. I thought you wouldn't like it. Say, you ought to sit down, feller. You're going to have apoplexy one of these days, sure as you're a foot high!"

"You come downstairs with me," said the angry Barton. "I'll get at the bottom of this or I'll have your heart out of you."

"All right, sheriff. Just you wait till I get dressed." Peter laced his shoes, put on his hat, and laid tie, coat and vest negligently across the hollow of his arm. "I can't do my tie good unless I got a looking-glass," he explained, and paused to light a cigar. "Have one, sheriff," he said with hospitable urgency.

"Get out of here!" shouted the enraged officer.

Pete tripped light-footed down the stairs. At the stairfoot the sheriff paused. In the cell directly opposite were two bruised and tattered inmates where there should have been but one, and that one undismantled. The sheriff surveyed the wreckage within. His jaw dropped; his face went red to the hair; his lip trembled as he pointed to the larger of the two roommates, who was, beyond doubting, Amos Poole—or some remainder of him.

"How did that man get here?" demanded the sheriff in a cracked and horrified voice.

"Him? Oh, I throwed him in there!" said Pete lightly. "That's the man who brought me the keys and pestered me to go away with him. Say, sheriff, better watch out! He told me he had a gun."

"The damned skunk didn't have no gun! All he had was a flashlight, and I broke that over his head. But he tole me the same story about the jailer—all except the gun." This testimony was volunteered by the other cellmate.

Peter removed his cigar and looked at the "damned skunk" more closely.

"Why, if it ain't Mr. Poole!" he said.

"Sure, it's Poole. What in hell does he mean, then—swearin' you into jail and then breaking you out?"

"Hadn't you better ask him?" said Peter very reasonably. "You come on down to the office, sheriff. I want you to get at the bottom of this or have the heart out of someone." He rolled a dancing eye at Poole with the word, and Poole shrank before it.

"Breakfast! Bring us our breakfast!" bawled the prisoners. "Breakfast!"

The sheriff dealt leniently with the uproar, realizing that these were but weakling folk and, under the influence of excitement, hardly responsible.

"Brooks has been tied up all night, and is all but dead. I'll get you something as soon as I can," he said, "on condition that you stop that hullabaloo at once. Johnson, come down to the office."

He telephoned a hurry call to a restaurant, Brooks, the jailer, being plainly incapable of furnishing breakfast. Then he turned to Pete.

"What is this, Johnson? A plant?"

Pete's nose quivered.

"Sure! It was a plant from the first. The Pooles were hired to set upon me. This one was sent, masked, to tell me to break out. Then, as I figure it, I was to be betrayed back again, to get two or three years in the pen for breaking jail. Nice little scheme!"

"Who did it? For Poole, if you're not lying, was only a tool."

"Sheriff," said Pete, "pass your hand through my hair and feel there, and look at my face. See any scars? Quite a lot of 'em? And all in front? Men like that don't have to lie. They pay for what they break. You go back up there and get after Poole. He'll tell you. Any man that will do what he did to me, for money, will squeal on his employer. Sure!"

Overhead the hammering and shouting broke out afresh.

"There," said the sheriff regretfully; "now I'll have to make those fellows go without anything to eat till dinnertime."

"Sheriff," said Pete, "you've been mighty square with me. Now I want you should do me one more favor. It will be the last one; for I shan't be with you long. Give those boys their breakfast. I got 'em into this. I'll pay for it, and take it mighty kindly of you, besides."

"Oh, all right!" growled the sheriff, secretly relieved.

"One thing more, brother: I think your jailer was in this—but that's your business. Anyhow, Poole knew which key opened my door, and he didn't know the others. Of course he may have forced your jailer to tell him that. But Poole didn't strike me as being up to any bold enterprise unless it was cut and dried."

The sheriff departed, leaving Johnson unguarded in the office. In ten minutes he was back.

"All right," he nodded. "He confessed—whimpering hard. Brooks was in it. I've got him locked up. Nice doings, this is!"

"Mitchell?"

"Yes. I wouldn't have thought it of him. What was the reason?"

"There is never but one reason. Money! Who's this?"

It was Mr. Boland, attended by Mr. Ferdie Sedgwick, both sadly disheveled and bearing marks of a sleepless night. Francis Charles spoke hurriedly to the sheriff.

"Oh, I say, Barton! McClintock will go bail for this man Johnson. Ferdie and I would, but we're not taxpayers in the county. Come over to the Iroquois, won't you?"

"Boland," said the sheriff solemnly, "take this scoundrel out of my jail! Don't you ever let him step foot in here again. There won't be any bail; but he must appear before His Honor later to-day for the formal dismissal of the case. Take him away! If you can possibly do so, ship him out of town at once."

Francis Charles winked at Peter as they went down the steps.

"So it was you last night?" said Peter. "Thanks to you. I'll do as much for you some time."

"Thank us both. This is my friend Sedgwick, who was to have been our chauffeur." The two gentlemen bowed, grinning joyfully. "My name's Boland, and I'm to be your first stockholder. Miss Selden told me about you—which is my certificate of character. Come over to the hotel and see Old McClintock. Miss Selden is there too. She bawled him out about Nephew Stan last night. Regular old-fashioned wigging! And now she has the old gentleman eating from her hand. Say, how about this Stanley thing, anyway? Any good?"

"Son," said Pete, "Stanley is a regular person."

Boland's face clouded.

"Well, I'm going out with you and have a good look at him," he said gloomily. "If I'm not satisfied with him I'll refuse my consent. And I'll look at your mine—if you've got any mine. They used to say that when a man drinks of the waters of the Hassayampa he can never tell the truth again. And you're from Arizona."

Pete stole a shrewd look at the young man's face.

"There is another old saying about the Hassayampa, son," he said kindly, "with even more truth to it than in that old *dicho*. They say that whoever drinks of the waters of the Hassayampa must come to drink again."

He bent his brows at Francis Charles.

"Good guess" admitted Boland, answering the look. "I've never been to Arizona, but I've sampled the Pecos and the Rio Grande; and I must go back 'Where the flyin'-fishes play on the road to Mandalay, where the dawn comes up like thunder'—Oh, gee! That's my real reason. I suppose that silly girl and your picturesque pardner will marry anyhow, even if I disapprove—precious pair they'll make! And if I take a squint at the copper proposition it will be mostly in Ferdie's interest—Ferdie is the capitalist, comparatively speaking; but he can't tear himself away from little old N'Yawk. This is his first trip West—here in Vesper. Myself, I've got only two coppers to clink together—or maybe three. We're rather overlooking Ferdie, don't you think? Mustn't do that. Might withdraw his backin'. Ferdie, speak up pretty for the gennulmun!"

"Oh, don't mind me, Mr. Johnson," said Sedgwick cheerfully. "I'm used to hearin' Boland hog the conversation, and trottin' to keep up with him. Glad to be seen on the street with him. Gives one a standing,

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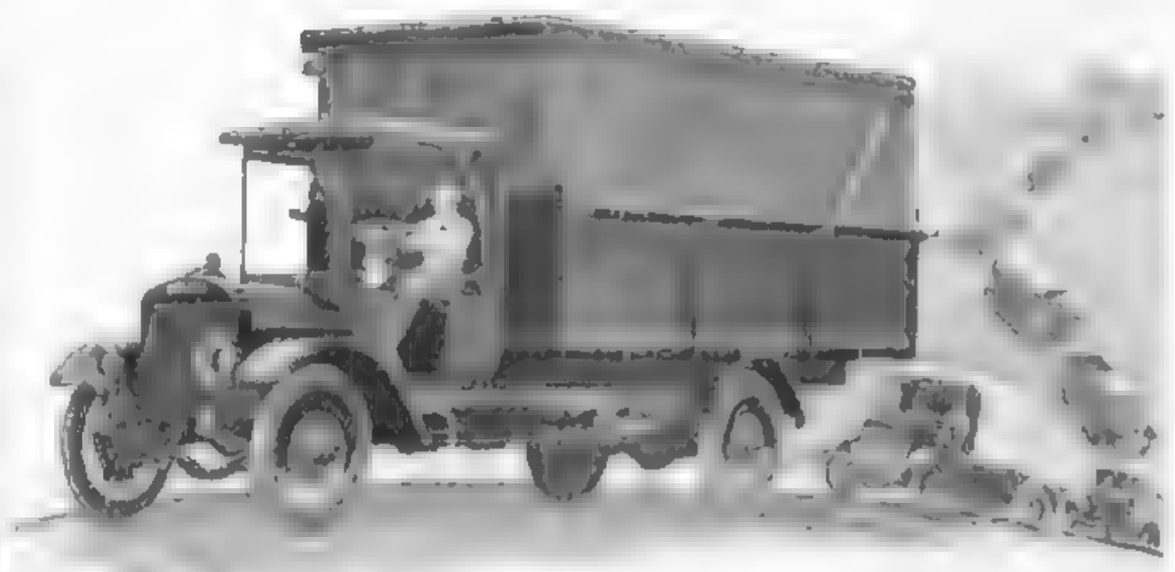

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you know. But, I say, old chappie, why didn't you come last night? Deuced anxious, we were! Thought you missed the way, or slid down your rope and got nabbed again, maybe. No end of a funk I was in, not being used to lawbreakin', except by advice of counsel. And we felt a certain delicacy about inquiring about you this morning, you know—until we heard about the big ructions at the jail. Come over to McClintock's rooms—can't you?—where we'll be all together, and tell us about it—so you won't have to tell it but the one time."

"No, sir," said Pete decidedly. "I get my breakfast first, and a large shave. Got to do credit to Stan. Then I'll go with you. Big mistake, though. Story like this gets better after bein' told a few times. I could make quite a tale of this, with a little practice."

XV

"YOU'VE got Stan sized up all wrong, Mr. McClintock," said Pete. "That boy didn't want your money. He never so much as mentioned your name to me. If he had I would have known why Old Man Trouble was haunting him so persistent. And he don't want anybody's money. He's got aplenty of his own—in prospect. And he's got what's better than money: he has learned to do without what he hasn't got."

"You say he has proved himself a good man of his hands?" demanded McClintock sharply.

"Here is what I heard spoken of him by highest authority," said Pete, "the day before I left: 'He'll make a hand!' That was the word said of Stan to me. We don't get any higher than that in Arizona. When you say of a man 'He'll do to take along,' you've said it all. And Stanley Mitchell will do to take along. I'm thinking, sir, that you did him no such an ill turn when your quarrel sent him out there. He was maybe the least bit inclined to be butterflighty when he first landed."

It was a queer gathering. McClintock sat in his great wheeled chair, leaning against the cushions; he held a silken skullcap in his hand, revealing a shining poll with a few silvered locks at side and back; his little red ferret eyes, fiery still, for all the burden of his years, looked piercingly out under shaggy brows. His attendant, withered and brown and gaunt, stood silent behind him. Mary Selden, quiet and pale, was at the old man's left hand. Pete Johnson, with one puffed and discolored eye, a bruised cheek, and with skinned and bandaged knuckles but cheerful and sunny of demeanor, sat facing McClintock. Boland and Sedgwick sat a little to one side. They had tried to withdraw, on the plea of intrusion; but McClintock had overruled them and bade them stay.

"For the few high words that passed atween us, I care not a bodle—though, for the cause of them I take shame to myself," said McClintock, glancing down affectionately at Mary Selden. "I was the more misled—at the contrivance of your fleechin' scoundrel of an Oscar. 'I'm off to Arizona, to win the boy free,' says he—the leein' cur! . . . I will say this thing, too, that my heart warmed to the lad at the very time of it—that he had spunk to speak his mind. I have seen too much of the supple stock. Sirs, it is but an ill thing to be overrich, in which estate mankind is seen at the worst. The fawning sort cringe underfoot for favors, and the true breed of kindly folk are all o'erapt to pass the rich man by, verra scornful-like." He looked hard at Peter Johnson. "I am naming no names," he added.

"As for my gear, it would be a queer thing if I could not do what I like with my own. Even a gay young birkie like yoursel' should understand that, Mr. Johnson. Besides, we talk of what is by. The lawyer has been; Van Lear has given him instructions, and the pack of you shall witness my hand to the bit paper that does Stan right, or ever you leave this room."

Pete shrugged his shoulders.

"Stanley will always be feeling that I softied it up to you. And he's a stiff-necked one—Stan!"

McClintock laughed with a relish.

"For all ye are sic a fine young man, Mr. Johnson, I'm doubtin' ye're no deeplomat. And Stan will be knowing that same. Here is what ye shall do: You shall go to him and say that you saw an old man sitting by his leelane, and handfast to the chimney neuk; and that you are thinking I will be needin' a friendly face, and that you think ill of him for that same stiff neck of his. Ye will be having him come to seek and not to gie; folk aye like better to be forgiven than to forgive; I do, mysel'. That is what you shall do for me."

"And I did not come to coax money from you to develop the mine with, either," said Pete. "If the play hadn't come just this way, with the jail and all, you would have seen neither hide nor hair of me."

"I am thinking that you are one who has had his own way of it overmuch," said McClintock. His little red eyes shot sparks beneath the beetling brows; he had long since discovered that he had the power to badger Mr. Johnson; and divined that, as a usual thing, Johnson was a man not easily ruffled. The old man enjoyed the situation mightily and made the most of it. "When ye are come to your growth you will be more patient of sma' crossings. Here is no case for argle-bargle. You have taken yon twa brisk lads into competition with you" he nodded toward the brisk lads—"the compact being that they were to provide fodder for yonder mine-beastie, so far as in them lies, and, when they should grow short of siller, to seek more for you. Weel, they need seek no farther, then. I have told them that I will be their backer at need: I made the deal wi' them direct and ye have nowt to do with it. You are ill to please, young man! You come here with a very singular story, and nowt to back it but a glib tongue and your smooth, innocentlike young face—and you go back hame with a heaped gowpen of gold, and mair in the kist ahint of that. I think ye do very weel for yoursel'."

"Don't mind him, Mr. Johnson," said Mary Selden. "He is only teasing you."

Old McClintock covered her hand with his own and continued:

"Listen to her now! Was ne'er a lassie yet could bear to think ill of a bonny face!" He drew down his brows at Pete, who writhed visibly.

Ferdie Sedgwick rose and presented a slip of pasteboard to McClintock, with a bow.

"I have to-day heard with astonishment—ahem!—and with indignation a great many unseemly and disrespectful remarks concerning money, and more particularly concerning money that runs to millions," he said, opposing a grave and wooden countenance to the battery of eyes. "Allow me to present you my card, Mr. McClintock, and to assure you that I harbor no such sentiments. I can always be reached at the address given; and I beg you to remember, sir, that I shall be most happy to serve you in the event that ——"

A rising gale of laughter drowned his further remarks, but he continued in dumb show, with fervid gesticulations, and a mouth that moved rapidly but produced no sound, concluding with a humble bow; and stalked back to his chair with stately dignity, unmarred by even the semblance of a smile. Young Peter Johnson howled with the rest, his sulks forgotten; and even the withered serving man relaxed to a smile—a portent hitherto unknown.

"Come; we grow giddy," chided McClintock at last, wiping his own eyes as he spoke. "We have done with talk of yonder ghost-bogle mine. But I must trouble you yet with a word of my own, which is partly to justify me before you. This it is—that, even at the time of Stanley's flitting, I set it down in black and white that he was to halve my gear wi' Oscar, share and share alike. I aye likit the boy weel. From this day all is changit; Oscar shall hae neither plack nor bawbee of mine; all goes to my wife's nephew, Stanley Mitchell, as is set down in due form in the bit testament that is waiting without; bating only some few sma' bequests for old kindness. It is but loath I am to poison our mirth with the name of the man Oscar; the deil will hae him to be brandered; he is fast grippit, except he be cast out as an orra-piece, like the man in the Norroway tale.

"When ye are come to your own land, Mr. Johnson, ye will find that brockle-faced stot there afore you; and I trust ye will came him weel. Heckle him finely, and spare not; but e'er ye have done wi' him, for my sake drop a word in his lug to come nae mair to Vesper. When all's said, the man is of my wife's blood and bears her name; I would not have that name publicly disgracit. They were a kindly folk, the Mitchells. I thought puirly of theem for a wastrel crew when I was young, But now I am old, I doubt their way was as near right as mine.

"You will tell him for me, Mr. Johnson, to name one who shall put a value on his

(Continued on Page 109)

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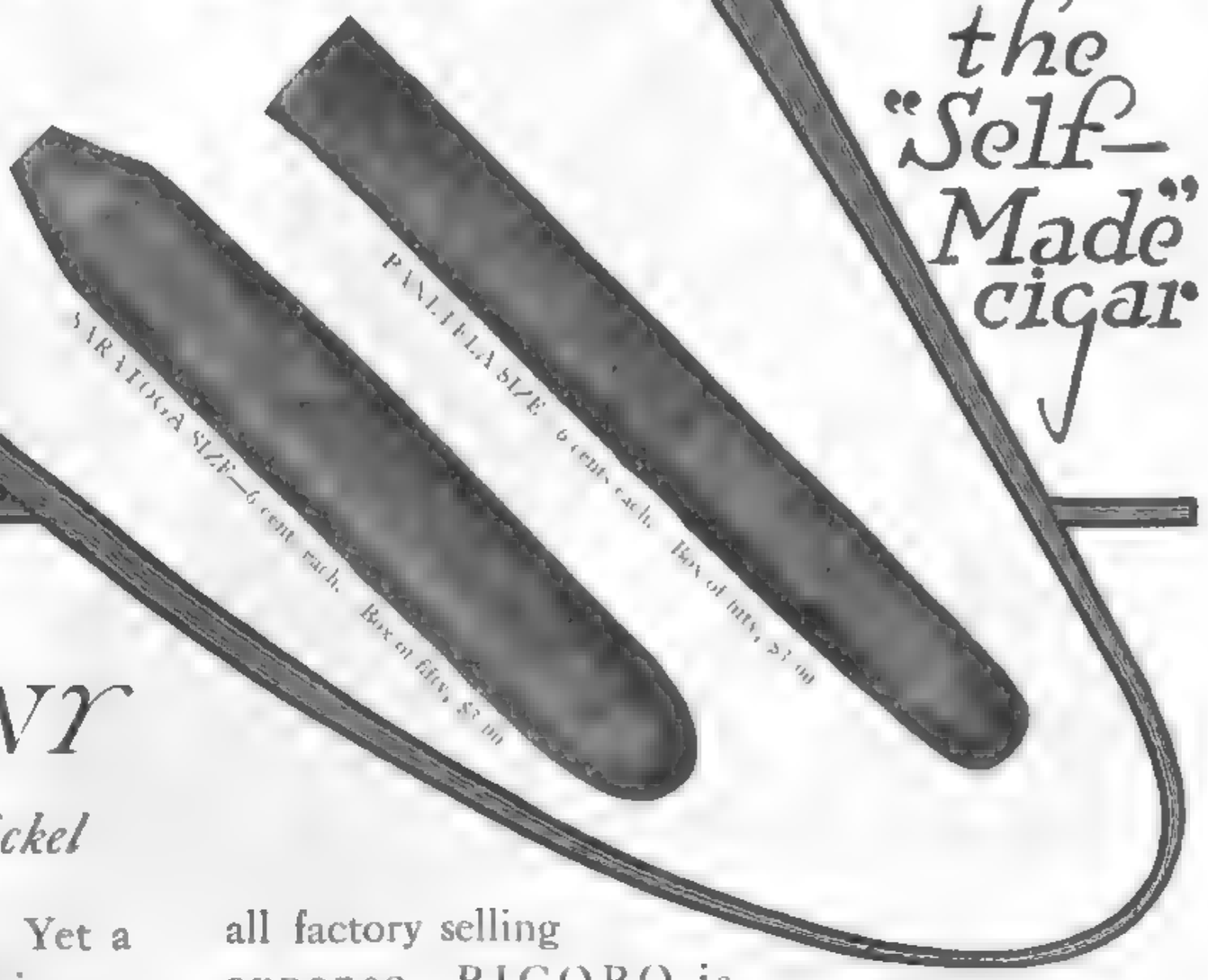

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(Continued from Page 106)

gear, and I shall name another; and what they agree upon I shall pay over to his doer, and then may I never hear of him more—unless it be of ony glisk of good yet in him, the which I shall be most blithe to hear. And so let that be my last word of Oscar. Cornelius, bring in the lawyer body, and let us be ower wi' it; for I think it verra needfu' that the two lads should even pack their mails and take train this day for the West. You'll have an eye on this young spark, Mr. Boland? And gie him a bit word of counsel from time to time, should ye see him tempit to whilly-whas and follies? I fear me he is prone to insubordination."

"I'll watch over him, sir," laughed Boland. "I'll keep him in order. And if Miss Selden should have a message—or anything—to send, perhaps ——"

Miss Selden blushed and laughed.

"No, thank you!" she said. "I'll—I'll send it by Mr. Johnson."

The will was brought in. McClintock affixed his signature in a firm round hand; the others signed as witnesses.

"Man Johnson, will ye bide behind for a word?" said McClintock as the farewells were said.

When the others were gone he made a sign to Van Lear, who left the room.

"I'm asking you to have Stanley back soon -though he'll be coming for the lassie's sake, ony gate. But I am wearyin' for a sight of the lad's face the once yet," said the old man. "And yoursel', Mr. Johnson; if you visit to York State again I should be blithe to have a crack with you. But it must be early days, for I'll be fluttin' soon. I'll tell you this, that I am real pleased to have met with you. Man, I'll tell ye a dead secret. Ye ken the auld man ahint my chair -him that the silly folk ca' Rameses Second in their sport? What think ye the auld body whispert to me but now? That he likit ye weel—no less! Man, that sets ye up! Cornelius has not said so much for ony man these twenty year—so my jest is true enough, for all 'twas said in fleerin'; ye bear your years well and the credentials of them in your face, and ye'll not be minding for an old man's daffin'?"

"Sure not! I'm a great hand at the joke-play myself," said Pete. "And it's good for me to do the squirmin' myself, for once."

"I thought so much. I likit ye mysel', and I'll be thinkin' of you; nights, and your wild life out beyont. I'll tell you something now and belike you'll laugh at me." He lowered his voice and spoke wistfully. "Man, I have ne'er fought wi' my hands in a' my life—not since I was a wean; nor yet felt the pinch of ony pressing danger to be facit, that I might know how jeopardy sorts wi' my stomach. I became man-grown as a halflin' boy, or e'er you were born yet a starveling boy, workin' for bare bread; and hard beset I was for't. So my thoughts turned all money-wise, till it became fixture and habit with me; and I took nae time for pleasures.

"But when I heard of your fight yestreen, and how you begawked him that we are to mention no more, and of your skirmishes and by-falls with these gentry of your own land, my silly auld blood leapit in my brisket. And when I was a limber lad like yourself I do think truly that once I might hae likit weel to hae been lot and part of siclike stir and hazard, and to see the bale-fires burn.

"Bear with me a moment yet, and I'll have done. There is a hard question I would spier of you. I thought but ill of my kind in my younger days. Now, being old, I see, with a thankful heart, how many verra fine people inhabit here. 'Tis a real bonny world. And, looking back, I see too often where I have made harsh judgings of my fellows. There are more excuses for ill-doings to my old eyes. Was't so with you?"

"Yes," said Pete. "We're not such a poor lot after all—not when we stop to think or when we're forced to see. In fire or flood, or sickness, we're all eager to bear a hand—for we see, then. Our purses and our hearts are open to any great disaster. Why, take two cases—the telephone girls and the elevator boys. Don't sound heroic much, do they? But, by God, when the floods come the telephone girls die at their desks, still sendin' out warnings! And when a big fire comes, and there are lives to save, them triflin' cigarette-smoking, sassy, no-account boys run the elevators through hell and back as long as the cables hold! Every time!"

The old man's eye kindled.

"Look ye there, now! Man, and have ye noticed that too?" he cried triumphantly. "Ye have e'en the secret of it. We're good in emairgencies, the now; when the time comes when we get a glimmer that all life is emairgency and tremblin' peril, that every turn may be the wrong turn—when we can see that our petty system of suns and all is nobbut a wee darkling cockle boat, driftin' and tossed abune the waves in the outmost seas of an onrushing universe—hap-chance we'll no loom so grandlike in our own een; and we'll tak hands for comfort in the dark. 'Tis good theology, yon wise saying of the silly street: 'We are all in the same boat. Don't rock the boat!'"

When Peter had gone McClintock's feeble hands, on the wheel-rims, pushed his chair to a cabinet by the wall and took from a locked cabinet an old and faded daguerreotype of a woman with smiling eyes. He looked at it long and silently, and fell asleep there, the time-stained locket in his hands. When Van Lear returned McClintock woke barely in time to hide the locket under a cunning hand—and spoke harshly to that aged servitor.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

WHAT OF THE EAST

Continued from Page 5

China, as a nation, cannot call out or order out her army. All China can do is to invite out the generals; and if those warriors feel inclined each may call out his own army and use it as he sees fit, not as the government directs him to use it. Hence, the government must keep on terms with the generals; and the generals hold a tremendous power politically, for the only way a governmental policy can be enforced in China is by military force—there is no suffrage worthy of the name. The result is that the generals are all politicians. They are bosses, exactly as our old-time political bosses were bosses, and their machines are their armies, instead of their Tammanies or county democracies or state machines.

This, of course, is an absurd situation—one of the most absurd among the many governmental absurdities of China. And the natural Western query is this: If China pays the army, but does not nationally control the army, why does not China disband the army? Furthermore, this question is made more obvious when it is learned that the expense of the Chinese Army is forty per cent of the total national budget in time of peace—more than the similar expense of any other government in the world. The figures given me were that Germany's military expense is thirty-two per cent of the budget and Japan's military expense twenty-eight per cent of the budget. These figures came from the Chinese Ministry of Finance. I give them on that authority.

Each Chinese soldier costs the government of China two hundred and fifty dollars—Chinese money—a year. At the ordinary rate of two for one, which is less now, that means each soldier costs China one hundred and twenty-five dollars, gold, a year. The cost of the Japanese soldiers is ninety-six yen each a year, or forty-eight dollars, each, a year, gold. Now no person who has even the slightest knowledge of China assumes that the ordinary Chinese private soldier gets two hundred and fifty dollars a year, or a quarter of that; or that his equipment and wages and commissary come to two hundred and fifty dollars a year.

The reason the Chinese Army costs so much is found in the fact that there are more full generals in the Chinese military establishment than in any other two armies of similar size in the world, and that there are more officers above the rank of major than there were men in our former military establishment. And these officers must live. The money for their armies is paid to them and kept by them, and the soldiers get what they can. Moreover, the burden is so heavy that the Chinese Government is more than twenty-five millions in arrears for wages of these soldiers. This year the military estimates were reduced $15,196,557 in the budget, and the naval expenses $5,566,724, over the first estimate; and, at that, the budget military expense was more than forty per cent of the total budget requirements.

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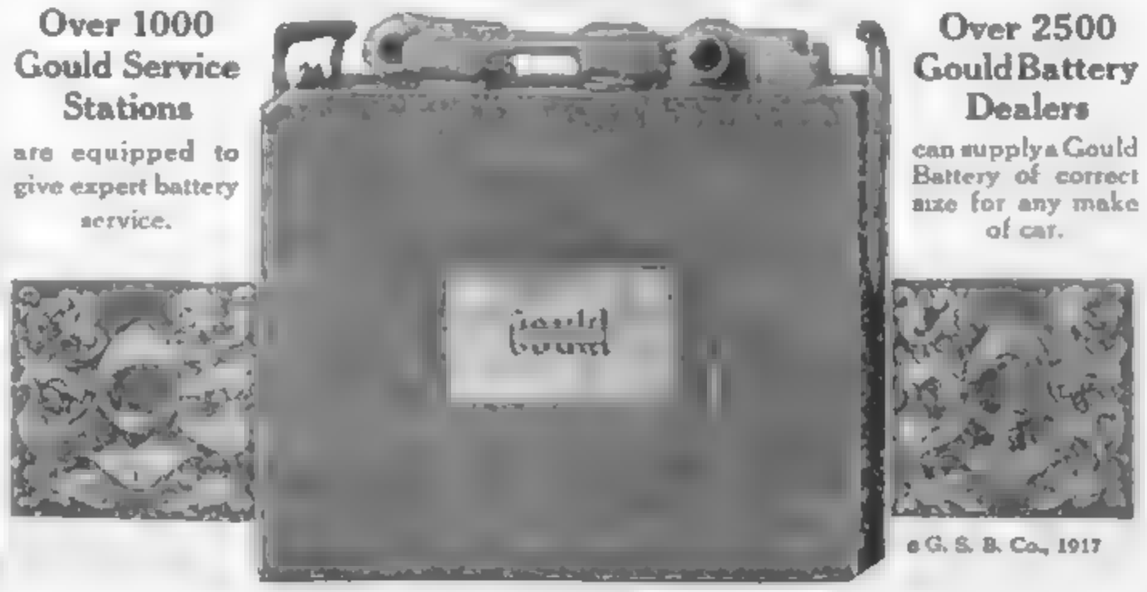

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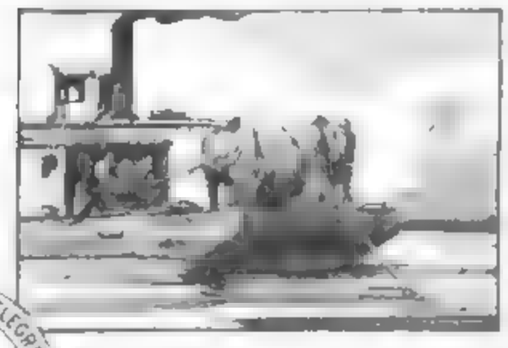

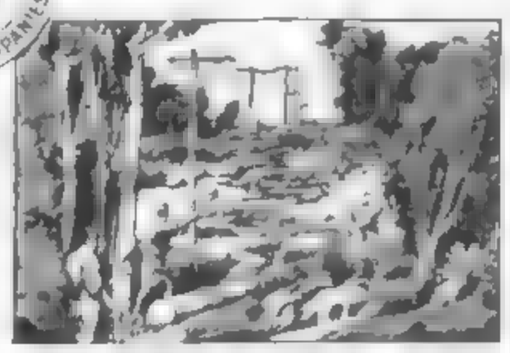

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In the Bell organization, besides the army of manual toilers, there is an army of experts, including almost the entire gamut of human labors. These men, scientific and practical, are constantly inventing means for supplying the numberless new demands of the telephone using public.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
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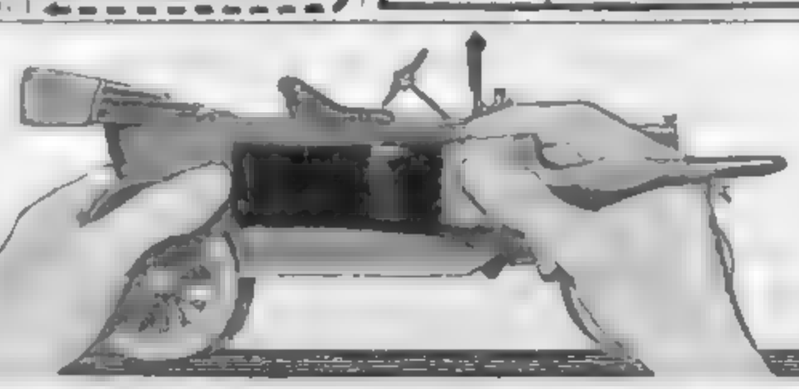
One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*



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Take a general like Chang Hsun, for example. He has an army of thirty thousand or forty thousand under his supreme command. That army will not fight for China. The soldiers of that army are Chang Hsun men, and are for no other. The other armies are in like case. They belong to and will operate only for the generals who are at their heads. Hence, two points are most obvious: The first is, why the generals have so much power; and the second is, why the army costs China so much. The generals get and keep their power by using these individual armies as their political perquisites; and the military establishment costs as it does because the generals need the money.

The reason China cannot disband this army and get rid of the expense is because China owes the army now twenty-five millions in arrears of pay, and has not the money to make up that deficiency; and a further reason is that if China did disband one of these armies the soldiers would simply move over to another province and join another army. The army incubus is one powerful deterrent to the progress and real democratization of China. Moreover, the generals who control this aggregation of individual armies, and especially the generals of the North, where Yuan Shi Kai saw to it, for his own purposes, that the generals had most money and best equipment—the Southern generals are the revolutionists, while the Northern generals are mostly loyalists—mix constantly in politics; and they are practically all reactionaries. China will never progress until China relieves herself of this blood-sucking military establishment; and it will take money and nerve to accomplish that, neither of which China has in any large supply at present.

It is plain enough that a general who can enforce his political theories, plans, ambitions, or those of some friend of his, by thirty or forty thousand armed and drilled men, who will fight anything or anywhere at his command, and will fight nothing and nowhere without that command, is somewhat of a politician, considered as a mere political means to a political end. Wherefore the politics of China revolve largely round the control of the military; and the control of the military is not to any extent in hands that mean to do anything for China so long as there is anything left to do for themselves. Wherefore, also, there are always plots on in China to split the Northern military and divide its political interest—the old Northern generals hang pretty well together—and wherefore, again, the radicals mostly inhabit the South; and there is where the revolutions start. Likewise, that very situation is the basis for the much-mooted plan to divide China into two republics—one North and one South—which is always a matter of intrigue and speculation and plotting among certain elements.

Let Well Enough Alone

These generals were averse to China's taking any definite step in the present war situation. They were doing very well with China as China was, and could see nothing but disaster to themselves if China left off living behind her Wall and stepped across into world affairs. They felt that perhaps somebody might come along who would take their politico-military machines away from them and leave them stranded with their archaic ideas of what China should do. The game ran away from them, then, as it easily might do in any other similar circumstance; for the older generals are pretty old and not so martial as they would like to have others think. However, they are very powerful; and they will be used in the forthcoming elections in China—or, rather, in the politics that will precede the farcical elections which will be held to secure a successor to Li Yuang-hung as president, provided a successor is not secured in some other way.

The real obstacle to these military politicians and their friends is the Parliament. They do not like the Parliament. They abhor the idea of a Parliament. They have been seeking for months to find a way to get rid of Parliament; and in this they have had the support of certain of the Cabinet and certain of the friends of Li Yuang-hung, and of other Chinese statesmen who have presidential ambitions. The secret of the chaos in China at present is that the president—or, rather, the president's supporters—thinks, or those who consider his place either as a goal or as a lever think, that the executive should be supreme; and the leading supporters of the parliamentary system desire to invest Parliament with practically all administrative functions and make it supreme.

Thus, we find in China at the present time a well-defined movement to get rid of Parliament. There are many officials who would chase it out of Peking if they could think of a way to do so that would not begin another revolution. Parliament doesn't intend to be chased. Nor can the Cabinet establish its supremacy. So the Parliament is at odds with the Cabinet, and the Cabinet is at odds with the president, and the president is at odds with them both. Also, the Parliament is determined to make a Constitution. There is a strong party in China that is in no hurry for a Constitution, and these men are pushed along by outside influences that are as sinister as they are forceful. China will make some sort of a Constitution undoubtedly; but there will be many obstacles before the document is completed.

This three-sided situation has fostered political individuality and intrigue. The Premier works separately. So do the Cabinet ministers, and so does Parliament; while the president gyrates about trying to find a place to do something for himself. No Cabinet minister has any responsibility to either Parliament or Premier. He gets what he can for his own department and uses what he gets as he sees fit. The Premier has a little body supporting him; and the whole question of government—or, to be more exact, the paramount question of government—is now, as it always has been, to get money. They all want money. They all try to get it in their own ways. And the money situation is as chaotic as the governmental situation is. They have pledged about everything in China now for development and administration loans, and still they are yowling for money, and more money, and more money. And the moment a few fresh dollars are taken in there are dozens of claimants for them.

Raising the Wind

The sale of railroad positions, which has resulted in the discharge of many of the officials who are competent railroad men and the filling of their places with utterly incompetent persons who had the money to buy the places, and thus get the titles and the opportunity for squeeze, has resulted in a tidy bit of business of that nature; and has also resulted in a railroad situation that makes the present Chinese Government railroads the worst in the world.

Then, too, certain of the political generals, sitting, in command of their troops, along these roads, use the roads as if they were private and personal property; commandeer them, in fact, whenever the fancy leads them to do so; issue tickets for their soldiers; hold the trains until it suits them to let them proceed; drag paying passengers out of compartments so that the soldiers may ride at ease; take what they like in the restaurant cars, and so on.

Now, as I have said, the railroads in China are government railroads, under the supervision and control and direction of a member of the Cabinet, the Minister of Communications. But the political generals and their troops are too dangerous for protest against any of their squeezes, and especially this railroad squeeze. Government in China as it is at present conducted isn't for China. It is for the men who hold the offices.

The curse of the country is squeeze. And it is an immemorial curse. Undoubtedly it began, away back yonder, when the people learned that the chief relation their rulers had with them was the extortion of levies and tributes from them. Naturally the Chinese who were in a position to do so, having paid to the persons above, took such toll as they might from the persons below; and it is the more than custom—the popular law in China—that something must be left in each hand through which money passes. Each official considers that he legitimately owns, for his personal use and profit, a certain proportion of all government or other moneys that come to him for transmission elsewhere; and the reason the dynastic levies were so great was because so small a proportion of what was levied got to headquarters. They had to be heavy if the persons highest up were to get anything. This system of squeeze runs through the entire business and financial life of China. If you keep house in China your Number One boy gets his tribute on everything that comes into your house. If you

(Continued on Page 113)

Why I Drive a Liberty

HERE IS ONE MAN'S OPINION of the Liberty car. He is not a racing driver—not an expert. He is a typical owner—typical of the thousands of hard-to-suit, keen buying men who have bought Liberty cars:

"I bought my Liberty car eight months ago after a careful investigation of all other standard makes.

"The car sold itself to me without any help from a salesman. I got into it and drove. It was the easiest driving car I had ever handled.

"I rode in the back seat—over a particular stretch of road for example which I knew made every other car rattle and shake. The Liberty—here and everywhere else—wiped out the shocks with a long, easy swing.

"I knew the company behind the car—knew of the experienced automobile men who had bought up all its stock—figured that here was a permanent, honorable business which would take care of Liberty owners—if they needed it.

"So I bought the car.

"DURING THE PAST EIGHT MONTHS I have done about ten thousand miles in all weathers—over snow and ice—city and country—in traffic and on the open road. The Liberty is what they said it was—the car of all cars made to satisfy the owner.

"I like to drive, now that I don't have to struggle with controls. My wife likes to drive—now that she has a car she can handle in comfort—and with safety.

"To me, it is a positive luxury to know that the Liberty means road dominance. Not only speed, mind you. I don't want over fifty, at most—and that seldom. I want sustained power—an even pace uphill and down—the same easy swing up hills as on the level.

"I want pickup and snap—for my pride and my safety too. There are times when I want to *jump out* of trouble—when I want my motor to snap that car out of a tight bit of traffic at a touch. That's why I drive a Liberty car.

"It's good. It's as good now as when I bought it. It's quick, alert, powerful, comfortable. It's a car I'm glad to drive and glad to ride in. I like to show it off to my friends. It meets my needs, day in and day out, with a higher grade of motoring than I had thought possible."

THAT'S JUST ONE MAN'S OPINION. It is typical of thousands. That's characteristic Liberty "owner-talk".

Absolutely the only way the Liberty can sell itself to you is by personal test, in direct comparison with every other car made. The more you know about cars the quicker you will be to get the dominant Liberty owner features—for your satisfaction.

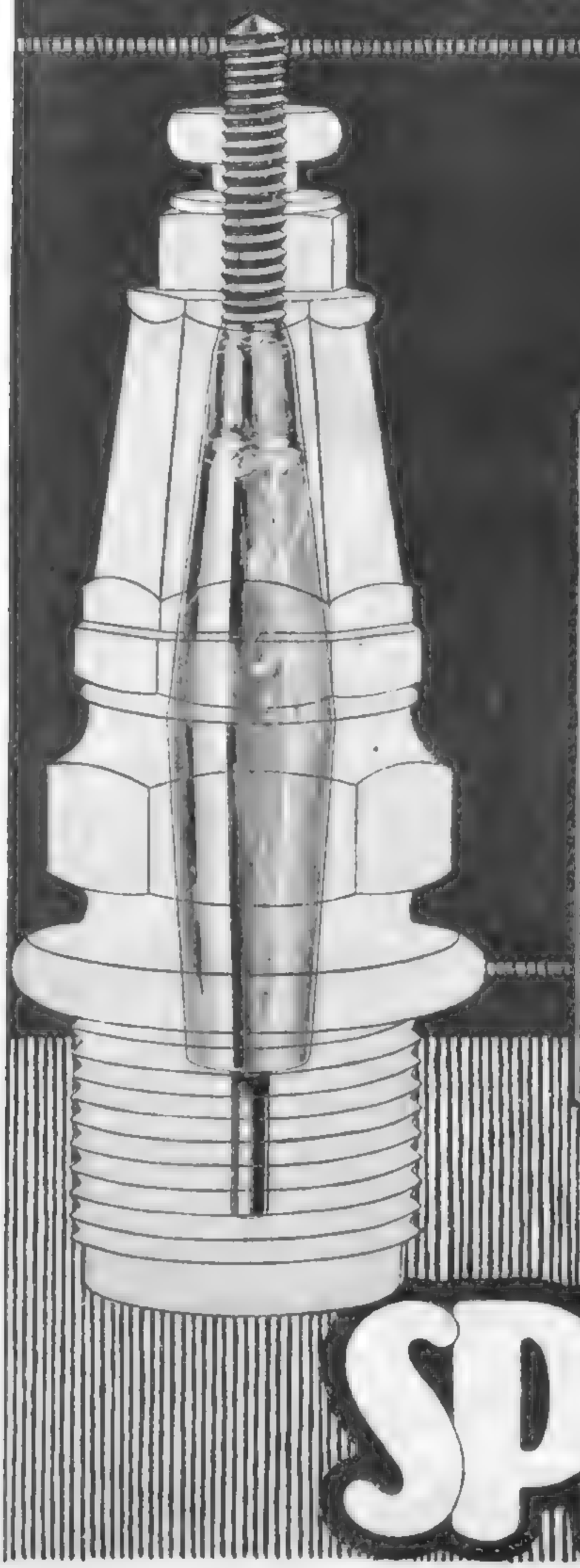
If the car is what this man says it is, you want one. Find out—today.

LIBERTY MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT
Percy Owen, President.

Five-Passenger Touring Car and Four-Passenger Close Coupled Car, $1195
Detachable Sedan, $1395 Coupé (Springfield) $1795 Shopping Brougham, $2450

LIBERTY SIX

MICA WOUND CORE



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WHY? Simply because ruby mica is the insulation for SPLITDORF Plugs and, mica being unbreakable, there's nothing to break that can put *"The Plug with the Green Jacket"* out of commission.

Expansion and contraction through excessive heat and cold cannot affect the mica-wound core of SPLITDORF Plugs. It is practically indestructible—it will not chip or crack to score cylinders or leak compression, and as the mica is wound AROUND the electrode it is always gas and oil tight.

Hundreds of SPLITDORF Plugs that have been in constant use for four, five and six years are still giving good service.

Numbers of cars have run from 150,000 to 180,000 miles with one set of these plugs—and so far as performance counts they are as good as when first set into the cylinders.

Price $1 each—wherever motor accessories are sold.

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL CO.
NEWARK, N. J

1 Size and Type
For every engine

SPLITDORF
SPARK PLUGS

(Continued from Page 110)

stop transiently at a hotel your room boy extorts his toll from what you buy. There is squeeze for someone in every transaction.

The miserable financial condition of China, governmentally, has often caused wonder among people who do not understand the system. China has continually borrowed money to pay running expenses; and China has unlimited resources for taxable purposes, as well as tremendous potential riches. The reason China hovers continually on the verge of national bankruptcy is squeeze. Less than twelve per cent of the taxes collected in the old days got to the central government. The remainder lingered in the greedy hands of the officials along the line of transmission. There has been some reform in this; but the system still prevails, and the curse of it comes heaviest because of the fact that this system prevails among many of the men who are governing China.

It is true, of course, that China has been swindled outrageously in the past by foreigners, operating either as agents of foreign governments or in individual capacities or for corporations and companies; but that swindling came from the opportunity there was for swindling because officials were looking for their squeeze. There was formerly some delicacy of operation required. A high official took his squeeze through the medium of a relative or a friend or a subordinate, and remained spotless and kept his face. Now, I am informed, there is no compunction or delicacy or hypocrisy about it. In numerous quarters they take their graft direct. Thus do we observe the desolating effect of the advance of civilization. These are practical times. They want the money.

No Chinese could be so patriotic, nor could any other race of men, as to have any faith in the present system of government or the politicians who are running it. The Chinese people have paid out three billion dollars for three revolutions since 1911, and these revolutions were supposed by the people to bring them reform, good government and progress. Instead, they brought to the Chinese people government by intriguing, unscrupulous politicians, from both North and South; and, furthermore, it was soon learned that some of the heroes of the various revolutions, who were fighting for the good of China, profited extensively by their operations.

The great Chinese middle class—the business men—are weary of the drain upon them and refuse to go further. They have no confidence in the government, for they know that, even if the money derived from foreign loans has been squandered, that money is as nothing compared to the millions squandered and stolen by the professional politicians. The six thousand miles of government railroads have been drained for political purposes and for graft. Every source of revenue save the salt revenues has been mismanaged and squeezed until it will produce no more. The Chinese business men will not invest their money in China. The politicians have wrecked themselves so far as that source of revenue is concerned.

American Ideas in China

Another angle of the present situation in China, which has its great bearing on the future of that country, is the fear of the Japanese that extends through the entire people, from top to bottom. The Chinese have had longer experience with the Japanese than any other people. They know them better. It is more than a thousand years now since the Chinese went down across Korea into Japan. Since that time the two races, with many ethnological similarities and many transmitted characteristics, have had much in common. Since the Chinese-Japanese War, when the Japanese so soundly thrashed the inept Chinese, the Japanese have been working their will on China; and, better than any outsiders, the Chinese know what that will is, and fear the results.

No country is any greater than the government it allows to remain in power. It would be easy to continue for a considerable space enumerating the anomalies, absurdities and ineptitudes, the lack of sincerity, and utter unappreciation of present-day needs in the present government of China; its archaic ideas, the puerile conceptions of what popular government is, the clinging to the old order, the entire disregard of the obligations of democracy, and the inability to conceive them. These conditions are familiar to all who know China. I have borne down on them heavily, and for this reason: I believe that, with proper guidance and with proper assistance, China can be brought to be what China must be if the world is to remain in future peace—a self-governing, self-sufficient, powerful nation, taking her place among the Powers of the world, and utilizing her strength and her resources for the good of the world, instead of allowing those resources and that strength to be utilized by outsiders.

The executive departments in China are stuffed with young men, educated in the United States, in England, in France and elsewhere; but under the system these educated young men can do nothing and can get nowhere. They are crushed down, smothered by the upper crust of old-time officialdom. Their specialized educations go for nothing. Their patriotism is ground out of them. They are allowed no voice. And naturally, in course of time, they will lose hope and lose ambition, and come to be what their superiors are—followers of the old system, the doctrine of spineless passivity, the policy of *laissez faire*.

I have talked with many of these men, who realize keenly what must be done for China and in China, but are helpless under the suffocation of the system that operates. The men who govern China at present, and the men who mostly have governed China since China became a republic, are in no sense republicans or sympathizers with a republican form of government. They are men who have held on since the days of the Manchus; men who were trained in that corrupt school. The honest men, the real men, the enlightened men, the men who fought as soldiers, not as politicians, in the three revolutions that made and kept China as a republic, get nowhere. They cannot break through. The old class against whom they fought, by skilful intrigue have taken over the situation.

China's Great Possibilities

There are very few of the real patriots in China who have any say in the affairs of China. The old system is too strong for them. And I do not mean to ascribe any transcendent powers to these men, either. They are Chinese and have most of the faults of the Chinese; but in many instances they have one virtue that too many of the Chinese have not: They have a feeling of what patriotism is, which, however vague, may be nurtured and nourished into a sentiment that will mean much to China.

Nor is there any intention to urge that China can be dealt with by Western methods exclusively. China has been in existence for many, many centuries, and her standards, motives, environments, temperaments, characteristics, teachings, precedents and customs are radically different from those of the West. The means used must subserve the end desired. However, there is one thing of which I am convinced, and that is, taking all features of this complicated situation into consideration, the spirit for a new order is there if the change can be brought about. China, a great, invertebrate, archaic, inept country, has struggled along as a republic through more than six years of the most critical difficulties. China has survived three revolutions and one attempt to revive the monarchial system of government. China has withstood, in a way, a determined attempt of Japan to grab and control all China, as Japan has grabbed and now controls Southern Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia.

China financially is in desperate but not hopeless straits. The great shining example, the salt gabelle—which is the collection of the salt taxes—shows what may be done with the proper sort of skilled direction. One Englishman, Sir Richard Deane, with a staff of thirty-five foreigners and some Chinese, has brought the net revenues from salt to the great figure of sixty-nine million dollars a year. China has no land tax that is either scientific or productive. It has no system of internal finance that does not depend on borrowing money and pledging resources for payment for administrative purposes. China is graft-ridden, reactionary.

And yet China survives, with the men who would make China a real China held down, pushed aside, unable to exert either their knowledge or their patriotism. China survives, with her nearest neighbor, Japan, ceaselessly planning to make China a dependency of Japan. China survives, though well-nigh obliterated by spheres of influence forced out of her by other nations.

Wheat Bubbles
As She Serves Them—And Why

Have you noted how many health articles now advise eating Puffed Wheat?

Do you know how often Puffed Wheat appears on doctors' diet lists? And how many nurses serve it under doctors' orders?

Not because it is sick folks' food. But because it is whole wheat made wholly digestible.

It is scientific food—a Prof. Anderson creation. Every food cell is exploded—every atom feeds.

Toast used to be the grain-food when digestion was delicate. The scorching, perhaps, broke up half the food granules. But now it is whole-wheat—not part-wheat. And all the food cells are broken.

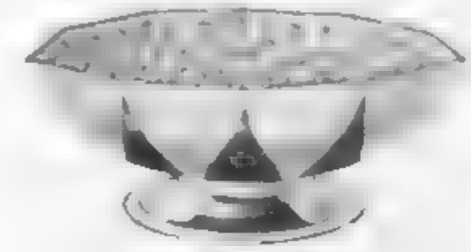
The same rule applies to well folks. Whole grains are far better than flour foods. And this puffing process—shooting from guns—makes all the whole-grain available.

And it makes it delightful. These giant grains, airy, thin and toasted, are really food confections.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**
and Corn Puffs
Each 15c Except in Far West

With Berries

Mix with your morning berries, or serve with cream and sugar. These are fascinating tidbits.



As Nut-Bits

Douse with melted butter, or simply salt them, for between-meal dainties.

In Milk

Float like bubbles in your bowls of milk. They are flaky, flavory, porous, crisp—easy to digest.

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Scatter them over a dish of ice cream, to give a nut-like flavor.

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EVERY sound tooth is a weapon in defending health—a builder of physical power through good digestion.

The great care that is taken in the inspection of the teeth of applicants for the Army and Navy today shows the importance of good teeth kept white and sound.

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Prepared by a Doctor of Dental Surgery

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Send 2c stamp today for a generous trial package of either Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dental Cream.

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NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Let us send you (freight prepaid) a Black Beauty on trial. If you don't like it, return at our expense. If you do like it, you pay only $1 a week.

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WRITE TODAY for Black Beauty Color Catalog showing all sizes and styles.

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...support for ...ly relieves the strain on the abdominal muscles.

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Send for the belt on FIVE days' FREE TRIAL. If satisfactory send us $2. If not, return belt ...ering.

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"Griffon" ANGLE SAFETY CORN PARER

Relieves pain immediately. It is the only parer that cuts corns between the toes as well as on top. Good for calluses too. *Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.* Price 25c—Extra blades 5 for 25c. At up-to-date dealers or

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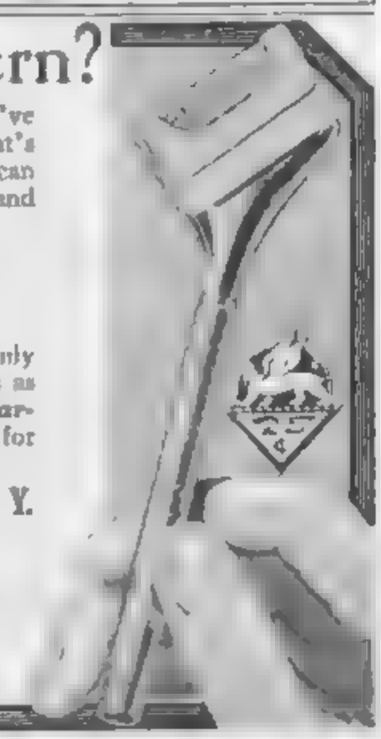
Makers of the celebrated "Carbo-Magnetic" Razors.



Send a postcard to-day for free copy of "The New Chiropodist." It will teach you how to take care of your feet.

DEALERS
Write for trade discount and agency terms.

China staggers along, thus hampered and obstructed. And all China needs is intelligent and unselfish direction, the spur of a country that has no designs on China save those of peaceful trade and commerce and the extension of popular government throughout the world, to become what China should be—a nation as vastly great in reality as China is potentially great in her present condition.

The episode of the urge applied to China to persuade her to follow the lead of the United States in protesting against the submarine policy of Germany, which I have described in another article, and which has been followed by the breaking of diplomatic relations with Germany, and all that entails, is proof enough of what may be done in China if the strength of the real patriotic forces of China are employed. The older officials and the political generals were viciously opposed to the declaration and action.

There are in China many men, typed by the designation of the Young China Party, though in various walks of life and only thus included for want of a better designation, who are eager to make China a real republic; who are eager to hold Japan from China; who are eager to develop China and bring China out of the past into the present; and who have the brains, the courage and the patriotism to do it, as well as the honesty and the sincerity, if they can get the chance. The spirit for a new order is there, if the change can be made. I could call the roll of them if it were necessary; but it is not. They are there, ready and eager and adequate for the work; but they need help.

I do not underestimate the difficulties of the task. China is ingrained in her peculiarities, her customs, her beliefs and her practices. Also, China—notwithstanding all the honeyed words about coöperation and friendly development and neighborly assistance which come from Japan—is threatened by a Japanese policy that means absorption. China is the first requirement, the first essential in the great game that Japan has in mind—the solidification of the Asiatic races into a great world power. Japan has had that ambition for years; but since this war began she has been actively planning for its accomplishment.

Only those who will not think can fail to realize what this means to the United States should it go so far, even, as the combination, under the control of Japan, of the ambitions of Japan and the man power to be obtained in China; for the Chinese is a good soldier—properly trained, a great soldier. Therefore, the paramount duty of the United States is to prevent this domination of China by Japan, which is surely coming unless we do prevent it.

Nor is force of arms needed. It can be done far more intelligently and far more effectively by a policy toward China by the United States that will, first, help to bring China out of the governmental chaos in which China is at present; and, second, develop the resources of China, so that she shall be independent of the aid of Japan.

These truths are self-evident:

FIRST: The making of China into a real, self-sufficient, self-supporting republic will prevent the control of China by Japan.

SECOND: Every American dollar invested in the development of China intelligently, independently, and with a correct understanding of the circumstances will keep out of China two Japanese yen, and in exactly that proportion keep Japan from achieving her desires in China.

THIRD: Every American dollar invested in the development of China intelligently, independently, and with a correct understanding of the circumstances will be of greater ultimate value as an item of preparedness for America, and of greater strength as a factor in preserving the future peace of the world, than any like sum invested elsewhere.

I have written this article for the purpose of setting forth actual conditions in China and acquainting the American people with the importance as well as the size of the task that seems to me imperative. I shall follow this article with others, telling, without prejudice and with what my investigations have proved to me to be the truth, just what Japan is doing and has done in China.

I shall tell just what part America holds in the enforced triangle of which America is a part—the United States, China, Japan; just what the situation in the Far East means in terms of the future peace and well-being of the white man; and just what is the present situation in Japan—and what Japan has in view.

It is time Americans took cognizance of this situation, regardless of the assurances of the Japanese that they have no ulterior motives; regardless of the protests of that section of our own people who have, by one means or another, come to be so fervidly pro-Japanese; regardless of the extremely clever propaganda of the Japanese publicity machine, which is the most effective instrument of its kind yet devised; regardless of those American financiers who think that the best way to remain on good terms with Japan is to coöperate with Japan in the development of China.

The Oracle

"MEBBE she will," said Old Hi Green,
With the end of a long dry straw between
His teeth, and a brow that was furrowed deep
With thought—and Hi Green thought a heap—
"Mebbe she will," Old Hi Green said
As he looked at the clouds up overhead,
With a hint of the rain we asked him of—
"Mebbe she will"—as he looked above—
"An' mebbe she won't."

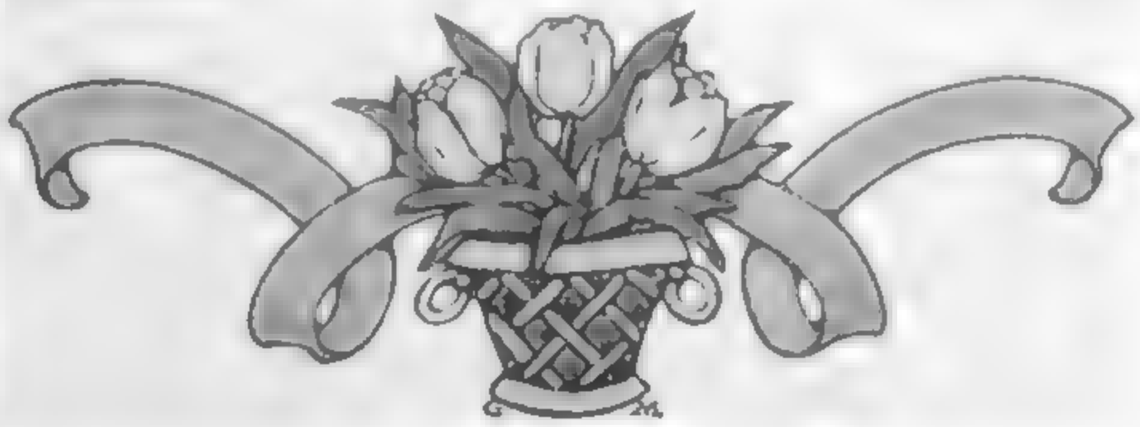
"Mebbe she be," Hi Green would say
When the wheat waved gold on a summer day
And we talked of the bumper crop it was—
"Mebbe she be"—Hi Green would pause
And chew on the end of the long dry straw
With a wise, wise look that a sage might awe,
And brows with deep thought furrowed and knit—
"Mebbe she be—but she ain't thrashed yit
An' mebbe she ain't."

"Mebbe I do," Hi Green declared
When the old highroad must be repaired
And the town trustees came, one by one,
To see if he thought it should be done.
"Mebbe I do"—and he left no doubt
That he'd thought it long and carefully out
As a man and a payer of taxes should—
"Mebbe I do"—as the straw he chewed—
"An' mebbe I don't."

"Mebbe I will," admitted Hi
When they told him to put a field in rye
Or wheat or corn, as the case might be,
While the dry straw moved reflectively.
"Mebbe I will"—and the old plow's track
Was moist and loamy and rich and black,
While the wrinkles that furrowed his sweated brow
Were deep—almost—as the track of the plow—
"An' mebbe I won't."

"Mebbe I do," Hi Green observed
When we asked him once if he ever swerved
From "Mebbe I will" or "Mebbe so"
To a plain outspoken "Yes" or "No."
"Mebbe I do"—said Old Hi Green
As he chewed on the long dry straw between
His teeth, and his sunburned brow was brought
Again to the wrinkled cast of thought—
"An' mebbe I don't."

—James W. Foley.



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Banks are authorities on careful management, on compact organization, on means and methods insuring efficiency and saving money directly and indirectly.

What adding and computing machines have done for the limited field of accounting, the Automatic does for the far more vital and important problems of organization. It saves man-power, it conserves time, it makes right working pleasant and promptness easy.

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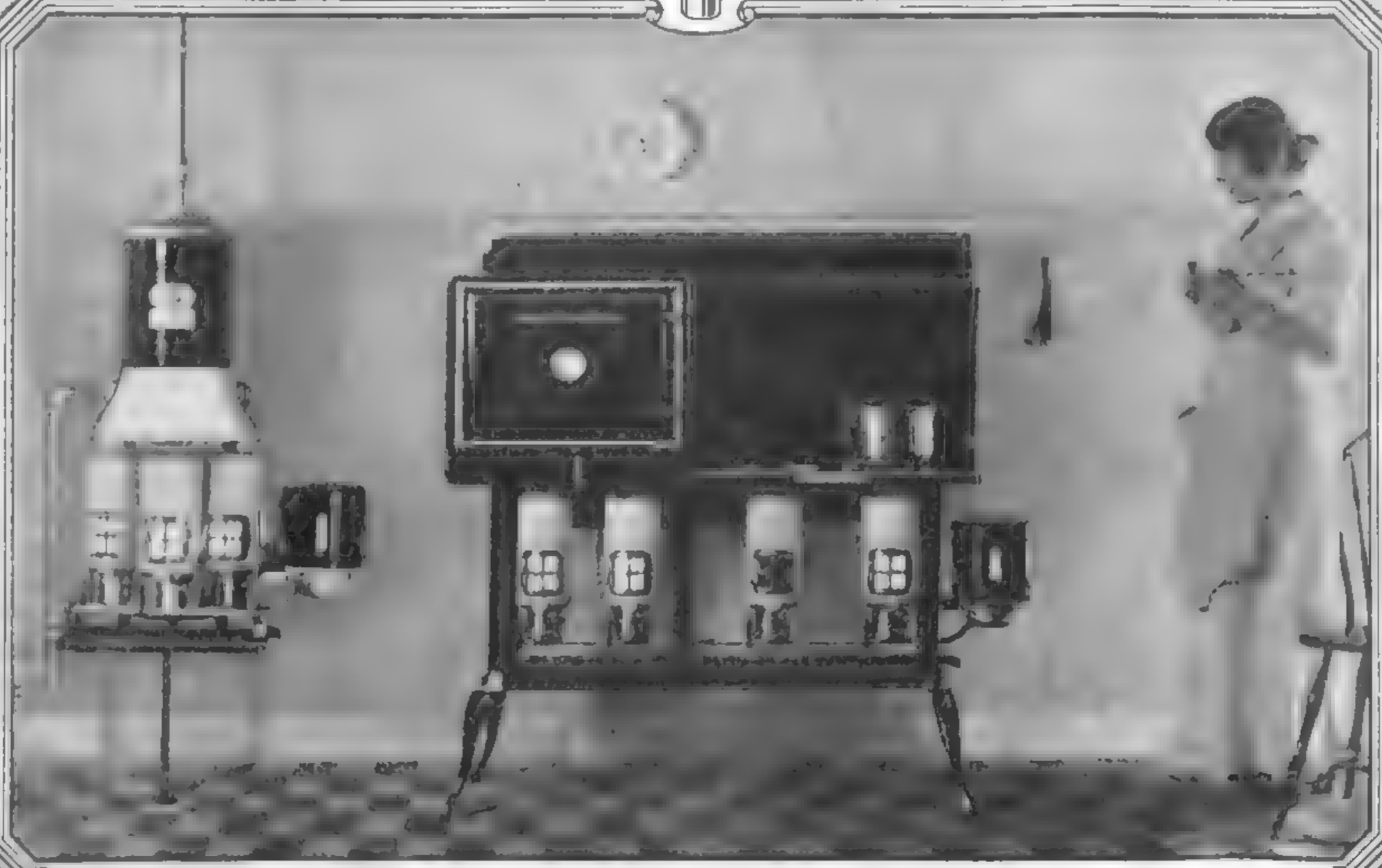

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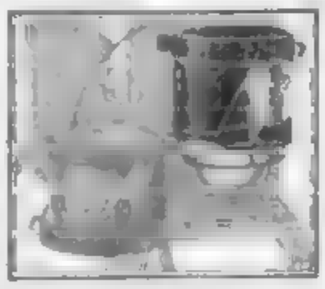

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NEW PERFECTION
OIL COOK STOVE

DOCUMENT 290

(Continued from Page 19)

fifty dollars in addition to the two hundred dollars, clothing and land allowed by Congress. Virginia raised the limit to seven hundred and fifty dollars, bid in lieu of other bounties. This created great dissatisfaction among the men who had previously enlisted at four dollars, six dollars and sixty-six cents and ten dollars. To keep them in service Congress granted a back bounty of one hundred dollars each.

Under these increasing bounties our army steadily decreased, from 89,661, in 1776, to 29,381, in 1781. During that period we had employed nearly four hundred thousand men. Fewer than thirty thousand now remained in the ranks; which means that very, very many thousands had served a few weeks, got tired of fighting and quit for good with their bounties.

So much for the Revolutionary rush to arms. This scramble for men was like the Irishman's idea of a fox hunt: "The dom baste is hell to catch, and not worth a dom after you catch him!" First of all, men who enlisted for a few weeks or months itched to get back home. During our glorious Independence year of 1776 Washington speaks of his militia, whose terms would expire on December twentieth, sneaking from camp on December second—"getting away with their arms and ammunition."

After the Battle of Long Island the militia straggled away by companies, almost by entire regiments, leaving Washington helpless.

At Camden they ran away from the first shot, leaving the steadfast Continentals to be slaughtered, the latter losing seventy officers and two thousand men. At Cowpens General Stevens placed a guard behind his militia, with orders to shoot the first man who left his post. Time and time again commanders were forced to give battle under disadvantageous circumstances before their men left them. This caused the death of the gallant Montgomery in the assault on Quebec, and the loss of four hundred men.

After the defeat of General Gates, at Camden, Washington wrote: "This event shows the fatal consequences of depending on militia. Regular troops alone are equal to the exigencies of modern war. No militia will ever acquire the habits necessary to resist a regular force. The firmness requisite for the real business of fighting is only to be attained by the constant course of discipline and service."

This casts no reflection upon the courage or patriotism of the individual volunteer. Revolutionary militia was made up of brothers, sons and fathers of men who served with the Continentals. The only difference lay in their training and their service. Ninety years later the raw recruits who fell into panic at the First Battle of Bull Run subsequently became Grant's sturdiest veterans. Every young militiaman in the United States to-day who has spent a few weeks in camp realizes that courage, willingness and the basic qualities of manhood are insufficient. He must learn how to handle himself.

Congress Not to Blame

The famous Light Horse Harry Lee once said: "That government is the murderer of its citizens that sends them to the field uninformed and untaught."

During the Revolution we gained unaided but a single victory that had the slightest effect in finally expelling the redcoats—the capture of Burgoyne's 5791 men by seventeen thousand Americans. The only other decisive victory, over Cornwallis, could never have been won without the help of twenty-four French ships. The allied French and Americans numbered sixteen thousand strong against seven thousand British.

This extravagance of an everchanging militia produced another effect—pensioners. Though the greatest force that Washington ever could lead into battle was less than seventeen thousand, we subsequently mustered a huge army of 95,753 pensioners.

The Continental Congress was not to blame for the errors and inefficiencies of our military establishment. Congress then had no power to raise a dollar or enlist a man. It could only pass resolutions and appeal to the sovereign states. The Federal Constitution, adopted in March, 1789, gave Congress ample authority to raise and support armies, provide and maintain a navy, collect taxes—with every war power that the most despotic ruler could ask. After 1787 whatever goes wrong in our scheme of national defense is directly chargeable to Congress, but more surely, or indirectly, to public sentiment, which stands behind the representatives.

This newly erected and stronger government disbanded our regular army, raised seven hundred men to serve for a year, and continued the militia theory.

Our first military expedition was led by General Harmar against the Miami Indians, with a force of 320 regulars and 1133 militia. Sixty regulars and 340 militia attacked an Indian village, losing 183 killed and 31 wounded. Result: A congressional investigation reported "The conduct of Brigadier General Harmar deserves the highest approbation." Disaster was caused by inefficiency of militia—"Boys, infirm men and substitutes"—who behaved badly, disobeyed orders, and caused the regular troops to be sacrificed.

A year later the same thing happened—only worse. General St. Clair, with fourteen hundred regulars and militia, was attacked by an inferior force of Indians and routed. Another congressional investigation absolved General St. Clair from all blame: "The militia, composed practically of substitutes, was totally ungovernable, regardless of military duty and subordination."

President Madison Helpless

Militiamen, of course, pleaded mitigating circumstances. Those Indians had attacked unexpectedly, which Indians have no legal right to do. Indians are not submarines. Nobody was looking for Indians; nobody was thinking of Indians; nobody was meddling with Indians. A perfectly nice Indian should never jump on a bunch of substitutes just after they had been dismissed from morning parade. The militia turned tail, without firing, and ran backward through the regulars, who had no time to recover. They left 632 dead upon the field and 264 wounded.

Congress had to do something, but refused to be weaned away from its militia delusion. It set to work and converted everybody into militiamen. By Act of May 8, 1792, every free, able-bodied white male citizen between the ages of eighteen and forty-five was required to be enrolled in the militia of his state, and was served with notice of his enrolment. It then became his duty to supply himself with equipment and serve when called upon. This was our first step toward universal service.

No penalties were provided for violation of the law and the men were left under command of state governors. Instead of one efficient national army, we became possessed of thirteen separate, independent and disconnected state mobs.

Then the war of 1812 struck us. President Madison found himself unable to command the militia from certain states. Their governors objected, wrangling about state rights and where the men were supposed to fight. The President could not order the militia into national service without forcing them to become deserters. While the legal argument was progressing, agitators raised the cry of "On to Canada!" On to Canada! filled everybody's mouth, and General Hull started, with three hundred regulars and fifteen hundred volunteers and militia.

They actually crossed the river at Detroit, crossed On to Canada! and then crossed back again, taking shelter in their own fort at Detroit. The British could not understand this subtle maneuver; so they followed over to investigate, with a force considerably inferior to that of General Hull.

Arrived on the American side, they refused to believe their own eyes when a white flag was hoisted and a superior force—inside a fortification!—surrendered to inferior forces outside; and without firing a solitary shot!

Naturally Congress investigated this On to Canada! fiasco. General Hull defended himself against the charges of treason and cowardice by proving that his militia refused to obey orders. He had found it necessary to use the bayonets of his regulars against his insubordinate recruits. A hundred and eighty of these recruits, for instance, had enthusiastically

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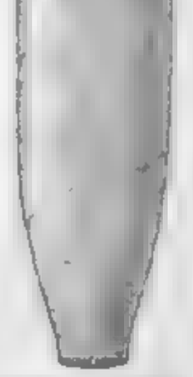

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EVERYTHING seems to go smoother when one's comfortably dressed. And Presidents are the "easiest feeling" suspenders you ever put on. No hitch or grip. The "give and take" feature adjusts automatically with every turn of the body—as light and easy as the seam in your shirt.

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Ask for Presidents by Name

All dealers, everywhere, sell them. Say to your dealer, "I want *President* Suspenders." Get a pair for each pair of trousers.

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We make a complete line of suspenders, including all styles. "Shirley Make" is your guarantee of highest quality and service.

DEALERS: We guarantee satisfaction to your customers. We guarantee sales to you. A postal to us will bring, by return mail, both cases. Get Presidents. Ask Shirley Make salesman when he next calls.

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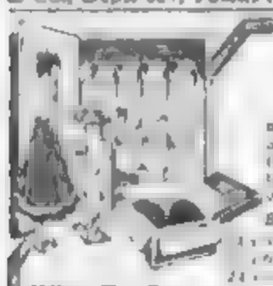

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"A Footsore Army Is An Army Half Defeated."

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If your feet bother you, our book "Orthopraxy of the Foot" will help you. Free. Write.

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started On to Canada! Yet they hung back on their own side of the river because they were not obliged to serve outside the United States. Which recalls the sensible old song:

"Mother, may I go in to swim?"
"Yes, my darling daughter.
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
But don't go near the water."

Thereupon General Hull, popular hero of the Revolution and personal friend of Washington, was acquitted of treason but convicted of cowardice at the age of seventy years.

Honestly, those British never intended it as a joke, but they added the crowning insult to this expedition by sending all United States regulars as prisoners to Montreal, while permitting the militiamen to go back home.

This riled the Americans. They got their dander up—especially some high-tempered mountaineers in Tennessee and Kentucky. General Hopkins raised four thousand mounted militia. This was a genuine rush—a rush that measured up to every optimistic prediction of those who placed their faith in militia. Four thousand fiery cavaliers, eager for revenge and sniffing the battle from afar, rode hotfoot upon what developed into the wittiest campaign of any war—if brevity constitutes the soul of wit.

This whirlwind campaign lasted five days, until some keen-eyed scout discovered a prairie fire, from which they inferred a ruse of the enemy. Immediately those four thousand men bolted back again to their mountains, panic-stricken at a sporadic and perfectly harmless prairie fire. Their officers ordered and argued and raved and swore. Nothing could stop this unreasoning and undisciplined mob. Every fellow for himself, and the devil take the hindmost, they dispersed to their homes, each with a gory and imaginative tale to tell. This is just another illustration of individual initiative working backward.

Then it was that General William Henry Harrison, afterward President of the United States, tried his hand at the game. He collected another army to wipe out the disgrace of Hull's surrender. Again it was militia—or Minutemen—from Kentucky, Virginia and Tennessee; the kind of men who would come in a minute and stay for a minute. No change since the Revolution. In three columns, with a supposed total strength of not less than ten thousand men, they were to march to the Rapids of the Maumee.

No sooner did this expedition hang itself together than it began to fall apart, to die from the same old diseases—hunger, nakedness, mutiny, insubordination. Militiamen refused to obey orders and remained in their camp, doing absolutely nothing, until January 22, 1813, when a forward movement under General Winchester was attacked, defeated and captured at Frenchtown, with a loss of 397 men killed, twenty-seven wounded and 526 prisoners. We were getting a pretty good dose of militia.

A Record of Calamities

On October 13, 1812, General Van Rensselaer, commanding nine hundred regulars and twenty-two hundred and seventy militia, held Fort Niagara and fought the Battle of Queenstown. Two hundred and twenty-five regulars crossed the river alone and by a strikingly brilliant assault captured the heights from the British. In attempting to hold the heights they were being viciously attacked. The remainder of the regulars and part of the militia crossed to their aid. And right here occurred one of the most distressing and illuminating episodes of American history. A desperate fight was going on across the river, in plain view. Their hard-pressed comrades had gained a swift and gallant victory. Now they were trying to hold their own.

Despite all this, the rest of the militia on our side of the river stubbornly refused to cross. Though their comrades were being slaughtered, they stopped and argued a high point of law—to wit, whether or not under the Constitution of the United States, duly adopted in May, 1787, they could be called out for any service other than to resist invasion! The consequence was, all of our troops who had already crossed the river were either killed or forced to surrender—two hundred and fifty killed and wounded, and seven hundred prisoners.

The war of 1812 bristles with calamities caused by the unmanageable, disorganized and inefficient militia.

Once upon a time a certain Secretary of War was chased out of the city of Washington and not permitted to return, even for the purpose of handing in his forcibly requested resignation. The capital was fallen, and popular indignation blamed it on the secretary. It was probably no more his fault than the surrender of Detroit had been the fault of General Hull. He relied upon state governors to send ninety-three thousand five hundred militia for the defense of the capital against a threatening force of three thousand redcoats. But the ninety-three thousand five hundred militia didn't come. For his trustfulness in depending upon a rush of citizen soldiers, who failed to rush, the Secretary of War was compelled to fly to his home in Virginia.

Let us not dwell upon the harrowing details except to remark that fifty-four hundred and one militia actually attended the obsequies. They were defending their national capital under the personal eye of their President, and suffered themselves to be routed by fifteen hundred British regulars! They lost eight men killed and eleven wounded; then scattered to the four winds. Thereupon the unmolested enemy set fire to the "President's Palace, the Treasury and the War Office" before parading calmly back to their ships.

Israel Putnam's Proverb

At New Orleans the case was different. British officers and regulars had acquired such a contempt for our untrained troops that they attempted the impossible. The Americans were safely intrenched, just as at Bunker Hill, where old Israel Putnam had said: "These Americans never think of their heads. Shelter their legs and they will fight forever!" Which bit of military wisdom applies to all raw troops, the world over.

One little fly, however, must be put into the ointment of jubilation over the victory at New Orleans. On the west bank of the river the American works—with the exception of a single battery manned by sailors—were defended exclusively by militia. At the very moment of a victory unparalleled in our history Old Hickory had the mortification of seeing his militia on the west bank "abandon their position and run in headlong flight toward the city."

Thus began and ended the campaign of 1815, and closed the War of 1812, during which, by the same wasteful militia system, we employed 527,654 men—thirty-two times as many as the greatest British force that ever opposed us. In the year 1814 alone we had more than two hundred and thirty-five thousand men under arms. And yet our only decisive victory prior to the Battle of New Orleans was the unimportant Battle of the Thames, where the British regulars, dispersed and captured, numbered a little more than eight hundred.

During this war less than five thousand British soldiers, for a period of two years, brought devastation into our territory and successfully withstood the misapplied power of seven million people. Our Congress today knows these facts, and seems determined to marshal and apply our strength.

The limits of a brief article require us to pass over the Florida War.

In the Mexican War our troops were far better disciplined and seasoned than in any previous conflict, eighty-eight per cent of them being regulars, or volunteers who had seen twelve months or more of service. They were no longer untrained militia, who caviled at orders and disputed their duty to serve. And they never lost a skirmish.

Our own great Civil War is too fresh in the minds of men for its errors to need recalling. The Confederacy had no regular army; and the Union had none that, in point of numbers, was worth considering. Both governments were almost equally dependent upon volunteer militia. Consequently no contrast can be drawn between trained and untrained men, except as between their behavior at the beginning and toward the end of the war.

President Davis, of the Confederacy, immediately called for one hundred thousand men, to serve not exceeding twelve months, under his unquestioned and supreme command. Thirty-five thousand of these were already armed and equipped for the field when President Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand militia, to serve three months. This seems to indicate that the Federals entered upon that great struggle with the same belief in raw troops, enlisted for short periods.

(Concluded on Page 121)

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Lubricating oil should form a film that separates all moving parts that would otherwise touch each other and produce friction and heat. This is imperatively important in the complicated fast-moving parts of a modern automobile. For friction produces heat. Heat causes expansion. And the expansion of high-speed rubbing surfaces causes a binding of the two parts which soon grinds them to ruin.

It all simmers down to this: what car do you drive, how long have you driven it and how hard has it been driven?

You, of course, are the best judge of the condition of your car. You know how far it has been driven. You know just how the motor sounds compared to the way it sounded when you bought the car. And you know in your heart the kind of treatment it has received.

The relation of the present condition of the motor to its condition when the car was new determines whether you should use Havoline Light, Havoline Medium or Havoline Heavy.

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Any owner or driver can answer these questions for himself. His acquaintance with his car and his knowledge of how much it has been used and abused will determine whether he should use Havoline Light, Havoline Medium or Havoline Heavy.

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The name plate on your car and the year of its manufacture simply indicate the character of oil that should have been used when the car was new.

No one can tell you better than your own knowledge of your car will tell you, what character of oil your car should have now.

When you buy oil, say "Havoline." Because—Havoline Oil has passed without faltering the severest tests in all the delicate tasks that a correct lubricant must perform in the complex interior of every motor car.

The most important quality of a good lubricant is its ability to stand up under friction and heat. And in this Havoline shines.

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If in doubt, ask for Havoline Medium. Then, if you find that you can use thinner oil, use Havoline Light. If heavier oil seems necessary, use Havoline Heavy. We sell three gallons of Havoline Medium to one of both the other grades.

The most essential item in the lubrication of a car is to do it thoroughly. Use Havoline Oil.

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Indian Refining Company, New York

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(Concluded from Page 118)

In the North patriotic men rushed to arms in numbers far exceeding the demand; by the Fourth of July more than three hundred thousand men were at the disposal of the Government. As a rule, the selection of officers rested with the governors of the states in which the regiments were raised. Many officers of little or no education leaped at once to the command of divisions and of armies. Others were overlooked.

For instance, a certain U. S. Grant, in 1861, addressed the Adjutant General of the United States, stating that he had received a military education, which he felt it his duty to place at the disposal of the Government. No notice whatever was taken of his application. Governor Yates, of Illinois, placed him at the head of a regiment.

It speedily developed that many of the three-months militia were just about as impatient to get back home as the same kind of recruits had shown themselves during the Revolution. A most glaring instance occurred on the morning of July twenty-first, and on the field of Bull Run. Though the Secretary of War and the commanding general begged them to remain, a regiment of infantry and a battery of artillery turned from the field and began their homeward march, with the enemy's cannon booming behind them!

At Bull Run the Union militia first got panicky and crowded the road to Washington. General Heintzelman said: "The want of discipline in these regiments was so great that most of the men would run fifty to several hundred yards to the rear, and continue firing—fortunately for the braver ones, high in the air—compelling those in front to retreat." It was the same old story: What doth it profit us to use short-term recruits, who not only are of no use in battle but a deadly peril to their comrades?

Some of these volunteers and militia had been mustered into service less than a month. The terms of all the regiments were on the eve of expiring. They wanted to get home, and they went in a hurry. A loss of less than five per cent converted this undisciplined army into a rabble.

Military men insisted at the time that the defeat of Bull Run was a defeat of the system when "campaigns were planned by ignorant politicians, battles precipitated by the sanguine journalists and fought by raw three-months levies."

Thousands of men now living were witnesses to these facts; and they know. The first years of the Civil War were full of such instances on both sides. I refer to Bull Run merely because it is the best-known and most complete instance of the disintegration of untrained militia. The same thing happened at various times to the same kind of men in the Confederate Army. As time wore on, these nervous recruits steadied themselves into veterans, dependable and unafraid. Service and training made the difference.

The Military Spirit

Our Civil War roused the military spirit of this nation to its greatest height. Patriots actually did rush to arms—for a while; then got tired. Later on it was only through enormous bounties and drafts that a barely sufficient number of troops were thrown into the field.

Such, briefly stated, are some of the errors our present Congress evidently means to correct, and correct from the bottom up, by destroying a mob system and substituting a modern organization.

In order to place these matters in their simplest and most convincing form I have given no figures and made no statements except such as are officially authorized by the United States Government. Every fact and every deduction is contained in a single public document—Document 290; War Department.

However unpleasant, these truths are taken not from hostile but from friendly sources. They were originally set down by one of the very ablest and most patriotic of American officers, a man who fought a score of battles for his country, and then was sent round the world to gather military information. To-day, General Upton's figures and conclusions are universally accepted by our highest officials.

Neither are these tales told out of school. Every chancellery in Europe knows far more than is here printed. Only we Americans remain ignorant. He who doubts these statements or wants to verify a detail need only send for Document 290, of the War Department, published by our Government for the information of its citizens.

The ancient tradition of volunteer enlistments has departed. In this new era we may consider the elements of our strength. Theoretically, under the law of 1792 every American of military age is on the militia rolls—about seventeen million men. A million additional youngsters reach the military age each year. Laws, which will go down in history as the Statute of 1917, must now provide for their methodical selection and training. What will this make of them? The answer is far more comforting to our national pride and sense of security.

A loyal American of wide experience once told me: "I have seen most of the great armies of the world, many of them in action—Germans, French, Russians, Boers, Belgians, Japanese, British and Spanish. For marksmanship, for spirit, for *élan* none of them compare with trained American troops." That makes us feel a lot better; and many distinguished foreign officers hold the same opinion as to American material, properly handled.

Professional Soldiers Best

It is a fact that, man for man, the personal standard in the United States Army is higher than that of any other nation. But no matter how high this individual standard may be, the man needs technical education.

War has now evolved into a science, most complicated and embracing practically all the other sciences. As instruments of warfare become more and more intricate, volunteer forces become less and less efficient.

Being a complicated, technical and highly specialized profession, modern warfare requires a regular army of seasoned and disciplined troops to defend the liberties and integrity of our country. In the turbulent Middle Ages there were no standing armies and no peace; every man was a soldier, with weapons ready. The entire nation stood in martial array. Then gunpowder was adapted to the trade of war, and a more special training became essential.

A small fraction of the male population was set apart as soldiers, leaving merchants, artisans and farmers unhindered to pursue the arts of peace. Commerce flourished, universities sprang up, and civilization throbbed at the pulses of the world. Germany to-day typifies the logical carrying forward of this principle; yet its entire army, on a peace footing, considered as nonproducers, consists of only one and seventeen-hundredths per cent of the population.

To the forefathers of this Republic a standing army typified all the oppressions from which they had escaped—a privileged military caste, apart from and antagonistic to the people. Professional soldiers to them represented pomp of dynasties and marched at the nod of tyrannical kings. None of that in free America! But the free soldiers of a republic—fathers, brothers, sons of the people, blood of their blood and responsible to them—these stand upon a different footing. In Switzerland, best governed of pure democracies, every man is a trained soldier, a safeguard and not a menace to the state.

National defense is a duty, a burden that should be distributed equally upon the shoulders of all; not merely upon the willing few. No lawgiver would dream of leaving the payment of taxes or jury service to such patriots as might volunteer.

Let me remind you who dread the specter of militarism—let me remind you that in this country successful armies have not erected dictators. Disaster does that, and not triumph. Twice the Continental Congress, having dissipated its energies upon a futile militia, called Washington to the dictatorship—one man, as a supreme and uncontrolled power, set over harassed people who were struggling for freedom.

And one Abraham Lincoln assumed dictatorial powers, raising armies by his own unauthorized acts—a necessity of defeat, subsequently ratified by Congress and the people.

These and many other reasons are among the considerations that should lead the American people to depart from their precedent of relying upon volunteer militia, hurriedly snatched from every walk of civil life and jumbled into the field. Such men, whatever be their qualities of courage and physical fitness, are worse than useless to meet the strain and drain of this modern ingenuity we now call War.

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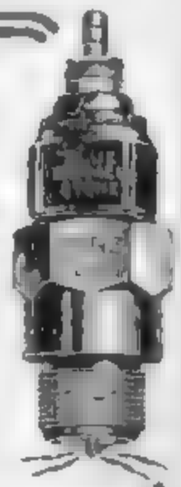

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OUT-OF-DOORS

The Wildest Angling in the World

THE wildest angling in the world is not that for the lordly mahseer of India, or even for the royal salmon of Norway, Scotland or Quebec. It is not fishing for black bass in the Mississippi River or for muskellunge in Wisconsin. It is not fishing for the great brook trout of the Nepigon or the Rangeley Lakes. It is not even angling for steelheads in the wild rivers of the West. It is—and I have reached this conclusion after considerable thought and a little experience—angling for rainbow trout in the wild waters of the great Sault Sainte Marie of Upper Michigan.

It is angling for a fish not native to the waters where it now is found. The rainbow trout is the only success we have had in transplanting a species. In some measure it atones for the English sparrow and the German carp. So far as America is concerned, the rainbow trout is not a new species at all, but has always been native to the glorious climate west of the Sierras and the Cascades.

In the warmer of the Western streams, not in the mountains, it has been sometimes said of the rainbow that he is adipose and philosophic when hooked; but he has always had the reputation of growing large, feeding lustily, and taking the fly amiably, even when old enough to have reached years of discretion. Transplanted to some of the colder streams of the East and Middle West, the rainbow does not deteriorate, but improves. He shows himself to be a free taker of the fly, even when he has reached heavy weights, and is readily adaptable to many different temperatures of water. He is faster than the brook trout in striking the fly, faster in his play, jumps more, and is more savage, more reckless and more fearless in every way than the brook trout. He is more of a glutton and less of an epicure; but that only means that he reaches greater size.

The day of the rainbow has not yet reached its zenith. As in the Lower Peninsula of Michigan the brook trout, when introduced, wholly replaced the native grayling, so now this savage product of the Pacific Slope is more than holding his own in those same streams. Indeed, in many streams of Michigan and Wisconsin, as well as in states farther east, he is practically replacing the brook trout; and many anglers who at first resented this fact have now become reconciled to it, and are even ready to say that they are glad of the change. The rainbow is not so capricious as the brook trout; he rises to the fly better; he grows much larger; and hence he offers greater sport. This seems to be the verdict.

Transplanted Fish

What weights does the rainbow reach? A friend of mine has on his wall two mounted specimens, taken in Snake River, Idaho, each of which runs over ten pounds. Another friend has a mounted rainbow that weighs twenty-three pounds. This fish was taken in New Zealand. Strangely enough, it is in that far-off country that the rainbow reaches its greatest size, though it was introduced in those waters within comparatively recent times. There are lakes in New Zealand where this fish is taken by the ton, and there are many bold rivers where very heavy rainbows are taken on the fly or on some of the spinning baits Englishmen are so fond of using.

Personally I have never taken a rainbow of over six pounds' weight; but that is a large fish for any river of Lower Michigan, though Père Marquette River and Muskegon River, and others tributary to Lake Michigan, have turned out specimens of more than twice that weight; in fact, Lake Michigan is undergoing a strange experience since the days of the World's Fair of Chicago. Owing to the general dumping of the display fish of the Aquarium into the big lake at the close of the Fair, we now have steelheads, ouananiche and rainbows in Lake Michigan and tributary waters, which have attained extraordinary size and regarding which extraordinary stories are told. Many of the Middle Western States now plant the rainbow regularly.

It was introduced into the waters of St. Mary's River many years ago. It is only fairly recently, however, that the fish has forced its way into the first rank to the extent of quite replacing the brook trout in the affection of local anglers at the foot of Lake Superior.

Not long ago I wrote for these columns, under the title Angling Extraordinary, a description of steelhead fishing in Rogue River, Oregon. I classified that sport as perhaps the riskiest I had ever seen in the use of the fly rod. Indeed, I still do not recall any form of angling that compares with it in personal danger. The angling for rainbows at Sault Sainte Marie is not necessarily dangerous. None the less it has about it a quality that I believe entitles it to be called the wildest angling in all the world. I don't know of anything that has more electricity to the square inch about it.

There is something splendid about the setting of this sport on the Soo—the narrow straits where all the waters of Lake Superior roar and tumble over the ancient rock-ledge dam, second only in might and majesty to great Niagara itself on the whole Great Lakes chain.

The Ancient Town at the Soo

The memory of man does not run back to that year when there was not a settlement at the Soo. It was always the site of Indian villages and naturally became the home, also, of the wild white population of the wilderness in early times. But somehow, though it always has been on the map, that fact has not been so generally known as it ought to have been. We Americans do not know our country. My friend who has the twenty-three-pound rainbow trout went to New Zealand to get his fish, yet he lives within a hundred and fifty miles of the Soo, and he never knew that he could have had a yet wilder time with rainbows practically at his own door!

That always has been an aboriginal fishing hole, even before the rainbow trout was known. The water below the locks runs thirty, forty, fifty, a hundred feet in depth, for all I know. Deep down in it there are great lake trout, and always have been. Along the rocky reefs farther down there is some of the finest black-bass fishing in the world—and few know about it. There are whitefish still in these rapids, and in the deep water below there are magnificent wall-eyed pike, if you know how to get them.

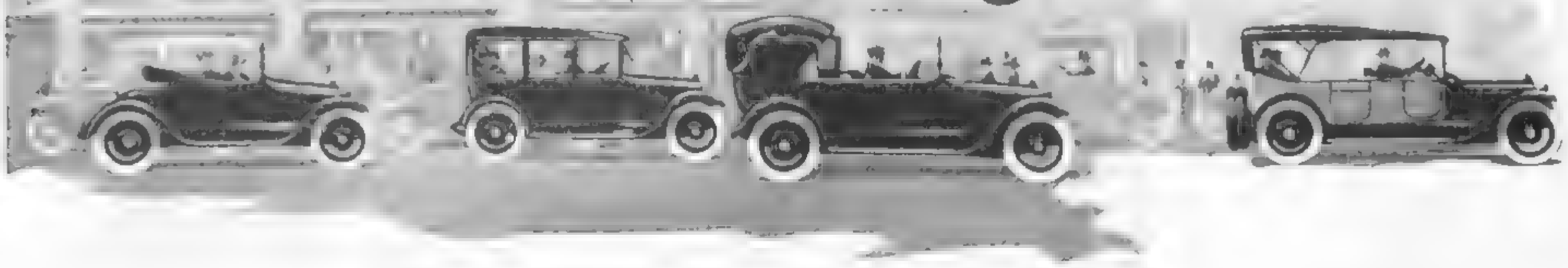
You can begin your angling, if you like, on the grounds of the city park. In the park itself you may see fountain-raised rainbows six or eight pounds or more in weight. When they throw in refuse below the great gates of the lock you may see three-pound or four-pound brook trout feeding in the boiling surges; and once in a while you may hook one yourself right from the park walls.

I suppose you could count on the fingers of both hands the number of expert fly-fishermen who live at the Soo to-day, and I do not suppose there are a hundred anglers in all the country who know a great deal about the fishing on these rapids, though hundreds and hundreds have gone on beyond them to the north shore of Lake Superior, to the Nepigon, and elsewhere. Here, close at hand and comfortable, you have both the wilderness and civilization. For the last ten years a little army of devoted rainbow anglers have been having this thing pretty much to themselves. I fancy they will not relish seeing the Soo on the map.

The pleasant little city of Sault Sainte Marie—the longest unbroken settled site on this continent, no doubt—is not very large for its age, though it has right at its door a water power second only to that of Niagara, and one which can be used without the sacrilege which attends the spoliation of that great cataract. The Soo has only one brewery and twelve churches—it has always been a sort of religious center from the time of Père Marquette, who established a mission there in 1668. Descendants of the Ojibwas and of the old French Canadian *voyageurs* still live at the Soo. Their bark-and-mat houses were there hundreds of years ago, and long before that. They could get sturgeon weighing two hundred pounds in the deep water below the rapids. They took whitefish of

(Continued on Page 125)

You Can Buy a Four — Six — Eight — Twelve



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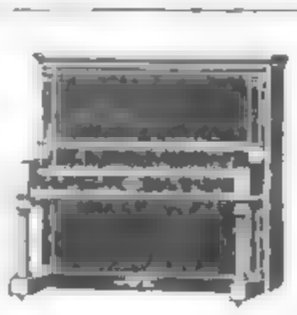

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A varnish cannot be all things to all surfaces. The Sherwin-Williams Company makes a special varnish for floors because floors get a *kind* of wear that no other surface gets. And the same is true of furniture and woodwork and out-of-doors surfaces. In Mar-Not (for floors), Scar-Not (for woodwork and furniture) and Rexpar (for outdoor surfaces) it has solved the varnishing problem of these surfaces just as it has solved the finishing problems of hundreds of large manufacturers in many lines.

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(Continued from Page 122)

twelve, fifteen, twenty pounds—perhaps you do not know that whitefish sometimes grow over forty pounds. They could get bass and muskellunge and brook trout, all right—but no rainbow trout. Père Marquette did not mind that, perhaps—he was fishing for souls and was more concerned with whitefish than with trout.

But he saw what you may see to-day—the magnificence and splendor and awesomeness of one of the greatest white waterways of the world. You can walk out now on top of the great swinging gates that open and close the locks—they have little handrails on top; so you need not fear falling off. You can pass on out to the middle of the rapids and through the power house, and anywhere you look you may see the white waves and foam-topped rollers going down. At one place, just beyond the power house and below the forebay of the last great lock, you can stand, in the night, and look down on what seems a slanting black surface where the water comes down on the apron.

At its foot there rises a great surging roll of high-flung white water, full of air. There you see water at its nth degree—I think that even the Whirlpool Rapids of Niagara would not impress you more. It is the embodiment of power, energy, majesty, awesomeness. You see in it all the elements—not water alone, but the waters, the earth, the air, fire, energy, might—everything in the way of power. You cannot measure that energy; it never has been used or measured, and it never will be.

They say they have developed one hundred thousand horse power, or will do so; but that means nothing. It isn't enough. You can't measure in terms of Dobbin this vast energy of the wilderness. And it is all here, right below you. It is yonder in the continuous white-topped rolling waves that run for a mile, even now, down over the vast reef of Potsdam sandstone and its associated strata.

There have been fish here before now—brook trout, whitefish—plenty of fish that have worked their way up the rapids from the river into Lake Superior. But there has been only one fish—this transplanted fish, this stranger that moved in and made good—this rainbow trout—which has ever mastered these rapids and taken them over for his own. And he is their master—not mere man. So, when you angle for him here you are getting angling at its zenith—for America, if not for all the world.

Shooting the Rapids

The Soo has always been a pleasure point from the very first—even for the Indians themselves. Some old savage, perhaps by accident, ran the Soo Rapids in his canoe long ago. Then others began to do so. Presently they began to fish with their nets as they went down through the more quiet parts of the rapids, picking their way among the rocks. Out of this Indian custom arose the once flourishing practice of taking tourists over the rapids. The Indians have never drowned very many tourists.

To-day the rapids are reduced, and so are the Indians. A reduced Indian will always take a drink if he gets the chance; but the fact that he has taken a drink will not prevent him from taking a tourist out to shoot the chutes. If you care to run the rapids to-day it is better to pick an Indian who has been sober for some days—not one who has just become sober that same morning. Also, it is best to pick a big war canoe or a Mackinaw. You can get company for the run, and it will offer you something of a thrill even yet.

Sometime this running of the great Soo will be done regularly by anglers, who will cast for rainbow trout as they pass down; and to have hooked and landed your rainbow on the great Soo itself, from a boat of your own, will classify as the top grade of performance in American sport.

The game of the wilderness has always seemed to concentrate here, just like the other raw wealth of the wilderness. For instance, here at the Soo was formerly one of the greatest bear crossings in all America. There were two of these great bear crossings—one on St. Croix River, west of Lake Superior; and the other over near the mouth of Garden River, on the Canadian side, thence across Sugar Island, and so over the remaining channel, which lies between Sugar Island and the north peninsula itself.

On Sugar Island perhaps there yet may be bears once in a while; and I have seen abundant traces of deer there. Perhaps never again will men in one season kill six thousand bears on Sugar Island and the shores of the river adjacent. That is a considerable bear story, but it seems to be the truth. It really occurred in the year 1811, when, for some reason, there was an enormous migration of bears out of the wilderness across the river at this point and into the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. Certainly it is true that, within three hours' time from the Soo by boat and on foot, you can see all the deer you like, and all the bear sign too. As you walk you will be within the sound of the booming whistles of the great lake freighters.

The ancient commerce of the fur trade, on its way west from Montreal to the Pacific Ocean and the Arctic Ocean, originally passed through here. Thousands of lusty *voyageurs* bent beneath their packets on this great portage, for the upper, or Ottawa, waterway was by no means always used from Montreal to Superior. Think of the war parties that passed through here, eastbound and westbound, when through all this country and on west to the edge of the Western prairies the Ojibwas fought the Sioux. Fur, copper, timber, iron, moose, deer, whitefish, brook trout, rainbow trout, religion, commerce, war—the Soo was a concentrating point for all these things.

It would, of course, be the rankest presumption on the part of any writer to-day to say that he was the first man to discover the attractions of this wonderful locality. It was first written about hundreds of years ago; and from the time of the Jesuit relations, on down, no writer has ever found it anything but a field of interest. Cass, Schoolcraft, Alexander Henry, and a dozen others—who has not read the stories of their wanderings?

Lanman's Pleasant Books

One of the first, or, rather, one of the earliest literary characters of America was one Charles Lanman, who was born on Raisin River, in Lower Michigan, early in the last century, and who wrote a number of books, which were published sometime before the Mexican War. Lanman was a writer with vast ambitions of his own to be some such artist as Addison or other classic writers then before the public as models. He seems to have wandered round a great deal over the outlying parts of America. Thus, he was down in Georgia at a time when Georgia was considered to be the "richest gold field of the United States"; and his descriptions of that old Southern country are very interesting. After that he seems to have wandered on into the West and North, still writing as he went.

In June, 1846, he blew in at St. Louis. That city had no bridge at that time; but Lanman says it had three hundred steamboats, some of them of "splendid accommodations." He took one of these boats up the Mississippi as far as he could go, and thence pushed on along the old fur routes to the head of Lake Superior, and thence east by water. His story of that upper country is very curious and interesting to-day. He arrived at Sault Sainte Marie in August, 1846, some three months out from St. Louis, after what must have been a wonderful journey.

Especial attention attaches to the writings of Charles Lanman because he seems to have been, without much question, the first man to record fly-fishing on the Mississippi—or, indeed, on any of those upper waters. Lanman was not only a writer and an angler but a fly-fisherman. When you hear about any man who thinks he was the first to take black bass on the fly in the Mississippi River, show him a copy of Charles Lanman's book, A Summer in the Wilderness—that is to say, do so if you can. This book was printed in 1847, by no less than an august house of New York, which itself probably does not know to-day that it ever printed the book, and which could not supply it, no matter at what price. Sometimes you can find a copy knocking round in the old bookshops; and the Lanman volumes are interesting, not as pure literature, which he fancied them to be, but as chronicles of a wandering and writing angler of an earlier day.

This sportsman of your grandpa's time was a sort of Pepys of his day. He is minute and exact in his observations. So far as I know, he was the first angling tourist to introduce fly-fishing at Sault Sainte Marie and to record that fact. He was not distributing Indian annuities or going out

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after converts. He was just fishing. Lanman told it first in his letter from Sault Sainte Marie, dated August, 1846:

"One more letter from this place and I shall take my leave of Lake Superior. St. Mary was formerly a trading post of renown; it is now a village of considerable business and, as the resources of the mineral region are developed, will undoubtedly become a town of importance in a commercial point of view; and the contemplated ship canal through this place—which would allow a boat from Buffalo to discharge her freight or passengers at Fond du Lac—ought not to be delayed a single year. There is a garrison at this point; the society is good, bad and indifferent; and in the summer season it is one of the busiest little places in the country. But I intend this to be a piscatorial letter and must, therefore, change my tune.

"The River Saint Mary, opposite this village, is about two miles wide; and, having found its way out of a deep bay of the ocean lake, it here rushes over a ledge of rocks in great fury, and presents, for the distance of nearly a mile, a perfect sheet of foam; and this spot is called the Sault, signifying falls. The entire height of the fall is about thirty feet, and after the waters have expressed, in a murmuring roar, their unwillingness to leave the bosom of Superior, they finally hush themselves to sleep and glide onward, as if in a dream, along the picturesque shores of a lonely country, until they mingle with the waters of Lake Huron.

"The principal fish of this region are trout and whitefish, which are among the finest varieties in the world and are here found in their greatest perfection. Of the trout the largest species in Lake Superior is called the lake trout, and they vary from ten to sixty pounds in weight. Their flesh is precisely similar to that of the salmon in appearance, and they are full as delicious as an article of food. The Indians take them in immense quantities with the gill net during the spring and summer, where the water is one hundred feet deep; but in the autumn, when the fish hover about the shores for the purpose of spawning, the Indians catch them with the spear, by torchlight."

Indian Methods

"They also have a mode of taking them in the winter through the ice. After reaching the fishing ground they cut a hole in the ice, over which they erect a kind of wigwam in which they seat themselves for action. They attach a piece of meat to a cord as bait, which they lower and pull up for the purpose of attracting the trout, thereby alluring the unsuspecting creature to the top of the hole, when they pick it out with a spear. An Indian has been known to catch a thousandweight in one day in this novel manner. But as the ice on Lake Superior is seldom suffered to become very thick, on account of the frequent storms, it is often that these solitary fishermen are borne away from the shore and perish in the bosom of the deep.

"My mode of fishing for lake trout, however, was with the hook. In coasting along the lake in my canoe I sometimes threw out about two hundred feet of line, to which was attached a stout hook and a piece of pork; and I seldom tried this experiment for an hour without capturing a fifteen or twenty pounder. At other times, when the lake was still and I was in the mood, I have paddled to where the water was fifty feet in depth and, with a drop line, have taken in twenty minutes more trout than I could eat in a fortnight, which I generally distributed among my Indian companions.

"A fish called ciscovet is unquestionably of the trout genus, but much more delicious and seldom found to weigh more than a dozen pounds. They are very beautiful fish and at the present time are decidedly the fattest I have ever seen. Their habits are similar to those of the trout and they are taken in the same manner.

"But the fish of this region, and of the world, is the common trout. The five rivers that empty into Lake Superior on the north, and the thirty streams which run from the south, all abound in this superb fish, which vary from ten to forty ounces in weight. But the finest place for this universal favorite in the known world is, without any doubt, the Falls of St. Mary.

"At this place they are in season throughout the year, from which circumstance I am inclined to believe there must be several varieties which closely resemble each other. At one time you may fish all day and not capture a single specimen that will weigh over a pound; and at another time you may take a boatload of them which will average from three to four pounds in weight. You may accuse me of telling a large story when I speak of boatloads of trout; but I do assure you that such sights are of frequent occurrence at the Sault.

"My favorite mode of trouting at this place has been to enter a canoe and cast anchor at the foot of the rapids, where the water was ten or fifteen feet deep, but, owing to its marvelous clearness, appeared to be about three, and where the bed of the river or strait is completely covered with snow-white rocks. I usually fished with a fly or artificial minnow, and was never disappointed in catching a fine assortment whenever I went out."

Superior Whitefish

"My favorite spot was about midway between the American and Canadian shores, and there have I spent whole days enjoying the rarest of sport; now looking, with wonder, at the wall of foam between me and the mighty lake; now gazing upon the dreamy-looking scenery on either side and far below me; and anon peering into the clear water to watch the movements of the trout as they darted from the shady side of one rock to another, or leaped completely out of their native element to seize the hovering fly. During all this time my spirit would be lulled into a delightful peacefulness by the solemn roar of the Sault. I have taken trout in more than one-half of the United States, but have never seen a spot where they were so abundant as in this region.

"But I must devote a paragraph to the whitefish of Lake Superior. They are of the shad genus and, with regard to flavor, are second only to their salt-water brethren. They are taken at all seasons of the year with gill nets and the seine in the deep waters of the lake; at this point, however, the Indians catch them with a scoop net, and in the following manner: Two Indians jump into a canoe above the rapids and while one navigates it among the rocks and through the foaming waters, the other stands on the lookout and, with the speed of lightning, picks out the innocent creatures while working their way up the stream unconscious of all danger.

"This is a mode of fishing which requires great courage, immense strength and a steady nerve. A very slight mistake on the part of the steersman or a false movement of the net man will cause the canoe to be swamped, when the inmates have to struggle with the foam a while, until they reach the still water, when they strike for the shore, there to be laughed at by their rude brethren of the wilderness, while the passing stranger will wonder that any men should attempt such dangerous sport. But accidents of this kind seldom happen; and when they do the Indians anticipate no danger, from the fact that they are all such expert swimmers."

Ticklish Work

"It took me three days to muster sufficient courage to go down these rapids in a canoe with an Indian; and, though I performed the feat without being harmed, I was so prodigiously frightened that I did not capture a single fish, though I must have seen, within my reach, upward of a thousand. The whitefish, ciscovet and lake trout have already become an article of export from this region, and I believe the time is not far distant when the fisheries of Lake Superior will be considered as among the most lucrative in the world."

You will observe that, though Lanman mentions the "contemplated ship canal," he says nothing about a rainbow trout. As a matter of fact, there was not to be a rainbow trout in all those waters for more than an angling lifetime after his experiences at the Soo. Even as it was in its earlier and, as one may say, its tamer angling days, before the rainbow came, the quality of sport was such as to jolt our early brother angler. Perhaps we may start with Lanman's fly-fishing at the Soo as a sort of original bench mark, or angling milestone number one.

If you begin to read Lanman's works beware lest you become interested in yet others; there are many and very expensive books of an earlier day that tell you all about this country.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles on rainbow trout. The second will be published in an early number

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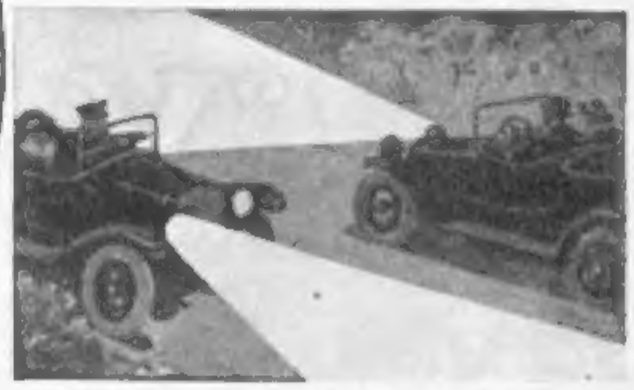

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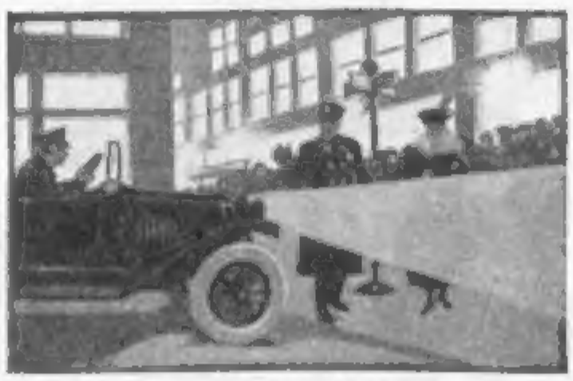

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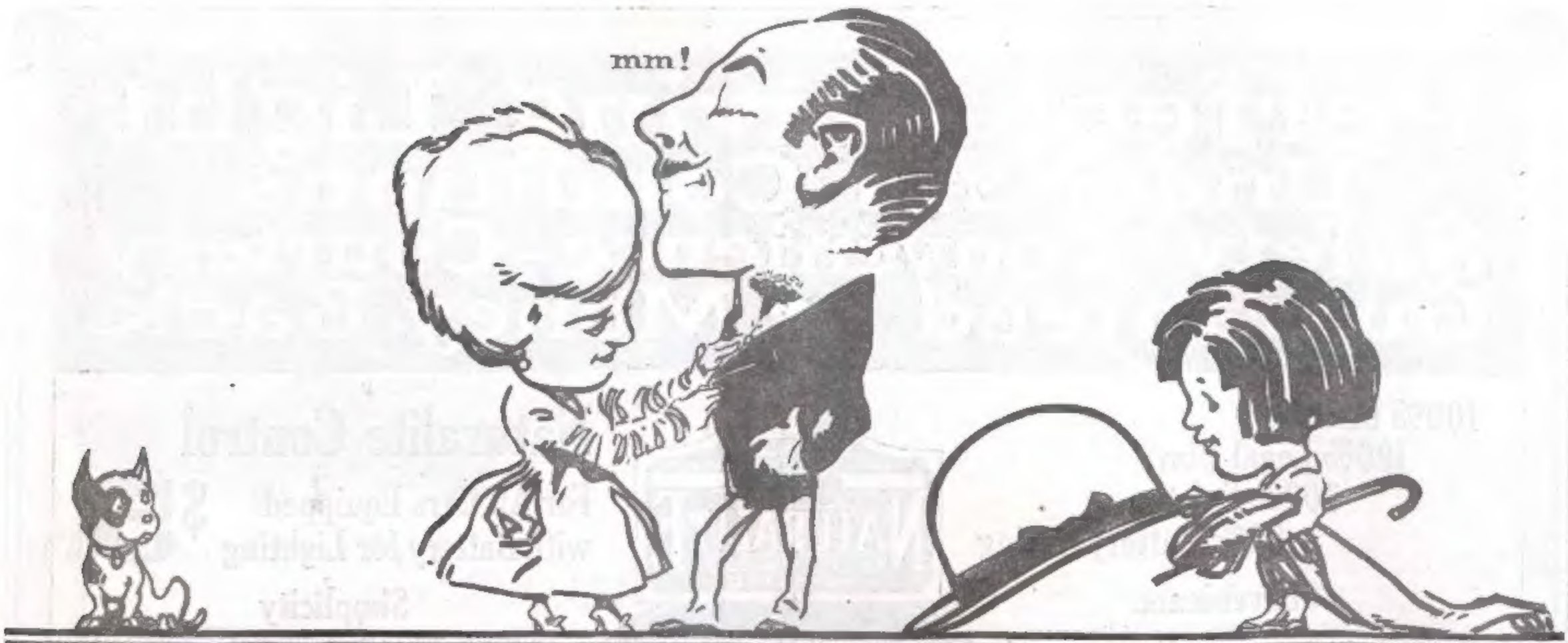

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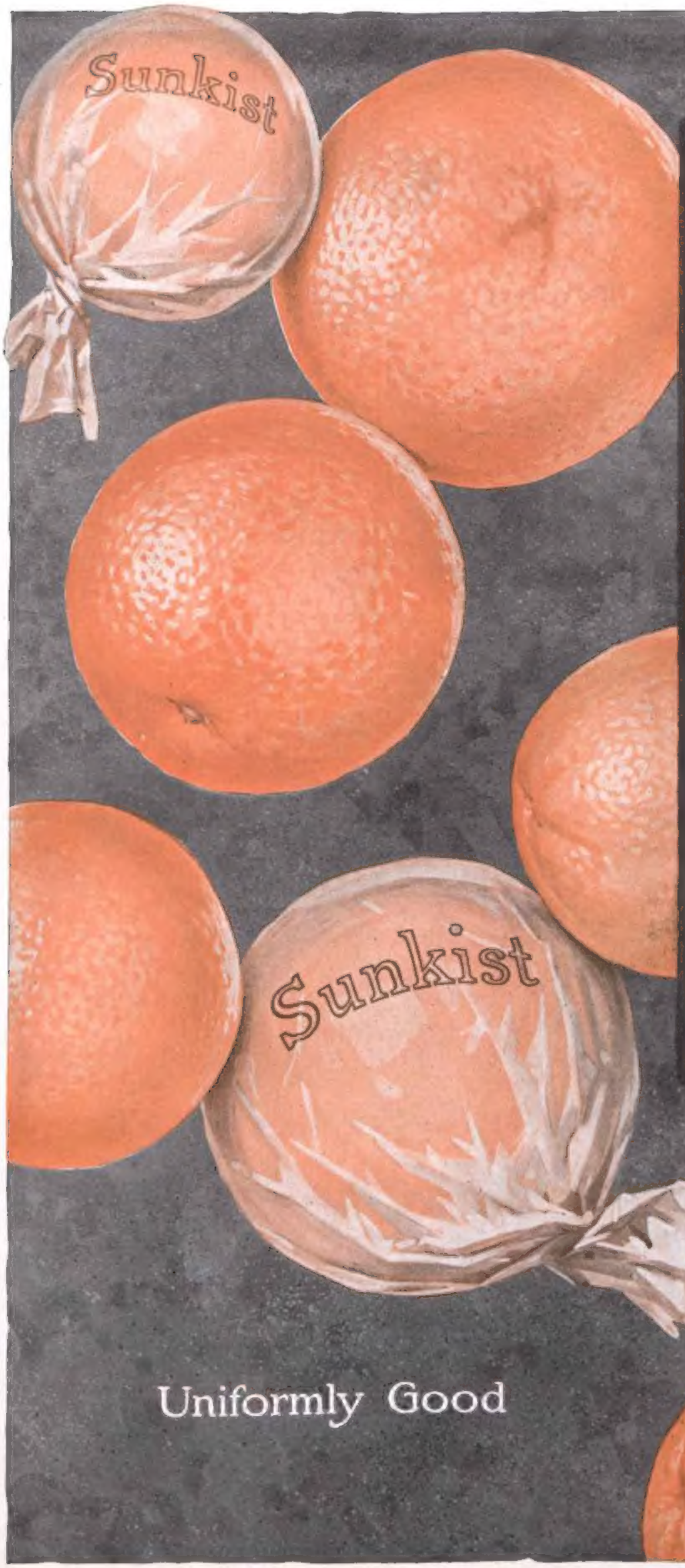

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